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ONTARIO
PUBLIC SCHOOL
HISTORY OF ENGLAND

BY

GEORGE M. WRONG, M.A., LL.D.

PROFESSOR OF HISTORY IN THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

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PREFACE

It would be fatal, even in a history for elementary schools, to adopt a style of writing supposed to be especially suitable for the young. The tone would be unreal, and young readers would resent its artificiality.

The book has, however, been written for the young, who, like their elders, need no more than a clear and vivid narrative. They are not likely to be much interested in political and constitutional questions, unless these are connected with action. The attempt has, therefore, been made to describe as clearly as possible the persons chiefly concerned with the many and great issues in British history. Old-fashioned teachers will miss the mention of some of the Acts of Parliament upon which they have been wont to dwell. Only those Acts have been introduced which are most vital in the complex and wonderful life of the British nation.

The author owes special thanks to Mr. C. W. Jefferys, who has given much thought to the illustrations, and has aimed to link them clearly and vividly with the text. His admirable drawings will, it is believed, add much to the interest of the book.

G. M. W.

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A HISTORY OF ENGLAND

CHAPTER I

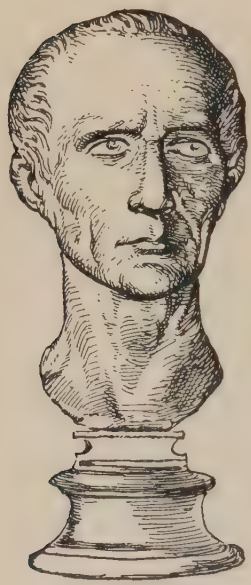
EARLY ENGLAND

1. The Roman Conquest.—From a port in Gaul, near what is now Calais, at midnight on August 26th, 55 B.C., a Roman fleet, laden with about ten thousand soldiers, set out for Britain. As the ships headed in the dark toward that strange land, many a Roman soldier, we may be sure, felt the thrill and awe which come when we face mystery and danger. There were heavy sailing-ships, but there were also boats without sails—Roman galleys, rowed by lusty slaves. The leader was a man now forty-seven years old, full of restless energy, a little bald, with a thin, pale, clean-shaven face, a long nose, and keen eyes, which peered often into the darkness on that eventful night. He was the greatest captain of his age, Julius Caesar. Already the chief figure in Roman political life and the conqueror of Gaul, he was setting out to master a new world.

The white cliffs of Britain are visible from Gaul on a clear day, and its Celtic people were related to the Celts of Gaul whom Caesar had just conquered. He had many reasons for his expedition. The Britons seem already to have helped the Gauls and might help them again if the time should come once more for the Gauls to fight the Romans. Besides, with Gaul now conquered, Caesar's soldiers were idle and clamouring for action. Booty, too, might be found in Britain. Above all, a mystery lay there—a peopled island, less known to the Romans than Central Africa is to us. He who should

lift the veil and add to Rome a new realm would win plaudits from her populace.

All night and on into the broad daylight the galley-slaves rowed, and the sailing-ships ploughed their slow way across the Strait of Dover. We may be sure that Caesar watched with anxious eyes for the first view of land. The morning must have been misty, for not until half-past eight did the white cliffs come into view. The Britons knew of his threatened coming and had tried to turn him from his purpose. Now on the cliffs stood armed men to defy him. Caesar was troubled. It would be no easy task to land a force on the beach and carry the heights. He stopped his galley and took counsel with his officers. They waited until tide and wind became favourable. Then the fleet sailed along the coast, and when Caesar saw a level shore with open country behind it, he resolved to land.



JULIUS CAESAR
From a Bust in the British Museum

Meanwhile the Britons with their horses and chariots moved as rapidly on shore as did Caesar on the sea and still threatened him. The sailing-ships had to remain in deep water. The galleys were lighter, and these, laden with men, were rowed in nearer to the shore. Caesar's cavalry had not yet joined him. Weighted as the soldiers were with armour, they must somehow

struggle to dry land. They hesitated, but a standard-bearer of the Tenth Legion set the example; with a short prayer to his pagan god he leaped into the water, shouting to his companions to follow. Soon thousands of Roman soldiers were wading to shore. Some Britons, mounted on horses, rode out to meet them; others on the shore poured darts into the thick mass of their assailants. We can imagine the sea lashed into white foam in the fierce fight, the shouts of battle, the blows, the wounds. Roman discipline prevailed. Caesar stood victorious on the strand, and as he looked down upon the silent dead, he understood, perhaps for the first time, what manner of men were his foes.

In an unexplored and hostile country caution was needed. Caesar was anxious for the safety of his fleet, and he set his men the heavy task of dragging his sailing-ships up high and dry on the beach. Coming as he did from the tideless Mediterranean, he knew nothing of the tides and winds of this northern sea. A great storm blew up, which dashed to pieces twelve of his ships and damaged many others. For a time it looked as if he might be unable to sail back to Gaul. The warlike Britons gave him no peace. Food was scarce, and when he sent the Seventh Legion, numbering four or five thousand men, a little inland to gather the harvest, ripe in the fields, the Britons attacked them savagely. Caesar hurried to aid the Legion and had a hard task in getting his force back to the shore. A week or two sufficed to show him that Britain would be no easy conquest. Winter was near, and he crowded his men into his ships and sailed at midnight for Gaul as, at midnight a few weeks earlier, with high hopes, he had set out for Britain. The first invasion had been a failure.

But Caesar was not beaten. During the winter in Gaul he gathered between twenty and thirty thousand foot soldiers, two thousand cavalry, and about eight hundred

boats. Then he crossed the Channel, not, as before, in August, but in July, so as to escape being caught by the autumn storms. This time the Britons did not oppose a landing. They were afraid of the vast array of the Romans. Again, however, the sea proved treacherous. A sudden storm destroyed forty of Caesar's ships and involved slow repairs to others. It was not safe to leave them unprotected on the shore, so he dragged them beyond high-water mark and built round them a wall for defence.

Then Caesar advanced boldly inland. Finding that Cassivelaunus, the British leader, was entrenched on the far side of the Thames, he prepared at once to cross the river. A line of stakes, blocking the way across the only ford, seemed a good defence; but Caesar's cavalry rode in and broke it down, and the foot soldiers followed, wading up to their necks. When the Britons fled, Caesar pursued them to their last rude stronghold. To them it was a town, but Caesar scornfully calls it only a collection of huts. He attacked it from two sides, and the fighting was keen. But in the end the town fell. The victors took many prisoners and quantities of cattle. By this time the Britons were afraid. They promised to pay a yearly tribute to Rome and to give Caesar hostages for good conduct. With this he was forced to be content. He had lost so many ships that now, to carry both his army and his prisoners, two trips across the Channel were necessary. He was relieved when safely back in Gaul after a dangerous adventure.

It was Julius Caesar who first made known to the cultivated world of the time the two lands which are now England and France. He wrote a book about his campaigns and described Britain and its strange inhabitants. The people, he says, were numerous, and most of the men were tall, with blue eyes and long, light hair. They

shaved their faces except the upper lip and stained their bodies with a deep blue dye called woad, which gave them a wild appearance. They dressed in skins and were fond of bright colours and of ornaments such as beads, bracelets, and necklaces. They had coins of gold, rudely imitated from those of Rome herself, and they

ANCIENT BRITONS, SHOWING THE CORACLES, OR WICKER-WOVEN BOATS COVERED WITH HIDES

In these they navigated the coasts and rivers. In the distance are seen their huts, made of logs wattled together with twigs, and roofed with branches.

used also thin pieces of iron as money. Iron was scarce, but tin was abundant. In the south Caesar found much grain, but farther inland the inhabitants lived chiefly on milk and flesh from their flocks and herds and on the wild beasts of the great forests. When a man wished to build one of the round huts in which they lived, he

marked the outline on the ground and then set up poles close together and made firm by the inweaving of pliant twigs. For the roof he fastened other poles to the tops of the first and brought them together in a point; and the structure must have looked like an Indian wigwam. There were no windows, and the smoke escaped through a hole at the point of the roof. Both men and women were skilful in weaving wicker-work. They had good boats, some of planks, not unlike those of the Romans,

War Chariot of the Britons

some of hollowed logs, and lighter ones of wicker-work covered with the skins of wild beasts.

Caesar was astonished at the daring of the Britons in battle. Their methods were not so primitive as their remoteness would imply. The warriors had long swords and daggers made of copper or bronze, and they carried small, round shields of wicker-work covered with raw-hide. Some fought from chariots, which they managed very skilfully. These chariots were broad, low, two-wheeled carts, which would carry a driver and several warriors. Extending from the axles on both sides there

were, tradition says, long and deadly hooked scythes. The horses were so well trained that they went at furious speed over rough ground and into the ranks of the enemy. Then the warriors would leap down and fight on foot, while the chariots were driven off to one side. If the Britons were getting the worst of the fight, they would dash for the chariots and drive away. They lacked the steady discipline of the Romans. The clans, led by separate chiefs, often at war with one another, failed to show a united front to the enemy.

The religion of the Britons was called Druidism. It was a strange, fierce belief. The Druids were a privileged order among the Britons. They had the rank of nobles; they were the teachers of religion and alone could perform priestly rites; they were the leaders in education, and the guardians of the law. To become a Druid, a training, extending sometimes to twenty years, was required. The head of the Druids, elected for life, had great authority and was held in awe. He surrounded himself with mystery. Druids taught that the soul is immortal. Of the Druid rites some were exceedingly cruel; human beings were offered in sacrifice. The victims were usually criminals, but innocent people were also offered. The Druids reverenced serpents, flowing streams, and trees, especially the oak tree. An oak with a mistletoe growing on it was deemed too holy for any one but a priest to touch. With elaborate ceremonies the people gathered about such a tree when found. The Druids sacrificed two white bulls; and after much chanting and many strange rites, one of the priests cut away the plant with a golden knife. The chief home of the Druids was at Mona, now the island of Anglesey, and here centred a religious system widely accepted in Gaul as well as in Britain.

Rome was in no haste to follow up Caesar's work. In a country so rude there was, as it proved, little booty;

the Britons rarely paid even the promised tribute. Yet Rome never forgot her claim to mastery. The Britons grew steadily bolder and more defiant, and at last some of them ventured to cross to Gaul to attack the Romans. Nearly a hundred years had passed since the days of Julius Caesar, when the Emperor Claudius decided to make the conquest secure and real. A general with fifty thousand troops was ordered to Britain. The soldiers grumbled at being sent to a place lying, as they said, beyond the habitable world. Once more, however, in 43 A.D., Roman legions crossed to Britain. It is strange to read that they carried with them huge elephants, which must have startled the islanders. The army pressed inland through forests and marshes. The soldiers, skilled in rough warfare, swam the streams, sometimes in their armour. When the work was well advanced, Claudius himself went to Britain, and on his return to Rome was hailed as a mighty conqueror and greeted with the title of Britannicus.

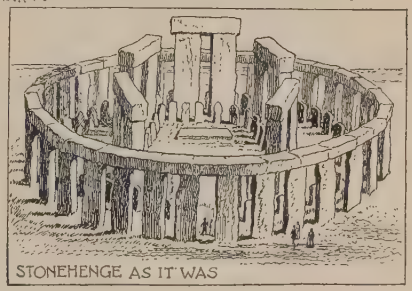
In Britain Rome had now a real colony, and she was resolved to keep a secure hold. This the Britons resented, and again and again they rose in bloody revolt. For years the war went on, but at last the brave British chieftain, Caractacus, fell into the hands of the victors. Carried a prisoner to Rome, he was led in triumph through its streets, that the eyes of the Roman populace might feast on the famous captive. When he saw the palaces of the Imperial city and compared them with his rude island home, he said, with a touch of scorn, "Yet you, who have these things, covet the hovels of Britain." It was Rome's brutal custom to kill such prisoners, but now when Caractacus prayed to Claudius, "preserve my life and I shall be a lasting memorial of your clemency," the Emperor granted the request.

Though Britain knew Caractacus no more, other leaders took his place. Religion was brought into the

struggle. The Druid teachers attacked the Romans fiercely, and these at last took their revenge. In 61 they sent a force which destroyed Mona, the chief Druid stronghold, with the slaughter of many Druid priests. This butchery aroused the Britons to renewed effort, and when, about the same time, the Romans flogged Boadicea, widow of a British chief of the Iceni, dwelling in what is now Norfolk and Suffolk, treated brutally her

STONEHENGE TO-DAY

This celebrated monument on Salisbury Plains was probably a place of worship.



STONEHENGE AS IT WAS

daughters, and enslaved or banished many leaders, the island clans, stung to enraged defiance, rallied a force said to number one hundred and twenty thousand. Boadicea, tall, with a hard and fierce visage, a man's voice, and a warrior's courage, led in the capture of three Roman strongholds and in the massacres which followed. Seventy thousand Romans are said to have perished in the awful slaughter. The word ran through Britain that now was the time to be rid of the masterful

intruder. But Rome was still strong, and her soldiers with armour and superior arms did not give up in panic. It is claimed that in a single battle they killed eighty thousand Britons. At last their discipline prevailed. In 61, Boadicea in despair poisoned herself.

For some time the Romans treated the Britons as conquered slaves and laid upon them heavy burdens of taxes and labour. The wise general, Agricola, sent to Britain in 78, proved, however, a mild ruler. He trained sons of British chiefs in the culture of Rome. They learned to speak the Latin tongue, to wear the Roman dress, known as the toga, to enjoy the luxury of Roman baths and banquets, and to think themselves Romans. Agricola was a conqueror as well as a reformer. He led a force far northward into Caledonia, now Scotland, and, marching to the west, looked across to Ireland with some thought of its conquest. Later he told his son-in-law, Tacitus, that with a single legion he could have made Ireland a Roman province. This, however, neither Ireland nor northern Scotland ever became. Agricola remained in Britain seven or eight years; he it was who made real the sway of Rome and showed that she could rule its barbaric people with tact and moderation.

The extent of Britain was at first ill defined. But Rome, always precise and well organized, must have an exact boundary. In various parts of the Empire—in North Africa, on the Rhine and the Danube—she had built frontier walls, and she did the same in Britain. In 120 the Emperor Hadrian, a brilliant ruler, was in Britain, and he began to build a great wall from the estuary of the Tyne to that of the Solway, roughly from what is now Newcastle to Carlisle. It was needed to keep out the wild and ferocious people of the north, called Picts. Much of this wall still remains. It stretched seventy miles in a straight line across hills and valleys, from sea to sea. It was about seventeen feet high and so wide

that a carriage might be driven along its top. In its rigid straightness it passed along the edge of high cliffs with a lake at their foot from which no attack could have been possible. Perhaps, without inspecting the route, Hadrian had ordered that so the wall should be built, and he was obeyed to the letter. The wall served as a defence much as does a modern trench. Along its whole length there were forts a mile apart, and between the forts two or three sentry posts. No fewer than seventeen camps were

The Roman Wall

stretched along the wall, and each of them housed a cohort of perhaps a thousand men. Night and day was the wall patrolled. The chilled Romans, natives of the south, secured behind it some shelter from the snows and winds of wild Caledonia. At one time the Romans built a second wall, not of stone but of turf, fifty miles farther north, from the Forth to the Clyde, to extend their domination by so much. But this plan failed, and Hadrian's wall became to them the utmost border of

civilization; beyond it to the Roman imagination was a howling desert, where venomous serpents swarmed and the air was pestilent and deadly.

ROMAN SOLDIERS

Legionary with shield and pilum, a heavy Roman spear

Standard-bearer, carrying Eagle

Officer

The Roman occupation was long-enduring. For more than three centuries a great Roman force dwelt under the shadow of the wall. The officers, some of whom spent a lifetime in Britain, learned to make themselves comfortable. They had houses elaborately heated with the abundant coal of the neighbourhood and with

hot-water pipes like those of modern times. In the camps were market-places and public buildings. Not fewer than twenty thousand people dwelt near the great wall, a number larger than is to be found in the region at the present day. We can picture their busy life—the alarms of war; the daily drill; the drinking, cock-fighting, bear-baiting, and horse-racing, in which the soldiers delighted. They hunted wolf and deer, bold spirits venturing sometimes into the wild mountainous regions north of the wall, in order to get the better sport. Priests, physicians, traders, money-lenders, conjurers, and slaves abounded. Here were men from perhaps every province in the Empire, blonde faces from the north, dark ones from Africa or Asia. They had vivid interests, rivalries, loves, and hates, as real then as are ours now.

In the great region south of the wall the Romans preserved order. They cleared away dense forests and drained vast marshes. Some Romans held great tracts of land; others traded in the mineral wealth of Britain. They made the Britons their slaves and forced them to till the fields and work the mines, and no doubt they were hard and cruel masters. York, in the north, was the Roman capital; but already London, in the south, stood first in commerce. To hold the land the Romans must move troops freely north and south, east and west; so they built great roads that strike, like the wall itself, over hills and valleys with rigid straightness and remain highways to this day. They built, too, bridges across the many rivers.

In time a gentle influence came among the hard Romans. As early as the second century Christian converts reached Britain. Their religion met with cruel opposition. Alban, one of its teachers, is said to have been put to death in 304. Yet the teaching spread, until there were many Christians among both the Romans and

the half-barbarous Britons. But the influence of the new faith had only begun when Rome was obliged to abandon Britain. She had flung out her lines too far. Caesar had made inroads into northern Europe, where dwelt the warlike German tribes, and these tall, bearded men, who delighted in war, had bowed to the majesty of Rome. In time, when there was no longer a Caesar to awe them, they resolved to turn on Rome and have her fertile lands, rich with the wealth of ages. Steadily southward they pushed. One of the tribes, the Goths, reached Italy, overran it, and in 410 besieged and captured Rome itself. The dismay all over the Roman world was as great as would be that in Britain if half-civilized tribes from North Africa should now take London. Even before this climax Rome had seen that she must withdraw the legions, needed now at home, and leave Britain to shift for itself. She had done both good and harm to the country. She had created roads, bridges, and walled towns; she had worked mines; she had extended tillage. But she had always held down the Britons by armed force, and she left them a weak people, so long enslaved that they had lost the courage and strength to defend themselves which they had shown in the days of Caesar.

2. **The English Conquest.**—Old foes had long troubled Britain—savage Picts, those wild people of the north beyond the great wall, whom the Romans called Caledonians; and Scots, who came in boats from the land we now call Ireland. The Romans had feared to let the Britons defend their own land, lest they should grow strong enough to revolt. Thus soldiers gathered from all parts of the Roman world served in Britain, while the British youth served, not at home among their own people, but in distant countries. Accordingly, we find that, when the Roman soldiers departed, Britain was left helpless. The Picts and Scots, whom even Rome could not subdue, continued their forays. The terrified Britons begged Rome to send back her soldiers, but this she could not do. Then the Britons looked for other helpers against the dreaded enemy, whose armed bands, no longer heeding the great wall, were pillaging and burning wherever they could make inroads into the territory which Rome had defended. Sea-rovers from the north of Germany—Jutes, Saxons, and Angles—had reached Britain even in the days of the Romans. They were pirates, often cruel and reckless. But in despair the Britons asked their help to fight the Picts and Scots. Readily enough the pirates undertook the work. They drove back the Picts and Scots. But they soon made up their minds that Britain, with its rich forests, its farms, its flocks and herds, was a good land to live in; and they decided to have it for themselves.

Thus it happened that German invaders became to the Britons a scourge more awful than the Picts and Scots. The Britons, with no hope now of any defence except that of their own strong arms, stood at bay against the treachery of this last enemy and fought with desperate energy. But it was in vain. Permanent conquest by the Teutons began in the south. We are told that in 449 the attack on Kent was begun by Hengist

and Horsa, two chieftains belonging to the tribe of Jutes from, it seems, that Jutland which now gives its name to the greatest sea battle ever fought. The mastering of so small a land as Kent occupied twenty-five years. Farther west, Saxons from Holstein, near Jutland, under their chieftain, Cerdic, attacked the Britons. Cerdic spent a lifetime in conquering Hampshire and the Isle of Wight. The conquerors then called the region Wessex—the land of the West Saxons. Angles came from the mouth of the Elbe, and with the Saxons harried the east coast.

At first the invaders came in separate bands. We can picture their setting out. In their German home the wondering tribesmen, hearing from some returned marauders tales of the goodly land which their countrymen were mastering, became eager to have a share of the spoil. For the conquest of even a small area a large band must go. Perhaps four hundred warriors would unite, choose a leader, gather what boats they could, and pile into them arms and stores. Then, on a day when the weather was promising, they would put wives and children, in some cases even cattle, into the boats and set out. They trusted to their sails while the wind lasted, but if it failed, their strong arms could pull the heavy oars; and the little fleet, keeping together as well as it could, moved toward its goal. They would sail near the German shore for a time as they moved southward, but at last they must strike out into the open North Sea. They might be afloat for three or four days before they reached the mouth of some river of the great island. Probably boatloads of warriors alone would land first. There might be a sharp fight, but the Britons would be driven back; and then men, women, and children would set foot on the shores where they were to found their new home.

The Britons fought savagely, and dense forests aided them in the long struggle. King Arthur is said to have

been the most heroic British leader and to have been victor in no fewer than twelve pitched battles with his foes. It is added, that, when final success seemed assured, Arthur was betrayed by his own side in battle against the Saxon chief, Cerdic, on the field of Camlan near Salisbury. All this may be pure fable. We are not sure that such a person as Arthur ever lived, but we are sure that the fight between the two races was long and bloody. The assailants came in ever-increasing numbers. Sometimes they fought one another for the spoil, but more often they united their forces. The war was one of bitter hate on both sides. When the English were victors, they seem to have butchered most, if not all, of the men, and sometimes even the women and the children who fell into their hands. At last, after more than a hundred and fifty years, the Britons had either been enslaved or driven out of the best parts of their land into the Welsh mountains, and then it was fitting that the land itself should take the name of its new masters and be no longer Britain, but Angle-land or England.

The vigorous and hardy new-comers brought to England the customs of their home-land. There they had lived in small villages, and the villagers, probably all blood relations, had governed themselves. Now again, each dozen or so of families formed a village. When they did not find ready-made dwellings of the expelled Britons, they put up rough new ones. About each dwelling was a bit of land for a garden. Surrounding the village were great fields, which the new-comers tilled in common. They kept, also, a tract of woodland where they could cut firewood, and where, too, their pigs might feed under the oak and beech trees. They were rough men; some of them had lived the lives of pirates, and thieving and violence were common. To keep the lawless in check, the men of the village held regularly a "moot," or meeting. They chose a "reeve" to preside,

and in this tiny assembly they discussed village affairs and judged those accused of crime. We should look with reverence on these village meetings of long ago where Englishmen debated and voted, for out of them

A Group of Anglo-Saxons

have grown our later assemblies, including Parliament, and the liberties which we connect with the right to vote.

The villages were not more than a mile or two apart, and in time eight or ten villages formed a "hundred," thus named, perhaps, because at first it may have contained about a hundred families. Once a month was held a hundred "moot," or meeting, to which went all the

freemen. The chief business was to check violence and disorder. In time a number of hundreds united in a shire, and then there was a shire "moot" to discuss the larger affairs of the shire.

Social equality there was not. Conspicuous families occupied the chief places, and from them the freemen had the right to choose the leader in time of war. This leader kept about him a special band of young men known as "gesiths," or companions, who formed his body-guard. It was their business to shield him from danger, to perish rather than let him be struck down. If he died in battle, they were disgraced if they survived him. They lived in his house and ate at his table; he even clothed them, for his wife and her maidens were skilled in needlework and made garments for these bold warriors. He had more land than the rank and file of his men; he came, indeed, to live in a great house round which were grouped their humble cottages. He was an "earl," a man of noble rank; they were "churls," which means men without rank, ordinary freemen. Shires united to form the larger kingdom, and in time we find a leader of high birth marked off from the others and given the rank of king.

There is a tradition that all England was divided among seven kings and formed what was called the Heptarchy. Each kingdom had its moot, known as the "folk-moot"—the meeting of the whole folk, or people. The poor men of the villages could hardly go to such a meeting, for it would mean a long journey and also expense. So in time only the leaders went. The people looked to them to settle their larger affairs. They were the Wise Men—"Witena"—and their "gemot"—moot, or meeting, became the Witenagemot, or Great National Council, when at last the kingdoms were united under one king. From this Witan developed in time the Parliament of our day.

A change came to the English villages when the newcomers adopted the Christian faith. At first they slew its teachers among the Britons. Woden and Thor, pagan deities who rode the lightning and the storm and are remembered still in our Wednesday and Thursday, were their strong gods; and they would hear nothing of the gentle Christ. But the Christian faith was destined to rise again. The English had not mastered the whole of the British Isles. When their work of conquest was completed, by about 613, Wales, the north of Scotland, and the whole of Ireland, were still almost untouched. Ireland had long been Christian. About 405 the young Patrick, born in southern Scotland, had gone to Ireland with the burning desire to convert its people. During a long life he had toiled at this great task with amazing success, and just when the Christian faith was driven back in Britain, all the tribes who dwelt in Ireland had accepted it. A hundred years after Patrick, an Irishman, Columba, founded a monastery in Iona, a little island off the west coast of Scotland, and from there sent his teachers into that cold north, far beyond the Roman wall, which the Romans had never mastered. A little later, as we shall see, the men from Iona sent missionaries to the English in the south.

Meanwhile, elsewhere, a great mission to the English was being planned. In the year that Columba died, 597, began a new and a beautiful conquest of England. The greatest man in Rome at this time was the monk, Gregory. He was of noble birth and had held the high office of prefect, or governor, of the city, but he had given it all up to become a monk. One day as this good man walked through the Roman market-place, he saw, offered for sale as slaves, boys with golden hair, white skins, and beautiful faces. They were captives brought from distant England. He asked who they were, and when he was told pagan "Angles," he promised with

punning earnestness that the captives should become angels; on the spot he resolved to make Christians of these distant people.

The scene in the Roman market-place so impressed Gregory that he decided to go himself to England. He kept his plan secret, but at last he set out. Then there was dismay at Rome. The times were stormy, he was a trusted leader, and the people heard with alarm that he had gone. When urgent messengers went to bring him back, Gregory gave up his cherished plan and returned to Rome; but he never forgot the fair-haired islanders whose pagan darkness he so pitied. He bought all the English slaves he could find at Rome, that he might put them in charge of Christian teachers. He learned what he could about England, and in time heard something that brought his plans to a head. The news was that Ethelbert, the English ruler of Kent, had married a Christian wife, Bertha, daughter of the Frankish king who ruled at Paris, and that the bride had taken to England a Christian bishop as her chaplain. At last the door seemed open in England.

By this time Gregory had become Pope, and he decided to send an imposing mission to England. The leader, Augustine, was to have forty companions. The band set out in 596. As they journeyed toward England, they heard wild tales of its savage people, and Augustine became so alarmed that he started back to Rome. But Gregory heard of his coming and sent him a stern message, that, having put his hand to the plough, he must go forward. He obeyed, and in the spring of 597 landed on the coast of Kent, near the spot where Caesar had landed more than six hundred years earlier. When at last among the fierce people whom he had so dreaded, he put on a bold face and appealed to King Ethelbert to accept the Christian faith.

To this faith Ethelbert was, of course, no stranger. He had given to his wife, Bertha, an old Roman church at his capital, Canterbury, for her Christian worship, and had, no doubt, attended Christian services. But he had not made up his mind to become a Christian. He met Augustine in the open air, to give him less chance to use the magic he might have at his command. Augustine's large band filed before the king, bearing on high a silver cross and a banner with a picture of Christ, and chanting prayers that God would convert Kent. When Augustine re-told the simple story of Christ's love and suffering, Ethelbert was impressed. He assigned to Augustine a dwelling in Canterbury. A little later he accepted the faith of Christ. His people soon followed their king, and in great numbers asked for Christian baptism.

In spite of this first success, the later progress of the missionaries was slow; after twenty-five years the church which Augustine had planted was still feeble. More than once the leaders were on the point of leaving England. The English were at war, now with one another, now with the Britons, and had little thought of gentler things. War makes up, in truth, the chief story of England for many years after Augustine. We read of fierce battles and bloody massacres, of heaps of bodies on the stricken field, of rivers dammed with the dead. To follow the story would be as profitless as to follow wild frontier strife in America.

The Roman teachers advanced northward and settled at York. Among the warlike English a few had thought deeply on higher things. Man's span of life, said one warrior who listened to the Christian teachers, is like the swift flight of a sparrow through the well-lit hall, where we sit feasting, while a dark storm rages outside. The sparrow comes into the light for a moment and then is lost again in the darkness. Since man knows so little

about his own being, urged this thoughtful pagan Englishman, those who came, like the missionaries, to lift the veil, should be heeded. Many did in time heed, but the strife between paganism and the gentler faith was long and bitter. Penda, a stern old pagan, ruled the great middle district of England, known as Mercia, between the north and the south, and it was he who took the chief place in the fight for life of the old belief in Woden and Thor.

The Romans were not the only missionaries now in England. During the long period of war, the English, driven from their homes, sometimes took refuge in the great monastery founded by Columba at Iona. Here came at one time a young pagan English prince, Oswald, driven from his own land. He grew up at Iona, and under the teaching of the monks he became a devout Christian. When in 634 a turn of fortune made him king in that land in the north of England known as Northumbria, he took back to England Irish missionaries. Oswald lived in a wooden palace on a high rock at Bamborough, and on a small island, Lindisfarne, or Holy Island, near this place, the Irish missionaries made for themselves a home like that at Iona. Their leader, a gentle monk, Aidan, found in Oswald a willing helper. When the monk spoke to the English in the Irish tongue, the good king translated to his grim warriors, veterans of much bloody strife, the Christian message. From the lips of a king they heard it at least with respect. But the work was soon checked. Penda attacked Oswald savagely, and in 642, when only thirty-eight, the saintly king perished on the battle-field.

When the Irish missionaries met those of Rome, as soon they did, it was found that their customs differed in regard to the date of Easter and to the forms to be used in baptism. Rome insisted that she spoke for St. Peter, to whom Christ had given authority, and that she

must be obeyed. The Irish said that they derived their customs from St. John. At first the disputes were not acute, for the missionaries were fighting Penda, a common enemy. It seemed, indeed, doubtful whether the savage old warrior might not root out the Christian faith entirely. He raided incessantly the lands of his Christian neighbours and swore that he would destroy both them and their religion. But he raided Northumbria once too often. In 655 its king, Oswy, brother of the martyred Oswald, braced himself for a mighty effort. He and Penda met in battle in Yorkshire. The slaughter was great, and among the dead was the aged Penda, now more than eighty years old, the last hope of English paganism.

Oswy, victorious, now ruled the whole north, and he soon found that he must decide the dispute between the Roman and the Irish missionaries. The chief question, how to reckon the date of Easter, does not seem vital, but it was important, for Rome required that her custom should prevail in the west. Neither party would yield, and at last in 664 Oswy called a synod at what is now Whitby. Wilfrid, an Englishman who had lived much at Rome, spoke for the Roman customs. Aidan's successor, Colman, stood for those of Iona. Wilfrid pointed out that St. Peter, whom he followed, was the gate-keeper of heaven, for Christ had said to St. Peter: "I will give to thee the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven." This caught the king's ear; at the gate of heaven, he had been told, he must one day appear. Startled, he asked if both sides agreed that such was St. Peter's office. When they did, he decided instantly that his decision must be for St. Peter, lest when, a needy sinner, he stood at heaven's gate, he should be excluded. Rome triumphed, and the Irish missionaries, still unwilling to yield, went back to their own land.

In 669 Theodore arrived from Rome to be Arch-

bishop of Canterbury. He was a man of great power, who ruled with a firm hand. His task was no longer to fight paganism, for most of the English were now in name Christians. Theodore's work was to make them real Christians. He set up new parishes and enforced the church's laws. Her priests rebuked vice and made the sinful do penance. All over England one church was obeyed, while the land was still divided into many kingdoms. The Church Councils which Theodore called were the first national gatherings ever held in England; it was the church, indeed, which helped to make possible the united England of a later time. At last even Iona adopted the Roman customs.

The Christian faith changed in time the whole outlook of the English. In earlier days, as the warriors sat in the feast-hall, a huge fire blazed on the hearth, the cup of strong drink passed from hand to hand, and they called in the gleeman, or harper, to sing of the daring of their chief. The oldest of these epic songs must have been sung about the time the English were fighting to win Britain. Its hero, Beowulf, is a mighty leader with the strength of thirty ordinary men, who wins pagan victories over giants and fiends. But soon another note is heard. About 670 Cædmon, a man of peace, for he was a tender of cattle, turned into rude English verse the stories of the Bible, and to these in time the warriors listened. Then at their feasts these strong English fighters heard less of the arm of flesh and more of that of the Lord, judging all men for their deeds. Even when many of the English had become Christian, the land was full of war and tumult. At such a time the monasteries were the only secure havens. There, though war raged outside, holy men might pray and labour in peace; there the scholars of the time studied and wrote. In 673, not long after the quarrel about customs was settled at Whitby, the famous Bede was born. As a child he was

taken to a monastery at Monkwearmouth in the north of England, and there and in the neighbouring monastery at Jarrow he passed his whole life. It was that of a quiet scholar. With war all round him, Bede was able quietly to study Greek and Latin and to write his *Ecclesiastical History*—a narrative of what happened in England before his time. Plague swept through the monastery; at one time only two of those in it were left alive. But still for more than fifty years Bede prayed and wrote, apparently in peaceful quiet, until at last in 735, surrounded by loving disciples and working to the very end, he died. Nowhere but in a monastery would he have found in those days such peace. But the time was soon to come, alas, when even the monastery was no protection.

3. **The Age of Alfred the Great.**—The English had been a seafaring people. In snatches of their early poetry we hear the howling of the wind, the roaring of the surf at the base of stern cliffs, the screaming of sea-birds. But they lost the love of the sea when, for three hundred years, they were secure in their new home. Now other marauders were to come out of the pagan north to molest them. We are told that in 787 whirlwinds, lightnings, fiery dragons in the air, and pestilence, gave the English dreadful warnings. Then the blow fell. Northmen suddenly appeared in many ships. They landed at Lindisfarne, burned its church, gathered what plunder they could, and then sailed away, leaving behind smoking ruins and stark corpses. For long years these Northmen, or Danes, had warred among themselves, and now their young men were seeking remoter shores. We should call them pirates, and piracy is no longer respectable; but to them it brought no shame; the honoured leaders were those who could best rob, harry, and burn. Such a life required dash and courage, and for reckless men it had a wild charm.

The Danes came, like the English before them, in great undecked, open boats. High on the prow was usually the figure of a dragon or a serpent. The boats had but one sail; they had oars, too, and could move quickly even if the wind failed. So light in draught were they that they could be rowed up even shallow English rivers. Of course, for such boats the North Sea was perilous; no doubt many a crew of hardy Northmen found graves in the stormy seas which they braved. But they were skilled in reading the signs of the sky. They would gather in some bay and would set out in great hordes; we read of three hundred and fifty of their ships nearing England at one time. They moved along the coast more quickly than the English defenders could move on land, and readily disappeared if the chances seemed against them. If to-day England, with a vast fleet and forewarned in every way, has been nervous as to a hostile descent on her shores, we can realize what a terror the Danes were, at a time when the English had no means of resisting such savage enemies.

At first the Danes cared only for plunder. They would make a stronghold in some island which the English, awkward now on the sea, could not invade. Then, watching their time, they would dash up some river, pillage and burn a town or a monastery, and get away before a force could rally to attack them. They were as cruel as the North American Indians and tortured their victims in the same way; in East Anglia they tied its ruler, Edmund, to a tree and shot him to death with arrows. The mangled bodies, not only of men, but also of women and children, lay along the path of a foray. They had battle-axes and strong shields and wore some kind of mail, and at first the ill-armed English could not meet such practised fighters. The Danes soon planned more than robbery. The contrast between fertile England and their own rugged land was marked, and they

decided to stay in England. It was a dark day when, in 855, the Danes first spent a winter in their lair on the island of Thanet in Kent. Their next step was to secure a footing on the mainland. Then they brought over their wives and children and all that they had. Henceforth England was to be their only home.

STATUE OF ALFRED THE GREAT
By Hamo Thorneycroft, R.A.
at Winchester

Which of the English states should lead in fighting the Danes? A strong man was needed, and now in the south, not, as in the days of Oswald, in the north, was the strong man found. At Winchester in Wessex ruled a royal house descended from Cerdic, one of the early English chieftains. It was a line long remarkable for the strong character of its kings, and it endures still, for the blood of Cerdic flows in the veins of the royal house of England. Alfred, of this line, who became king of Wessex in 871, is one of the greatest names in the annals of mankind. The supreme need was to check the murderous Danes. They were in the south and in the north, on the sea-coast, and far inland. They came down the English Channel in great hordes and appeared before the very gates of Winchester, where Alfred lived. Terror and distress spread everywhere.

Much of the land lay untilled. England fell back into barbarism. Children grew up ignorant, for schools were impossible; even the priests scarcely knew how to read.

To save England was the task of Alfred. He fought the Danes, fought them at times only to be defeated. When this happened, he took refuge in marshes and forests. His people loved to tell how, in those dark days, their king lived like any simple peasant. He was patient, devout, strong. His men always trusted him. The English of other realms than Wessex, harassed, too, by Danes, came to look upon him as their leader and to give him what help they could. These small kingdoms could not now stand alone, and days of trouble worked for the unity of England. At last came a terrible battle. In 878 at Ethandune in Wiltshire, Alfred met the Danes and won a great victory. When the Danes fled, he was able to surround their fortified camp. They were caught at last, and Alfred could now force them to make peace. His first condition was that the Danish leader, Guthrum, should accept Christian baptism. This he did and took in baptism the English name of Athelstan, with Alfred as his godfather. Hundreds of brawny warriors were also baptized. In the treaty of Wedmore, 878, the Danish leader promised that Alfred should be left untouched in his southern realm and that the Danes should retire beyond a line stretching roughly from London to Liverpool of the present day. Alfred ruled in the south. In the north and part of the Midlands Danish law was to prevail, and the region came to be known as the "Danelaw."

In spite of defeat the Danes had gained about half of England. But Alfred, too, had gained something. Ethelwulf, his father, had ruled only in the far south, but in time Alfred added to his realm London and one half of the Midlands. During fourteen years he enjoyed peace, and he needed it to lift his realm out of its lawless, half-pagan state. He had to rebuild churches, to found

schools, and to be himself the teacher of his people. He gathered round him a worthy band of helpers. He himself carried on a court school for training the sons of the leading men. Since few could now read Latin, Alfred translated Latin books into English. Bede's great history, other books on philosophy, law, and church customs he now gave his people in the tongue which they spoke. Bede, whom he translated, is the first great English scholar; Alfred himself is the founder of English prose. English history, too, owes him a great debt. He caused to be put down, in a record called the *English Chronicle,* what could be learned about the doings of the English people. After his day, it was long continued in English; and it remains the oldest history that any European people now possesses in its own tongue. He made new laws, gentle and Christian in spirit; in a savage age he was remarkable for mildness. For one crime only Alfred had no pity—that of treason to the king. Something of a despot no doubt he was, in spite of that Witenagemot, or Council of Wise Men, to which he turned for advice. England needed a strong leader, and she found him in Alfred.

When Alfred's work was but well begun, trouble again came with the Danes. In 892 a fleet of two hundred and fifty Danish ships appeared off the coast of Kent. Once more the old horrors began, and the people were wild with terror. The Danish leader was Hastings, who now brought new hordes out of the north. With them came their women and children, a sure sign that they were resolved to remain. Months and years of strife followed. Alfred found that he must have a great armed force. So he formed the men who made up the national militia, called the "fyrd," into two divisions; while one was under arms the other could stay at home and till the fields. Thus he had a trained army always at hand. In time he built ships so strong that he did

what no other English king had done—he defeated the Danes on their own element, the sea. Boats such as his had not been seen before. They were higher, longer, steadier, swifter, than the Danish ships. The tables were now turned, and the Danes found Alfred sometimes stern. Once when, after a bitter fight, the captured crews of three Danish ships were brought to him at Winchester, he ordered them forthwith to be hanged.

The Danes were at length checked. Once more England had rest, and Alfred's last four years were years of peace. He was weak in body; disease and pain rarely left him; but he was great in spirit, and to the end he taught his people and guided the state. In 901, when still comparatively young, for he was only fifty-three, Alfred died. We must not think him faultless, but in the annals of kings there is no nobler figure. Warriors and religious leaders had each played a part in earlier England; in Alfred we find the best qualities of both. He is a devout saint, a skilled soldier, a wise law-giver, a scholar, a ruler, mild, yet, when necessary, stern. He was a true father to his people; as he said himself, he lived for their good.

By the close of the reign of Alfred we are conscious that the English have changed. Three hundred years earlier bands of vigorous and hardy freemen had created the English villages. They were practised in war and knew well how to fight. But in time they lost their old skill, and when the pirates came, the pressing need of the villagers was to organize for defence. They begged the nearest man of rank to help them. His answer was that he would protect them, if they, in turn, would till his fields. This they pledged themselves to do; a part of their working days—nearly half, it seems—should be given to him. Thus it was that the free village became a manor and the villagers "villeins," bound to the service of the lord of the manor. The change was so

gradual that we are unable exactly to trace it. We only know that the day came when the lord of the manor ruled the village.

In time the village was no longer a mere cluster of poor cottages. We find a village church, still of wood, and the village priest goes in and out among his people. There is a manor-house, where the lord dwells, perhaps a large, rambling building, made as strong as possible for defence. It stands high on an earthen mound and is protected by an outer palisade of wood and a ditch filled with water and crossed by a drawbridge, raised in time of danger. When the cry goes forth that an enemy is coming, the villagers flock to it for protection. Above its other buildings rises the roof of a long hall, the central scene of village life. Here, every three weeks or so, is held the village moot, which has come now to be a court where the lord of the manor, or his steward, sits to hear complaints and to give judgment. Here, too, the lord feasts with his followers and welcomes passing travellers.

If we enter the hall, we shall find a long, broad room with a high pitched roof. The rough-hewn rafters which carry the straw thatch are blackened by smoke, for there is no chimney; in the centre of the hall a great fire burns at the times of feasting, and the smoke goes out through the unglazed windows. Chill and draughty such a hall is, and to lessen this, parts, at least, of the walls are hung with tapestry, the work of the lord's lady and her women. Since the hall is both court-room and the great living-room, the tables are put up only at meal-time; they consist of planks of oak laid on trestles. At one end of the hall the floor, usually of hard-packed earth mixed with lime, is raised, and it is here that the lord and his guests feast, while those of humbler rank have long benches at the tables on the lower level. There is rude plenty of meat and bread, of fruit and

honey. At the table of a well-to-do lord, wine was served in goblets of silver to the chief guests, while his humbler followers drank fermented honey (mead), swallowed in great draughts from drinking-horns. When, at the end of the meal, the ladies withdrew, the scene often became one of noisy revelry, song and laughter going on till far into the night. At last the lord and his chief guests went to their chambers, while those of humbler rank lay on the earthen floor strewn with rushes or straw, with their feet to the fire and their weapons near, in case of sudden alarm. These villeins and hangers-on of the lord of the manor were not the strong fighters that the freemen of the older time had been. England was divided, backward, weak; and time was soon to show that, in spite of Alfred's work, she had little strength to throw off the foreign aggressor.

4. The Danish Conquest.—Alfred's son, Edward, ruled more of England than did his father, for he pushed his way northward to the Humber. Wales, Northumbria, even Scotland, acknowledged his leadership. Under him the whole island seemed to unite against the Danes, and the Danelaw, yielded by Alfred, was reconquered for a time. Edgar, his grandson, who came to the throne in 959, seemed stronger even than Edward. There is an old tradition, which may be true, that in 973 he met in conference at Chester all the lesser "kings" of the island, including those of Wales and Scotland. They swore to obey him; when he entered his royal barge upon the river Dee, the oarsmen were the six subject-rulers who looked up to him as their sovereign. Edgar thus seemed to rule the whole island, and England appeared to be a single united state. But in reality, Edgar, a man of the south, had no firm grasp upon other parts of England, much less of Scotland; and most of these royal oarsmen on the Dee were as ready to fight against him as for him. The north of England was not closely

linked with the south and felt little loyalty to Alfred's line, the royal house of Wessex.

No doubt, however, Edgar was a great king. At his side was Dunstan, Archbishop of Canterbury, like Alfred, a man full of reforming zeal, and the first Englishman, not a king, to take a leading part in ruling the state. These two worked to lift up the nation, to found schools, reform monasteries, revive religion. But where Alfred had failed, Dunstan did not succeed. A half-civilized England moved toward her fall. Had the old marauders left her alone, she might in time have saved herself. But they would not leave her alone; they were as resolved as ever to have all England. Edgar died in 975, Dunstan in 988, and when they were gone, there was no strong hand to check the Danish foe.

The story of the Danish conquest is soon told. The line of Alfred showed decay, when in 979, Ethelred, son of Edgar, came to the throne. He is known in history as Ethelred the Unready, the "Redeless," the man lacking in wisdom—a foolish king, feeble, slothful, given over, apparently, to wine and vice. England, with a lawless people and a hair-brained king, was now weaker than ever, and the Danes were more savage. A ruthless pagan, Sweyn, now ruled them. He had waded to his throne through blood. He hated Christians and delighted to torture priests and to burn churches and monasteries. When he found that England was weak, he gave her shores no peace. We have, again, the old story of Danish hordes plundering first the seaports and then marching inland, to leave everywhere on their trail burning villages and ghastly corpses. There were pitched battles, and the English, badly led, lost ground steadily. Ethelred tried to check the Danes by bribing some of the leaders to fight against their countrymen. When this failed, he tried to bribe the Danes as a whole and promised to pay them vast sums if they would let

England alone. To raise the money he levied a special tax, known ever since as Dane-geld. The Danes took the bribe, promised to give England peace, and then went on plundering and murdering as before.

At last Ethelred tried the device of treacherous massacre. On St. Brice's Day, 1002, at a given signal the English in the towns rose against the Danes, killed some at once, tortured others, and in wild savagery burned many at the stake. Of course, this only made the Danes resolve on a more complete conquest of the country. They captured Canterbury in 1012, and the Archbishop, Alphege, fell into their hands. On a night of wild festivity they amused themselves by pelting the saintly old man with bones from their banquet. The torture went on amid shouts of laughter until a Dane, weary of the scene, killed the Archbishop with his battle-axe.

By this time the Danish conquest was far advanced. In despair Ethelred at last fled and left England to its fate. Sweyn still breathed wild threats of carnage, but in the moment of his success he died in 1014. The English told the tale that, as he sat on his horse surrounded by his warriors, the vision of St. Edmund, that English king shot to death by Danish arrows long before, appeared to him, and an unearthly hand hurled the spear that killed him. He had held for only a month the kingship left to him by the flight of Ethelred.

Ethelred himself died in 1016, and then the English had a gleam of hope in their new leader, Edmund Ironside, Ethelred's son. He proved stronger than Ethelred; and Canute, Sweyn's son and heir, found it wise to agree with him to divide the kingdom, as long before the Danes divided it with Alfred. The descendant of Alfred took the south, Canute the north. Edmund Ironside, though only twenty-three, gave promise of greatness. But suddenly he died in 1016. Gossip said that his rival was guilty of his murder. We do not know, but by his death

Canute secured the control of all England. He married Ethelred's widow, Emma, and was made at last lawful king, duly chosen by the Witenagemot, which had the right to name the king.

Though only twenty-one Canute was a mighty ruler—lord of Denmark and Norway as well as of England.

CANUTE. VIKING SHIPS IN THE DISTANCE
Based on a Tenth Century Illuminated Manuscript

At first he was only a savage pirate. Murder meant little to him. Probably he murdered Edmund Ironside; certainly he murdered his own brother-in-law Ulf. This bold man had fought Canute's battles in the far north; he became, perhaps, too great, and Canute was jealous. One night in Denmark, after a banquet, the two men

were playing chess. Suddenly Canute gave Ulf a sharp order to take back a certain move. Ulf sprang up in anger, overturned the chess-board, and stalked out of the room. Canute called out "Craven!" after him, and the man turned at the door with a defiant retort. That night Canute ordered a follower to go and kill Ulf, who was warned and fled to a church. But the holy place did not save him, and there he was struck down. Later, when Canute repented of his crime, he bestowed vast estates upon the church in which the murder had occurred.

Such is the early Canute, bloody-minded and full of vain arrogance. But success, instead of spoiling, sobered him. In time he became a Christian and learned to abhor bloodshed and murder. He tried to rule the English justly. He reared on his battle-fields churches, that prayers might rise for the eternal peace of those slain there. In his later days the penitent king made a pilgrimage to Rome, whence he wrote a touching letter to his people. He tells them that he prays ever for their well-being and for the forgiveness of his own sins. He will rule them justly; he wishes no gain from oppression. But they, too, must do their best: they must pay their dues to the church; if they do not—and here the old savage note bursts out—on his return he will execute upon them stern vengeance. Of Canute's sincerity there can be no doubt, and when he died in 1035, England lost a ruler worthy almost to be named with Alfred.

Canute had two sons, Harold and Hardicanute. They proved not worthy of their father, and it was well for the state that they both died young. When they were gone, the English turned to Edward, a son of Canute's wife, Emma, by her first husband, Ethelred. Thus it was that in 1042, seven years after the death of Canute, Edward the Confessor, so called in later times because of his devout confession of Christian faith, came to the throne, and the line of Alfred once more ruled.

CHAPTER II

THE NORMAN CONQUEST AND THE NORMAN KINGS

1. Norman Influence under Edward the Confessor. —Edward the Confessor had lived long in exile and knew hardly anything of England. His mother, Queen Emma, was a princess of Normandy. Edward had been brought up at that court and was in education a Norman rather than an Englishman. The Northmen, or Normans, were a great people. They were Teutons out of the north, like the English themselves and the Danes who had troubled Alfred. Just when Alfred found that he must divide England with the Danes, Norman pirates committed such ravages in France that at last, in 912, Charles the Simple, king of France, yielded to them a great district at the mouth of the Seine. Here the Normans settled. They ceased to be pirates, and soon their new land, Normandy, was one of the most civilized in Europe. The young English Prince Edward had been reared among this alert and active people, he spoke French, their adopted language, and had acquired their tastes and manners. When he returned to England he took with him his Norman friends and Norman fashions.

The Norman despised the Englishman as backward. The English tongue he could not understand and would not learn, for he thought it barbarous. He laughed at the fashions in dress of the English and at their coarse and rude manners. An English village with its wooden church was to him a poor affair, for most Norman churches were in massive stone. Those Normans who came to England with Edward thought that they had a mission to lift the land out of its barbarism. The land was probably better than they thought. Canute had

given England peace, and now trade was increasing. The English excelled in work in gold and silver, and in embroidery. Farmers were clearing away the forest. There were, in truth, signs of progress, but, to the Norman, England was still woefully backward.

Except for occasional bursts of passion, Edward was refined and gentle. We hear of him as white-haired and white-bearded, with thin, delicate hands, and something about him of the invalid, though at times he must have had good health, for he was fond of hunting. He was very devout, and, as years went on, withdrew more and more from the everyday world to live a life of prayer and self-denial. He was not a fit ruler in a troubled age. Pirates still haunted the coasts of England and ravaged towns and villages. Canute had divided England into four great earldoms which were almost separate states; Northumbria in the north was remote from Wessex in the south, and seemed hardly to be a part of the same realm. Under a weak king like Edward, the earls over these divisions came to think themselves independent. The king, it is true, was looked upon with greater awe and reverence than in earlier times, but, to have real power in a fighting age, a saint must be a warrior, too, and Edward the Confessor was no warrior.

The strongest man about Edward was Earl Godwin. He was more than half a Dane, with Danish royal blood in his veins, and had come to the front under the Dane, Canute, who had made him Earl of Wessex and thus ruler of England south of the Thames—nearly half, and possibly the better part, of the whole land. Godwin was strong; we may be sure that he ruled Wessex with a firm hand. He had a large family, and his great ambition was to put his sons in high places; his chief fault, indeed, was his blind zeal to advance his family. His daughter Edith became the wife of the king, and two or three sons were given high posts. The ablest son was

Harold, who in due time was to succeed to his father's title and influence in England.

Edward seems to have had little love for Godwin, who, besides being masterful, was the steady enemy of Norman influence in England. It happened that Eustace of Boulogne, who had married Edward's sister, came to England to visit the king. On the way back to his own land he halted for the night at Dover, and with amazing insolence undertook to quarter his large company in the houses of the Dover townsmen without asking their consent. One of his followers struck a householder who had objected to an uninvited guest, and who promptly struck back and killed his assailant. The result was a bloody struggle between Normans and English, and about twenty were slain on each side. Of course, Eustace demanded the punishment of the Dover citizens. Dover lay in Godwin's earldom of Wessex, and the king told Godwin that he must inflict the punishment. But Godwin was angry at Eustace's conduct, and replied, fairly enough, that there must be full inquiry. A bitter quarrel followed. The king, urged on by others, drove Godwin from his earldom, and he and his sons were forced into exile.

Just at this time William, Duke of Normandy, made a visit to his cousin Edward in England. William was an able and ambitious young ruler, with a plan already working in his active mind. Since Edward was childless, William was resolved to succeed him as ruler of England. In 1051, when the cousins were together in London, we can picture how they talked of the future, and how Edward, his devout heart already half in the other world, would speak of the death which might be near. There is little doubt that he promised to bequeath to William the English throne; there is no doubt, either, that it was not his to bequeath; the Witan, the Council of "Wise Men" of England, alone had the right to name

a king. William either knew or cared little about the Witan; for him Edward's promise was enough, and, when he left England, his mind was made up that some day it should be his.

The chief enemy of his plans was the house of Godwin. In 1052 the exiled earl ventured to land in England, and it was soon clear that he was stronger than Edward. The "Wise Men" met to consider the crisis, and in the end made peace. Norman influences were checked, and for the rest of his days Godwin was supreme. But he soon died. Then his son Harold became Earl of Wessex, while another son, Tostig, ruled the north as Earl of Northumbria. The king was a mere figure-head. Across the Channel the Norman William was watching, and fortune seemed to favour him. Harold, going on a visit to the Continent, was shipwrecked, and landed in the territory of Guy, Count of Ponthieu. This bold man seized him, threw him into prison, and held him for ransom. William of Normandy saw his chance, paid the ransom, and received Harold at his court seemingly as an honoured guest. In reality Harold was a prisoner. The two men were companions for many weeks. They spoke of England and its future. William told Harold of his resolve to succeed Edward and asked for Harold's support. That Harold promised it repeatedly we can hardly doubt; he was in William's power, and lifelong imprisonment, even death, might have been the penalty of arousing William's anger. The story goes that one day at Bayeux, William, with his Council about him, quite unexpectedly insisted that Harold should confirm his promise by an oath. To the mind of the time the oath, even though forced from Harold, was solemn and binding. Should he break it, he would be a guilty perjurer.

2. **The Norman Conquest.**—The saintly Edward spent his later years in building a great church on the

banks of the Thames, and when he died in January, 1066, he was buried in this Westminster Abbey. The Norman William's claims in regard to England were well known, but they had no shadow of legal right. The "Wise Men" of England saw that a strong king was needed, and they now chose the greatest Englishman of his day, Harold. At once he was crowned and anointed. There was need of haste; from the first it was certain that his title would be challenged. When William of Normandy heard the news from England, he grieved, he said, at Edward's death, but more at the falsity of Harold in violating his oath. Not a moment did he lose in getting ready to dispute Harold's claims. He invited adventurers from all over Europe to join him and appealed to the church to denounce Harold as a perjured usurper. Already the Pope had found Harold a wayward son, and now he issued a Bull, or Edict, condemning Harold, and he sent to William a sacred banner, in witness that his army was the army of the Lord. The heavens themselves seemed to speak against Harold. A fiery comet blazed in the sky for a week, to show, men said with awe, God's anger with the false king.

Certain that he must fight William, Harold waited all the summer of 1066 at the Isle of Wight with ships and a land force. Had William come then, Harold might have been victor. But William delayed his coming. It took time to build the many ships that he needed. Eleven centuries before, Caesar had had eight hundred ships to carry his legions to England. William could not gather quite so many, but he secured about seven hundred. When they were ready, adverse winds still held him in Normandy for a whole month. Meanwhile Harold's army grew tired of waiting. It was the old "fyrd," the national militia; the men were farmers as well as soldiers and were now needed at home to gather the harvest. So early in September Harold allowed them to scatter, and

they were soon busy with their reaping. The south of England was left defenceless, and that reaping was to cost her dear.

Meanwhile Harold had another foe to think of, for in the north there was danger. He had exiled his brother Tostig, ruler of Northumbria, for evil ways, and Tostig, bent on revenge, had sought an ally in Harold Hardrada, king of Norway. Tradition says that this Harold Hardrada was seven feet in height. Like the earlier plunderers, who had called themselves vikings, he was looking for new worlds to conquer. So when Tostig appealed for help, Harold Hardrada, ready for a bold adventure, fitted out a great fleet of three hundred ships to attack England.

In September when Harold had relaxed his watching in the south, this danger appeared suddenly in the north. The viking ships sailed up the Humber. Edwin and Morkere, the earls whom Harold had placed over the north, hurried to meet the invader, but at Fulford on September 20th, 1066, their force was shattered, and within a day or two, Harold Hardrada, with the traitor Tostig, was master of York. After his victory Harold Hardrada proclaimed himself king, as Sweyn and Canute had done long before. The bad news travelled fast and soon reached King Harold in the far south. Gathering what men he could, he made a dash for the north. He and his men must have ridden hard, day and night. On September 25th Harold Hardrada was waiting at Stamford Bridge to receive hostages from fallen York, a few miles away, when suddenly came in view the banners, the shields flashing in the sunlight, the prancing horses, of Harold's advancing host. There was a short parley. The English king offered one third of his kingdom to his brother Tostig if he would yield. When Tostig asked what should be given to his viking ally, tradition says that Harold's answer was "seven feet of English

earth, or as much more as his great height requires." Tostig refused such terms, and a murderous battle followed, which lasted all day. No quarter was given. In the evening Harold stood victorious on the field, and his brother Tostig and the mighty Harold Hardrada lay there dead.

To meet all his dangers Harold would have needed wings. Two days after Stamford Bridge, William of Normandy with a great array of ships set out at last for England. He crossed in a single night and landed in the south not far from Hastings. Breathless messengers brought the news to Harold, and he hurried southward. In the early days of October he was in London. Then he marched to his last fight. William, who had been devastating the south, was hoping for a pitched battle; and when Harold took a stand on the heights of Senlac, seven or eight miles from Hastings, William prepared to attack him. Harold had chosen the spot skilfully. On each side and behind he was protected by narrow valleys; his front was on the edge of a hill which William must mount. Harold's men carried long, kite-shaped shields, and, standing in line on the hill, they locked these together so as to form the defence of a shield wall. Harold seems to have neglected nothing to make the task of his foes supremely difficult. At the top of a hill, behind a shield wall, the English might await attack with confidence.

How many fought in this terrible battle we do not know: tradition says that William led fifty or sixty thousand, but tradition usually exaggerates numbers; at the most he probably had ten thousand men. Harold had about the same number. But the Normans were the better equipped. They had learned to fight on horseback, while the English fought only on foot. The Normans were a trained army; the English were chiefly a host of farmers called out to meet a sudden danger, some of

them armed only with scythes and pitchforks. Again and again the mounted Normans charged up the hill, but were unable to break the shield wall. At last William tried an old ruse. Suddenly, as if panic had seized them, the Normans seemed to give way. The unwary English broke their line to rush down the hill in pursuit. Normans in reserve then pressed in where the line was broken and gained the brow of the hill. William used

THE DEATH OF HAROLD AT THE BATTLE OF SENLAC
From the Drawing by Daniel Maclise, R.A.

another device. Since the English were protected in front by their shields, he ordered his bowmen to fire high, so that the bolts should fall as from the air. An iron-pointed arrow struck Harold in the eye, and he fell in agony at the foot of his standard. Soon the Normans closed in upon the stricken king. Quarter was not asked nor given. Eustace of Boulogne, who had ill-treated the Dover townsmen in Godwin's day, killed the stricken Harold, and the Normans showed how they hated him,

when they mutilated his body terribly, hacked off his legs, and refused him decent burial. As night came on, William, weary and hungry, ordered food and drink to be brought where he rested; and the Normans feasted amid silent, blood-stained corpses, under the October sky. Later, in gratitude for his victory, William raised on the spot the great monastery called Battle Abbey.

William's victory at Hastings made further conquest easy. On that fatal field had perished in Harold the last great leader of the old English. When this one strong man was gone, confusion reigned. From Hastings William marched on London, burning as he went. Perhaps the sight of flaming villages and the prospect that their city of wooden houses might also be burned, made the Londoners submit. The city opened its gates. The members of the old English Witan who were there, met and decided to offer the crown to William. On Christmas Day, at a solemn service in Westminster Abbey, and with all the forms used by earlier kings, the Norman was made ruler of England.

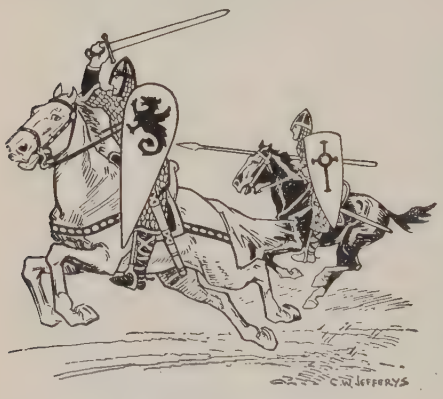
Thus fell the old England. Saints, like Aidan and Oswald, had toiled there. Warriors and statesmen, like Alfred and Dunstan, had spent themselves for England. But they could not build up a united state. The north and the south were too nearly equal in strength for one to lead the other, and division made foreign conquest easy. There was a lack of steadiness in the old English character; viking raids had made the people lawless. Strength and vigour undoubtedly they had, but they needed for a time a master. Now to perform this task had come the greatest leader of the greatest people of the age—the Norman William. To the conquered English the blessing that he brought was well disguised in cruel conquest, but it was no less real. Through it they were to become a united, a strong, and, in time, a free nation.

3. The Rule of William the Conqueror.—William, called in his time "the Great," and by a later age "the Conqueror," was now about forty years old. He was inured to hardships, and among very strong men his arm was the strongest. His mind was as vigorous as his body. He knew exactly what he wished to achieve, and with far-sighted, unbending patience, he set about his purpose. When he had made a resolve, his iron will, fired sometimes by wild passion, never changed. He was violent and harsh. Once on the throne he decided to create a great wild tract in the south, so that he might have hunting near at hand, and to satisfy his whim he swept away villages and churches and rendered hundreds homeless. Thus was formed the New Forest. When he was besieging Alençon in France, the defenders hung hides on the walls and shouted at him "Tanner," in derision, because his mother was the daughter of a tanner of Falaise. He vowed vengeance, and, when the place fell, he cut off the hands and feet of thirty-two of those who had insulted him. Yet he was not controlled merely by passion. He had great regard for law; he was careful to be made king of England with all the sanctions of law; his very injustice was done under the forms of law.

WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR

England was slow in settling down under its foreign ruler. At first there were many rebellions. When Exeter, in the south-west, defied William, he captured the city and did what he did also at London and a great

many other places—built within the walls a great tower, so strong that its Norman garrison could overawe the English. There was worse trouble in the north. Pirate Danes landed in England, and at last Sweyn, King of Denmark, attacked and captured York. The English were delighted at the prospect of deliverance from the Norman. When William learned that they had butchered some of his men, the wild passion that lay deep in his nature flamed out. He marched to the north and took awful vengeance. The region between York and Durham he made a desert; he destroyed houses and churches, killed cattle, burned storehouses, food, farm implements—everything that would burn—and never slackened his fury until a thousand square miles lay desolate. He spent the Christmas of 1069 at York, and then in the wild winter weather set out on a new task.



NORMAN HORSEMEN
The devices on the shields serve to distinguish the riders

Chester, too, had revolted. To lead an army across England at this season seemed impossible, but nothing could stay William. He had to march on foot through snowdrifts and sometimes to kill his horses for food. But he reached Chester and crushed the rebellion pitilessly. In the south-east, too, he had stern work. The English, under a bold leader called Hereward the Wake, made the marshes near Ely a refuge for rebels. But

William built roads across the marshes, and, though his losses were terrible, slowly closed in upon the rebels. By 1071 he had crushed the last revolt of the English. Even Scotland felt his heavy hand. While he was occupied in crushing Hereward, Malcolm, King of Scotland ravaged the north of England and returned home with a horde of English captives to be sold as slaves. William bided his time, but in 1072 he made a dash into Scotland as far as the Tay, and struck Malcolm so heavy a blow that he did homage to the Norman conqueror as overlord. Earlier kings of England had made such claims: the Scots found that William and his successors were likely to enforce them.

The rebellions gave William a chance to confiscate all the land of the English who had risen, and he used it to reward his followers. Even the humblest Normans seem to have become land-owners in England; the most striking thing in the Conquest is this putting of some twenty thousand Norman masters over the English peasants who tilled the soil. A little English village, its poor houses grouped near a wooden manor-house and a wooden church, might be suddenly aware of the tramp of armed men. Perhaps the English master had been killed at Hastings or was an outlaw, and now the new Norman master had come with a guard of armed men, that his strength might be seen at once. Led, it may be, by the parish priest, the cowed people would obey the summons to meet their lord at the manor-house. He could not speak to them in their own English tongue —a rude speech which he scorned. Perhaps he bade the priest tell them what he required. They must serve him as they had served their former master, and if they failed in their duty, woe to them! In time, the frightened village would settle down to its old life, and the labourers would almost forget that things had changed. As of old they ploughed, reaped, tended their cattle, and

cut wood in the forest. But probably, too, they found their new master strict. He rebuked the old idleness and drunkenness, he insisted that new land should be cleared, and he made heavier demands for labour. Some bold spirits, rather than obey, fled to the forests which covered a great part of England. Many a Norman was murdered by these outlaws.

Under William the system of holding land that we know as feudalism was finally completed in England. In our days, if the state employs a man, it pays in money for his services; in turn, when it raises an army or builds a fleet, it compels the people to pay taxes in money for such a purpose. But in the days of William the Conqueror little money was used, and men often paid their taxes in services rather than in gold or silver. William gave estates to his Normans on condition that, when called upon, they should furnish him with fighting men for a certain time, in number proportioned to the size of their holdings. All who held directly from the king were known as "tenants-in-chief" and were vassals of the king himself. Some Normans secured great estates, and, like the king, granted land to sub-tenants, or vassals, who must furnish armed men to their lord, as he in turn furnished them to the king. When an army was to be fitted out, the king called on his tenants-in-chief, and these called on their sub-tenants, for the men needed. Of course, more than military service was required of vassals. Each one did homage on bended knee to his lord and swore to be his man, always true to his interests. On occasions when the lord had special needs, the vassals were bound to aid him. When the time came for the lord's eldest son to be knighted, this meant heavy expense, and the vassals must help to meet it; they must do the same when the eldest daughter was married; sometimes a land-owner was taken captive in war, and then his vassals must help to pay his ransom. If a

holding fell to a woman, the king might oblige her to marry and often named a husband for her, since a man was necessary to perform the military service which he required. The king was the guardian of any orphan child who was heir to property held from him. He had indeed many rights, and a bad king could do much mischief.

A Vassal Doing Homage to his Lord

William was resolved that all power should centre in himself. He soon did away with the great earldoms, by which Godwin and Harold had become so strong in England that they were able to master the king himself. When William gave land to his Norman lords, he scattered their estates over many counties, to make sure, it is thought, that they should not be too strong in any

one part of the country. He grew rich by levying heavy taxes. To secure all that was due to him, he at last ordered a strict census of property in England. His officers went from shire to shire, almost from house to house, and obliged the land-owners, under oath, to tell even how many pigs, how many hives of bees, they had. Then a record was made in a great book, and on its basis William taxed everybody. From his judgment there was no appeal, any more than from God's great Day of Doom, and so men called the book Doomsday Book. By 1086 it was completed, and in that year William took another step. He saw in feudal principles a certain danger to himself; in France he had found that a vassal obeyed the lord who lived near by and granted him land, but was apt to give little heed to the distant king. So William summoned all land-holders to a "Gemot," or meeting, on Salisbury Plain. There every one, no matter from whom he held his land, was obliged to take a solemn oath to obey William as supreme. All England had never really obeyed Alfred or Harold. But now no land-holder could henceforth take up arms against William without violating a sacred pledge. It was the Norman king who, by this strong act, made the beginnings of a united state. He changed the name of the old Witenagemot to that of the Great Council, increased its numbers, and made it a real council of the whole realm.

William had come to England with the church's blessing, and he remained its devoted son. He yielded to the church the right to have its own courts; and henceforth the church, and not the state, tried any clergy charged with crime. But when the request was made that William should do fealty to the Pope as his lord, his answer was direct and firm: "I have never promised it, nor do I find that my predecessors did it." Yet he and the Pope remained good friends. A churchman of

high character, Lanfranc, Abbot of Bec in Normandy, became Archbishop of Canterbury, and he and William worked happily together. The church showed new life. In hundreds of cases, wooden buildings gave place to beautiful stone structures. Under William the whole country advanced. The pirate raids from the north ceased. Population slowly increased. New land was cleared; new villages sprang up.

4. The Misrule of William Rufus.—While still full of vigour, William was stricken down in 1087. In a war with Philip of France he had set Mantes in France on fire, and as he rode amid burning houses, his horse stumbled and threw him, with his great bulk, heavily against the pommel of his saddle. The shock was fatal. As he lay dying, there rose before him the spectre of the slaughter he had wrought to win England, and he feared to stand before the judgment-seat of God. He would not venture, he said, to name his successor; yet he told his second son William, who was with him, to go to England to claim the throne. William set out at once, before the Conqueror breathed his last. The prize he was hurrying to seize was great. When he landed in England, he made a dash for Winchester, where lay the vast treasure which his father had heaped up. This secured, he went on to London. A letter from his father to Lanfranc cleared away all difficulties. Lanfranc put the crown on his head; the Archbishop it was who made him king. The English made no move at all to aid or to prevent the action.

William proved no credit to the church. The short, thick-set man, called for his red face Rufus (red), who now sat in the Conqueror's place, was utterly unlike that great man. The Conqueror was devout and pure; William was a blasphemous evil liver. The Conqueror had tried to rule well, if sternly; William Rufus cared nothing for good rule. He appointed as Justiciar, or leading

minister, Ramulf Flambard. This man, a bishop, but an unworthy one, developed hideous skill in getting plunder. William robbed the church by keeping sees vacant and himself taking the income of the bishops. He plundered the property of children who were his wards, and forced heiresses to marry the men who would pay him the highest price for their hands. When he went through the country, he plundered so recklessly that the people fled before him as from a plague. Every one—people, churchmen, and barons—declared the system of Rufus intolerable. But all were helpless before him. The army, which he paid out of his exactions, shielded him from all attack.

From one enemy soldiers could not shield Rufus. In 1093 he fell ill, and death stalked before him. He was afraid to die, and now, in an agony, he promised to alter his evil ways. Archbishop Lanfranc had died in 1089, and William had named no successor. Instead, he seized the income of the see of Canterbury and left the church for four years without a head. Anselm, a monk from Bec, was fit, men said, to succeed Lanfranc, and Rufus, now, as he thought, on his death-bed, named Anselm to the great office of Archbishop of Canterbury. Rufus did not die and soon was as defiant as ever, but now Anselm was there to rebuke him. He told Rufus plain truths. One of the king's bad practices was to demand gifts from his subjects and to punish them if they gave too little. When he tried to force a gift from Anselm, the Archbishop defied him. As William persisted, Anselm went to Rome to lay the matter before the Pope, whom he thought their common master. During the last days of William, Anselm was an exile from England.

The Crusades began in the reign of Rufus. For centuries devout men had gone to the Holy Land, in the belief that to walk where Christ's sacred feet had trod,

to see, to touch things which He had seen and touched, would insure their salvation. Many, who had spent their lives in war and bloodshed, thought it well for their souls that they should end their days as pilgrims to the East. Since the days of Mohammed, the Arabs, his followers in religion, had held Jerusalem. For the Christian faith they expressed utter scorn, but they had allowed Christian pilgrims to visit the holy places. Now the Arabs were driven out by other followers of Mohammed, the Turks, and these fierce and ignorant fanatics ill-treated the Christian pilgrims. Peter the Hermit, a returned pilgrim, told a vivid story of how he had seen Christians tortured and put to death. All Europe was soon aroused, for nearly every family had some relative a pilgrim. In 1095 Pope Urban II held a council at Clermont in France, and there, after he and Peter had made stirring speeches, a vast multitude vowed to go on Crusade to free the Holy Land from the Turk. Many thousands set out, and three or four years later the Crusaders took Jerusalem. The impious William Rufus had, of course, no thought of going on Crusade, but his knight-errant

A Crusader

elder brother, Robert, who ruled Normandy, went, borrowed money from William Rufus to do so, and pledged to him his duchy for the payment of the debt.

For thirteen years the bad rule of Rufus lasted, and then came his tragic end. When his father made the New Forest by cruel destruction, God's curse, it was said, would follow him. In this forest, on August 2nd, 1100, William Rufus went out to hunt. Toward evening some peasants found him lying dead, an arrow through his brain. Who shot him we shall never know. The men took the body hurriedly to Winchester. Christian burial was deemed unfit for Rufus, and he was laid in the tomb like a dead animal, without any kind of sacred rite.

5. The Reign of Henry I.—Robert, the Conqueror's eldest son, was still absent on Crusade, but Henry, the youngest son, was in England, and it happened that he, too, hunted in the New Forest on the day that Rufus died. He saw his chance and made a dash to Winchester to secure the royal treasure. At first its guardians would not give it to him; only when he menaced them with a drawn sword did they yield. Then Henry rode hard to London. Anselm was in exile; it was to Maurice, Bishop of London, that Henry went. Everything was done quickly. Rufus was killed on Thursday, and on Sunday Henry was crowned at Westminster. Probably few knew that William was dead when the new king was already installed. He made himself popular at once, by promising that his rule should be unlike the "evil customs" of Rufus, and he granted a formal charter, binding himself to good government.

There was something like greatness in this energetic king. He kept up kingly dignity. He was polite, cultivated, and a great reader; "an illiterate king is a crowned ass," is one of his sayings. He knew French and Latin. English, too, he knew, unlike most Normans.

It was a tongue much despised; Henry did not despise it, nor did he despise the conquered English themselves. He married a princess of English blood, whom he seems really to have loved. Malcolm, King of Scotland, had married Margaret, the granddaughter of Edmund Ironside, of the old line of Alfred the Great, and now Henry married Edith, the daughter of Malcolm and Margaret. It is through Edith that the blood of Alfred still flows in the veins of the royal line of England. (See Table, page 61.) The lady took the Norman name of Matilda, or Maud, and Henry's courtiers did not fail to sneer at his union with a princess to them a half-barbarian. Henry was a just ruler, but he was also stern. Outlaws haunted the vast English forests, and robbery and violence were common. But evil-doers were terror-stricken when Henry caused no fewer than forty-four robbers to be hanged on one day in a single village. High and low came to realize that the days of William Rufus were really ended, that there was law in the land, and that Henry deserved his name of "the Lion of Justice."

His greatest difficulty was with the church. Pope Gregory VII, "Hildebrand," who died in 1085, declared that the clergy, to do truly their duty, must be independent of the state in exercising their spiritual powers; they were to appear only in the church courts, and to obey no one but the Pope. When Henry demanded that Anselm should swear fealty to him for the lands of the see of Canterbury, Anselm flatly refused; his homage was due, he said, to the Pope alone. Terms were at last agreed to in 1107. Anselm did homage to Henry for his lands; Henry, in turn, agreed not to interfere with the church's spiritual authority.

6. **Anarchy in England.**—The fear always haunted Henry that his hold on the throne was insecure. His elder brother Robert landed in England with an armed force, claiming that the crown was his. Henry bought

him off with a liberal pension, but later, when Robert could not preserve order in Normandy, Henry went over, defeated him, and kept him a prisoner in England for the rest of his days—no less than twenty-three years. Henry had one son, William. In 1120 the father and son were returning from Normandy. The young prince had his own *White Ship,* in which he was surrounded by a brilliant company. There was too much festivity; the crew were already drunk when the ship set out. Only a mile and a half from port she struck a rock, and nearly every one on board perished, among them the young prince. Henry's grief was terrible, and he is said never to have smiled again. The outlook was grave, for there was no direct male heir to the throne. There was an heiress—Henry's daughter Matilda, or Maud, widow of the Emperor Henry V of Germany and wife of Geoffrey, Duke of Anjou. But in that fighting age a woman could hardly rule. Henry did his best for Maud. In 1126 he gathered together all the leaders in England and required them to swear, with much solemnity, that they would support her.

In 1135 Henry I died suddenly, and when the English came to realize what had happened, not a woman, as Henry I had planned, but a man, sat on the throne. The man was Stephen, Earl of Blois, son of the Conqueror's daughter Adela. He had been a favourite nephew of Henry I, and was among those who took the solemn oath that Henry's daughter should be queen. Henry had made rich gifts of land to Stephen, who was bound by every pledge of honour to support Maud. But the chance to gain a throne was too great to be resisted. Henry I died in Normandy, and Maud was absent in Anjou. Stephen himself was then on the Continent, but at once he set out for England. When he landed at Dover, he found the gates closed in his face. He rode on in haste to Canterbury, but again was shut out. On

to London he dashed, and in London he was more successful. With the king dead, London was in danger. Already robbers had begun to work havoc, and the London merchants were delighted to welcome Stephen as the guardian of order. There was a report that Henry I, before his death, had abandoned his plan that Maud should reign, and in such a case Stephen had a plausible claim. London secure, Stephen rode hard to Winchester; to ride well seems to have been necessary to would-be kings in those days! All went well. Stephen secured there the royal treasure and was duly crowned.

Stephen proved a failure. He was mild and good-natured. But with a headstrong baronage to hold in check and an angry rival, Maud, to defeat, more than good-nature was needed. Soon Maud arrived in England, panting for revenge against the faithless Stephen. David, King of Scots, Maud's uncle—her mother's brother—invaded England to put Maud on the throne. In 1138 he fought on her behalf a great battle in the north, called the Battle of the Standard, because the English, to make Stephen's cause seem the cause of God, rallied their host under a sacred banner carried in a cart. Victory was with the side of Stephen. But his showy popularity soon waned. By a turn of fortune, Maud fell into his hands before she had been long in England. Then, with unwise generosity, he set her free because she was a woman. Prolonged civil war followed. Stephen was beaten in a pitched battle at Lincoln and fell into Maud's hands; she, for her part, had no scruples about keeping him a close prisoner. Soon she occupied London, and then all England submitted. But if Stephen was a bad ruler, she proved a worse. Her arrogance offended the English. She fined the Londoners for having supported Stephen, and at last they turned on her, and she had to fly to Oxford. Even there she was soon surrounded, and escaped only by dropping over the

wall and getting away over the snow, dressed in white, so as to be invisible.

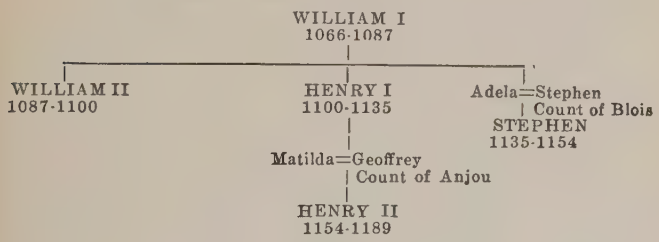
Stephen was now at large. The strife dragged on for years, and England fell into dreadful disorder. Some of the barons were little better than savages. They built rude castles, from which they sallied forth to engage in pillage and murder. They seized people who had money,

ROCHESTER CASTLE AS IT APPEARS TO-DAY
This is a typical Norman Keep, built during the reign of William II

tortured them brutally, and put them into foul dungeons, to make them give up their gold. They burned churches and even plundered graves. Monasteries were the only secure spots in the land, and they multiplied greatly, because they served a real need as houses of security for the weak and oppressed in those days of anarchy. But, though men said that Christ and His saints slept, in time

an end came to these things. Maud and Stephen each had a son, and it was chiefly for these children's rights that the quarrel went on. But in 1153 Stephen's son Eustace died suddenly, and then the solution of the problem was easy. Stephen agreed to adopt Maud's son Henry as his heir, and when, shortly after, Stephen, too, died, the young Henry's path to the throne was clear.

THE NORMAN KINGS OF ENGLAND



GENEALOGY SHOWING HOW THE LATER RULERS OF ENGLAND ARE DESCENDED FROM ALFRED THE GREAT

ALFRED the Great (d. 901)
Edward the Elder (d. 925)
Edmund I (d. 946)
Edgar (d. 975)
Ethelred the Unready (d. 1016)
Edmund II (Ironside) (d. 1016)
Edward the Exile (date of death uncertain)
St. Margaret, Queen of Scotland (d. 1093), married to Malcolm Canmore
Matilda (d. 1118), married Henry I
Matilda or Maud (d. 1167), married Geoffrey of Anjou
Henry II (d. 1189), from whom all subsequent sovereigns of England are descended.

CHAPTER III

THE EARLY PLANTAGENET KINGS[1]

1. The Quarrel of Henry II and Becket.— Henry II was now only twenty-one; a red-haired, freckled, thick-set young man, with square shoulders, full chest, and the arms of a prize-fighter. He was always restless and active; even in church he drew pictures or carried on whispered conversations. He cared nothing about ceremony; he was ready to see any one at almost any time; he ate when he was hungry, and slept when he was tired, and was as likely as not to pause for the night in the midst of a forest, himself lodging in some hut and leaving his followers to shift for themselves among the trees. There was fire in his keen gray eye. A legend said that a she-devil was ancestress of Henry's house, and, when angry, he seemed indeed possessed of an evil spirit; he would tear off his clothes, throw himself

[1] The line is called Plantagenet from the plant *genêt*, or broom, worn by Henry II's father, Geoffrey, as his badge. The line is also called Angevin because it came from Anjou.

on the floor, and gnaw wildly at the straw which, in his rough age, sometimes served as carpet. But this passionate man was really a great statesman. He had a keen mind, he read much, and he was occupied with far-reaching plans of government. His patience was amazing. He never forgot; when seeming most careless, he was working toward his ends.

Heavy cares lay upon Henry's shoulders. He inherited England, Normandy, and Maine through his mother, and Anjou and Touraine, in France, through his father; he became master of the great province of Aquitaine in southern France by marrying its ruler Eleanor, in order to get her lands. In time he added Ireland to his dominions, made the king of Scotland acknowledge himself a vassal of England, and claimed Brittany, too, as a vassal state of Normandy. Henry was the greatest sovereign of his age, and he intended to be the real master in his dominions. Such was his nature that he could not leave defects uncured; everywhere he must reform and organize. Disorderly in his own life, irreligious, profligate, he yet loved order and justice. He was resolved to end the misrule which had grown up under Stephen and to be obeyed by every one. Over the church, the baronage, and the people, he must sit supreme.

The church would not accept his policy. Even its humblest door-keeper had long been tried in its own courts by its own judges. It claimed, as speaking for God, to be free from the king's control. But Henry was resolved to be master; there could not be, he thought, two coequal powers within one state. Among the men prominent in the church was Thomas Becket, son of a rich London merchant, a man fifteen years older than Henry. The two were intimate, and the king was sure that here was the right man for his further tasks. In 1162 Becket became Archbishop of Canter-

bury. He was now head of the church in England and the special guardian of its interests. A good and earnest man, who had always lived a pure life, Becket now felt the gravity of his new place. It was his duty, he thought, to protect the church's rights and fight the policy of the king. Henry soon grew angry, Becket obstinate, and a violent quarrel was the result.

In January, 1164, Henry called to meet at Clarendon the Great Council, the new name for the old Witenagemot. There he asked Becket if he would obey "the customs of the realm." When Becket took oath that he would, Henry produced a document known to us as the "Constitutions of Clarendon," drawn up by some of the older barons, who had served under Henry I and were supposed to know what were the old customs. By this document the king was to control the church; no bishop could be created, no servant of the king might be placed under the church's ban, no one might appeal to the Pope, unless the king's consent was first given. A royal officer was to sit in all church courts to see that they did not exceed their powers, and persons convicted there of crime were to be handed over to the king for punishment. Becket was startled at these claims. That these had been the "customs" in England since the Norman Conquest, he, with truth, denied. There was an angry dispute. For six years the strife dragged on. When Becket fled from England, Henry seized his property and banished his friends and relations. In 1170 a truce was patched up; Henry supposed that Becket had yielded and allowed him to return to England. But he had yielded nothing. On Christmas Day, 1170, he preached at Canterbury and denounced his enemies violently. Henry was absent in France. When the news of Becket's doings reached him, he burst into frantic rage and asked why some of those who ate his bread did not avenge him of this defiant priest. There

were men about Henry who had scores to settle with Becket. Four knights set out at once for England Becket was at Canterbury, and there the four knights suddenly appeared, and with rude threats told him that he must yield what the king demanded. At first they seem to have had no thought of murder. But when

THE MURDER OF THOMAS BECKET IN CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL

Becket defied them with angry words, the knights, in a rage, drew their weapons and slew him brutally as he was trying to pass to the high altar in Canterbury Cathedral.

The whole Christian world was aghast at the murder, and among the most horror-stricken was Henry himself.

He feared that the church would proclaim a crusade to destroy him. Anxious to be out of the way, he went in 1171 to Ireland. This land, so near to England, was yet another world. The Romans had never conquered it, nor had the Normans, when they mastered England. In some ways Ireland had made great progress. In sculpture, in music, in native literature, she was not equalled by her neighbours. But she was weak in political life. She still preserved the tribal government of the ancient Celtic race, and her tribal leaders were often at war with one another. One of these, Dermot, chief, or "king," of Leinster, had appealed to Henry for help in 1166. Henry had needy knights ready always for some new exploit. One of these, Richard de Clare, called Strongbow, he had sent to Dermot's aid. Strongbow married Dermot's daughter, and when Dermot died in 1171, was in a fair way to master Ireland. Henry had no wish that one of his barons should gain power there; he had barons enough to fight at home. Moreover, the church wished more completely to rule Ireland. Long before, in 1154, Pope Adrian IV, an Englishman—the only English pope in history—had invited Henry to make himself Lord of Ireland. So now he went there. He checked Strongbow and other nobles and made both them and the Irish submit to him. Ireland's independence came to an end at Henry's hand. He was Lord of Ireland. Yet Ireland remained unlike England. When Henry's son John went later to rule Ireland, he jeered at the strange dress of the chiefs and plucked out the hairs of their beards. They were a different race from the English and clung to their own customs. Henry did not really conquer them; all that he did was to get that footing in Ireland for himself and his successors which was to result in long centuries of English control.

2. Henry II and the Barons.—Henry had not fared well in his fight with the church; and when he came

back from Ireland, he found that he must fight also his own barons. He had knocked down the lawless castles built in the days of Stephen, and would not let the barons keep up strongholds which they might use against him. To be really strong, he needed an army which would serve in any part of his varied dominions, and now he worked out a new plan. Instead of summoning the landowners to furnish him with armed men in proportion to their holding, he induced them to pay a tax in money, known as "scutage," with which he hired the soldiers he required. He thus had a force over which the barons had no control. He did more. In 1181 the Great Council passed the Assize of Arms, which revived the old "fyrd" swept away by the Normans. Then Henry could call upon every freeman to fight for England. He was the direct leader of the whole nation in arms.

Henry was resolved to have one system of law in England and to administer it himself. He made a great reform when, in 1166, his Assize, or Law, of Clarendon began the English jury system. The barons had had their own courts, and sometimes they imprisoned or hanged their villeins with slight regard for the king or even for the law. They pocketed the heavy fines which they imposed. Now Henry stopped all this. Royal judges, members of the King's Court (*Curia Regis*), went from place to place trying cases heard formerly in baronial courts. In each county, a jury of persons belonging to the county now brought accused persons before the judges sent by the king. Although the great nobles had usually been made sheriffs—shire-reeves, the chief officers for enforcing justice in the shires—Henry now dismissed many of them, named instead his own men as sheriffs, and thus brought the whole realm under his own direct control.

All this the barons watched with growing anger. At

last, in 1173, seeing that the king intended to master them completely, they resolved to fight. The movement was alarming. To have his hands free, Henry quickly made peace with the church. He did not press the claims he had made against Becket; the church continued to keep up her own courts, and appeals still went to Rome. Henry did more. In 1174 he went to humble himself at Becket's tomb. As he neared Canterbury, he put away his horse, and he walked through the streets, a lowly penitent. He knelt and prayed at the door of the Cathedral, and, on entering, stooped low to kiss the spot where Becket had died. At the tomb itself he fell prostrate and for a long time lay there weeping and praying. Then he threw off his outer garment and stood, with bared head and shoulders, to be lashed on the back by the clergy as a punishment for his offence. Five times each bishop struck him, three times each monk, and eighty took part in Henry's punishment. Perhaps they were gentle to a king! When this was over, Henry remained in the church for a long night's vigil. What thoughts he had of his old friend and his old foe, Becket, what resolves he made, in those silent watches of the night, we do not know. In the morning, he attended mass, and then, with a conscience easy at last, he set out for London. The age believed that now Becket was Henry's friend, and that Becket would give him victory. The barons had looked to William the Lion, King of Scotland, to help them, and he now invaded England. France also attacked Henry. His own sons were among the rebels, for they, too, wished to shake off his control. But he was victorious everywhere. He crushed the barons and forced them to yield to him all their castles. He captured William the Lion, and kept him a prisoner until he took oath to hold his kingdom of Scotland as Henry's vassal. The lowly penance at the tomb of Becket was a master-stroke of policy.

Henry had much trouble with his sons. He loved them passionately, but intended always to rule and would not do what they wished—divide with them his dominions. He gave them great titles. In 1170 he made his son Henry joint king of England; but the young man was king in name only, and since he desired real power, he had joined the barons in their rebellion. In 1183 this young Henry died suddenly, and the king was heart-broken. Three years later another son, Geoffrey, was killed. There remained only Richard and John. Richard demanded Anjou and other lands, and he and his ally, Philip of France, warred on Henry. At last the old king was beaten. Weak and dying at Chinon, and yearning for his son's affection, he yielded, and promised to hand over to Richard a part of his dominions and to forgive all those leagued against him. The favourite son, his youngest, John, he hoped had been true to him, but when the list of rebels was handed to him, there he found the name of John. "Has John, my very heart, indeed forsaken me?" he cried. He turned his face to the wall, spoke no more, and soon passed away.

The reign of Henry forms a turning-point in English history. When he came to the throne, it was uncertain whether England might not fall back into the old disunion from which the Norman William had saved her. The great barons thought that they might be so independent on their estates as to defy the king. But Henry ended for ever any such hopes; under him England became a real nation. By this time the difference between the Norman and the Englishman had been lost; both alike were now English; both saw that their safety lay in a king who could keep order. It was the support of the people that made Henry's victory over the barons easy. His victory over the church was less complete, because the people believed that the church would aid

them, if the king, in turn, practised misrule. One of Henry's chief merits was to see that the law was enforced, and never since has it been defied in England as it was over and over again before his time.

3. **The Reign of Richard I.**—The best tribute to Henry's work was the quiet of England under his son. Richard I could not even speak English; he knew England hardly at all, and spent there but little time, yet everywhere his authority was secure. Richard, generous and passionate in nature, was the ideal knight of chivalry, tall and strong in body, loving adventure, and happy amid the stir and tumult of war. Though of a more refined type than his coarse-grained father, Richard lacked Henry's slow patience. To stay at home and rule England was the last thing he desired. He heard a call to other tasks. His heart was in the Third Crusade, just beginning. Saladin, a great general, was now leading the Moslem forces. The Christians had held Jerusalem since they took it in the First Crusade nearly a hundred years earlier. But in 1187 Saladin made himself master of Jerusalem, and all Europe was startled. The Christian world bestirred itself. The Emperor Frederick Barbarossa, Philip of France, and Richard, the three chief monarchs of the time, all prepared to go to the East for the war on Saladin. To get money for this Crusade was Richard's one care. It mattered not what he sacrificed. He sold to William the Lion of Scotland the right to his homage which Henry II had exacted; he sold pardons to criminals, royal charters to towns, by which they secured wider liberties, offices to statesmen. Glanville held the highest office in the land, that of Justiciar; Richard forced him to resign and then to buy his office back for fifteen thousand pounds; William Longchamp is said to have paid three thousand pounds for the office of Chancellor. Yet Richard's greed for money did not turn the English

against him. They were proud of the greatest warrior of his age, the lion-hearted king (*Cœur de Lion*).

Richard went to the East; and the story of the Third Crusade would be sordid indeed but for him, the brilliant, honourable companion of men like Philip of France, who was always ready to betray him. He left the Chancellor Longchamp to rule England. Longchamp did not rule wisely, and Richard's brother John drove him into exile. It was not that John cared anything for Richard; probably no man was more delighted than John at news which came in 1193. Twice had Richard been on the point of capturing Jerusalem, but his allies would not support him, and at last he had given up the effort. While sailing up the Adriatic, he had been shipwrecked. Proceeding overland in disguise to France, he was recognized, and in the end became the prisoner of the Emperor Henry VI. It may seem a wonder that Richard ever left his prison. But it would have paid neither to hold him nor to kill him, for such a captive was worth, by way of ransom, much more than his weight in gold. John and Philip of France offered Henry one thousand pounds a month—a great sum in those days—to keep Richard captive. But Richard himself would pay more to be free. So when he offered a ransom nearly thirty times his weight in gold, Henry VI released him. "Take care of yourself; the devil is loose," Philip wrote to John, when he knew that Richard was free. In March, 1194, Richard was in England, and John was at his feet asking an undeserved pardon.

England had to pay for the freedom of its warrior king. Even plate and jewels belonging to the churches were sold to meet the tax. Yet Richard showed little gratitude; he stayed among the English for only a few weeks, and then went off again to the Continent. Hubert Walter, Archbishop of Canterbury, governed England for Richard, with the title of Justiciar. His chief task

was to collect the enormous taxes required, and he did it with businesslike precision. Every one obeyed him: Henry II had done his work so well that the land hardly missed its king.

On the Continent Richard was busy with plans for war. He feared that Normandy might fall to the king of France, and to block the way, built on the Seine the greatest fortress which the age produced—Château Gaillard, which reared its mighty mass high above the great river. Time was to prove that even so splendid a stronghold would not make Normandy secure. Richard fell at last in an obscure fight. A marvellous tale reached him of how the lord of Chalus, one of his vassals, had unearthed a buried treasure. As Richard heard the story, a gold table had been found with a whole royal family, father and mother, sons and daughters, all in gold, seated round it; perhaps some buried statues had been unearthed, and, no doubt, the rest of the story is pure fiction. Richard, pressed for money, declared that the gold was his, and to make good his claim laid siege to the poor little castle of the lord of Chalus, vowing that he would destroy every one he found there. He exposed himself carelessly, and an iron-headed arrow shot from the wall pierced his shoulder. The arrow was removed with difficulty, gangrene set in, and soon Richard was face to face with death. He ordered that pardon and a gift of money should go to the man who slew him. The whole story shows the spirit of the age, its easy credulity, its greed, its endless petty strife, its chivalry.

4. The Misrule of John.—John, the only grown-up Plantagenet, succeeded his brother Richard. The true heir was the boy Arthur, son of John's dead elder brother Geoffrey; but in those days of war a boy king had slight chance of holding a throne. Richard had wished that John should succeed him, and the Great

Council, in which was vested the right to name the king, did not dare to choose a helpless boy. Hardly a voice was raised against John. Men did not yet see how bad was his character. They knew that John was able and that at times he worked hard. He had great charm of manner and a taste for books. But he was in reality cruel, selfish, and depraved beyond any other English king, beyond even William Rufus. Rufus had never stooped to murder. John's nephew Arthur fell into his hands and was never seen alive again. The manner of his death we do not know; it was whispered that he had been drowned in the Seine and that John had himself seen the deed done.

In the end it was through the murder of Arthur that John lost Normandy. Since the Conquest England and Normandy had been usually under the same ruler. But there was much to draw them apart. They were separated by a strip of sea and also by language and customs. National feeling in Normandy, with its French language and French tastes and manners, turned to union with France, not with England, and the death of Arthur roused moral feeling, too, against John. Philip of France saw his opening. He invaded Normandy and concentrated his efforts against Château Gaillard. There was a terrible siege. In the end Château Gaillard fell, and with it fell, as Richard had foreseen, any power to keep France out of Normandy. John lost his duchy, together with Anjou and all his other possessions in the north of France. He still held Aquitaine in the south; for a further two hundred and fifty years it was ruled by his successors. The loss of Normandy, which seemed for the moment a blow so terrible, really made the English nation stronger, and not weaker. Some of the nobles of England, with lands in Normandy, too, had been only half English; now they must belong wholly to one state

or the other; those who remained in England became loyal Englishmen.

John was a restless mischief-maker, and he drifted into a quarrel with the church. When in 1205 the see of Canterbury became vacant by the death of Hubert Walter, who had done such good work for Richard, there was a dispute about the succession. John named his own treasurer as Archbishop; the monks of Canterbury named their man, too; and both sides appealed to Rome. The Pope at the time was Innocent III, a man of iron resolution. He rejected both nominees and appointed, instead, an English cardinal at Rome, Stephen Langton, a devout, learned, and highminded man. John was furious, and seized all the lands of the archbishopric, so that Langton should have no revenue. Then Innocent, a man not to be trifled with, laid England under an interdict until John should yield. An interdict was something to be dreaded. While it lasted the church doors were closed; no one might enter to pray; the church bells were silent; no words of hope were spoken from the pulpits; the priests celebrated no mass; the dead were buried without sacred rites. For all this John, a hardened evil-doer, seemed to care little. He cut down and sold timber on church lands. When a priest, Geoffrey, Archdeacon of Norwich, offended him, he had him crushed to death under heavy weights. A robber who had killed another priest was brought before the king. "He has slain one of my enemies," said John, "loose him and let him go." Not only the clergy, but every class, John robbed. He extorted money from the barons with threats and curses. When one of them, William de Braose, fled the kingdom, John in revenge laid hold of the baron's wife and son and caused them to be starved to death. The Jews were John's especial prey. On a Jew who refused to pay what he demanded, he imposed a penalty full of fiendish humour. One tooth

was to be extracted each day until the Jew yielded. When the eighth tooth was about to be pulled, the victim gave in and paid John ten thousand marks. John made the monasteries pay him the vast sum of one hundred thousand pounds.

In 1209, since John still held out, the Pope took his second strong step; he excommunicated him. This meant that John was a moral outcast and that no good churchman would eat with or even speak to him. The Pope's next move was extreme. He declared that John, by his crimes, had forfeited the throne; that he was no longer king, and that his subjects need no longer obey him. John was no fool, and now he saw that the people would be with the Pope. To head off the danger, he resolved to make peace with the church. Secretly he invited the Pope to send a special legate to England, and on May 15th, 1213, the legate, Pandulf, landed at Dover. To him John yielded fully. He promised to restore the exiled clergy and to make good their losses. He did more. Under feudal custom rulers were sometimes vassals of other rulers. John himself was vassal of Philip of France for Normandy. The better to control John, Innocent required him by a formal charter to agree to rule England as his vassal and to pay him an annual tribute of one thousand marks. On bended knee John did what William I had refused to do; he swore to be the Pope's man and abandoned the old freedom of England from feudal overlordships.

5. The Great Charter.—Since John had made peace with the church, he counted on her support in his wrong-doing. He went on plundering the barons, until at length they decided to take strong action. They planned a secret meeting; professing to be pilgrims, they were to gather at the shrine at Bury St. Edmunds, frequented by many pilgrims. We can picture these angry, earnest men making their way thither along the English roads.

How real were their devotions before the shrine of the martyred St. Edmund, murdered long ago by Danes, we do not know, but they were in earnest against John. No less a person than Langton, the head of the English Church, on whose support John relied, stood with the barons. A scholar who read much, he knew the past of England better than did the barons,

KING JOHN GRANTING MAGNA CHARTA
After the Painting by Ernest Normand in the Royal Exchange, London

who read little, and he produced the charter in which Henry I had pledged himself to be a just king and not to follow the bad ways of William Rufus. This charter, all now declared, John must renew. Early in 1215 the barons were openly in arms and told John plainly their demands. He asked for time and tried to gather an armed force. The barons marched on Windsor where John was, and he soon saw that he must

yield. His enemies were encamped in the field of Runnymede; here John met them, and on June 15th, 1215, with bitter anger and protest in his heart, he was forced to sign Magna Charta—the Great Charter.

The Great Charter contains little that is new; it gathers up the pledges for good government which earlier kings had given, and these John promised to observe. He had kept men in prison without trial and had ravaged their property; he had sold justice; in his courts money could buy a verdict and endless delay ruin a suitor. Under feudal law the king was guardian of women and children who held estates from him; and John had used his power to plunder the children and to sell the women in marriage to whom he liked—refined ladies sometimes to coarse and base-born followers of his own. The barons did not try to take from John any of his rights. They insisted only that he should no longer abuse his powers. They laid down three chief principles:

(1) While the king kept the old right to have aid in money from his tenants-in-chief should he be taken captive in war and held for ransom, and when his eldest son was knighted and his eldest daughter married, England should meet no demand for any new tax until it was approved by the Great Council of the kingdom, in which sat the chief land-owners and clergy. Moreover, when this body desired to impose taxes, at least forty days' notice must be given of the meeting, and thus everything must be done publicly and openly. The principle asserted was far-reaching; it meant in the long run that Parliament alone could grant money.

(2) No one without lawful trial might be kept in prison or punished, and Englishmen were to have the right of trial by their "peers," which means, not their superiors, but their equals; that is, trial by jury. "We will not go against any man," promised John, "nor send against him, except by lawful request of his peers, or by the law of the land."

(3) Justice should be free and prompt to every one; "to no man will we sell, deny, or delay right or justice."

John promised, but would he keep his promise? The barons took no chances. Twenty-five of them were named to watch him, and he agreed that, if he broke his pledges, these men might coerce him. The one new thing in the Charter was this right to revolt if the king should break his word.

John broke his word. From the first he intended to cancel his pledges. Innocent III said that, since John was his vassal, his consent was vital to so momentous a bargain as the Great Charter. Archbishop Langton had supported the Charter, and Innocent summoned him to Rome to give an account of what he had done. The barons had now to retreat, or to go forward and defy even the church. They went forward, and so far that they turned wholly from the king and offered the crown of England to Louis of France, son of John's old enemy, Philip.

Meanwhile John was not idle. He attacked the barons in London, captured the city, and would have hanged forthwith all his prisoners, had he not been restrained by those about him. Black ruin marked his course, for he went about, burning and pillaging ruthlessly. The country was terror-stricken. But soon a change came; the barons retook London, and John retired northward. Impotent rage now wore out his strength. He would heed no counsel and take no rest. His route lay across the Wash, a bay on the east coast. Following only wild impulse, he paid no regard to the state of the tide, and, before he was across, it came rushing in. John himself reached dry ground in safety, but he lost his baggage, containing money, jewels, and the plunder of many a baronial house. That night he was feverish and ill, but he had never learned to restrain himself and partook heartily of peaches and new cider. Further wild fits of passion at bad news hastened his end, and he died in October, 1216.

CHAPTER IV

THE RISE OF THE COMMONS

1. Foreign Influence under Henry III.—The death of so bad a king as John was a relief to the nation, and it ended all danger that the barons might be able to put a foreigner on the throne. They were pledged to Louis of France and still ready to fight for him. But the Pope, Lord of England now by John's surrender, would not have it. He was resolved that the little prince of nine, John's heir, should be king, guarded by the church and brought up to obey her. Accordingly, Innocent III placed Louis and his army under the stern ban of excommunication, and the forces of the young Henry III wore white crosses as a sign that they were crusaders against unbelievers. The English people proved loyal to the helpless child, and Louis, face to face with failure, agreed to take a sum of ten thousand marks and go back to France. Before he went, he and the barons were obliged by the Pope to do humble penance in bare feet for their war on the young king. More than anything else it was the power of the church that placed Henry on the throne, and he proved grateful. He grew up, pure in life, refined, devout, with the one mastering belief that he must always obey the church. In his family life he was affectionate; once when he had had a hot quarrel with his son Edward, he said, "Do not let my son appear before me, for if I see him, I shall not be able to keep from kissing him." But the taint of John's blood was in Henry. Men found him vain, weak, and untruthful. He yielded to fits of passion, and his unbridled tongue sometimes stirred opponents to madness.

As ruler of Aquitaine Henry was much in France. He acquired foreign tastes, made foreign friends, and married a foreign princess, Eleanor of Provence, in southern France. Henry became indeed more French than English. England he regarded as a realm given to him by God, which he might use as he liked. So he

SIMON DE MONTFORT
After a carving in stone in Chartres Cathedral

brought to England hordes of foreigners, who did not despise its money, but despised its people as half barbarous and scorned its fashions and even its language. As in the time of Edward the Confessor, courtiers were ashamed to use the English tongue and spoke only French. The English, finding that the best posts

in the king's gift went to his foreign friends, grumbled and grew ever more angry. They saw that Henry intended to rule England as he wished. He did not, like his father, throw men into prison, plunder, and even murder them. He was too good a man to be the cruel despot John had tried to be. But he was so weak as to let the favourites at his court control his policy, and they led him into acts that stirred the wrath of the nation. He plunged into debt, pledged himself to vast sums for enterprises in France and Italy with which his subjects had no concern, and then turned to them for the money that he needed. Of course they protested, and at last England was on the verge of civil war.

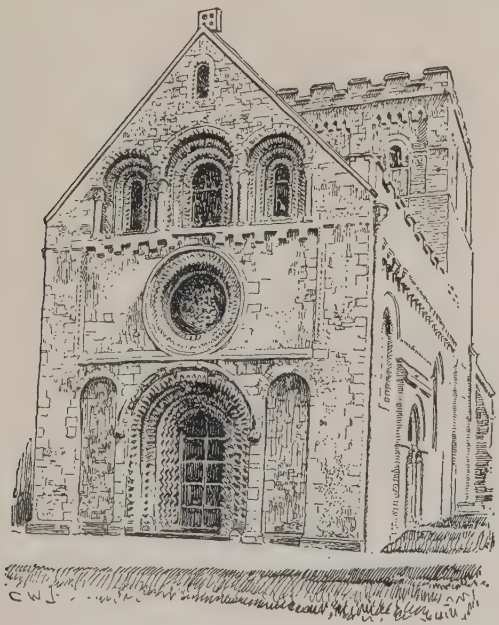
The English people found, in time, a great leader. Simon de Montfort was a noble of Aquitaine, but he became Earl of Leicester through his mother, and thus an English baron. He had married the king's sister, but this did not keep him from seeing that the king's course was wrong. He and Henry quarrelled, and in the end Earl Simon stood forth as the leader of the English against foreign influence and heavy taxes. He was a great man, devout, unchanging in purpose, able, a soldier as well as a statesman. At last, despairing of Henry, he formed a plan to take from him all real power. In this way alone, he saw, could the misrule of the king be checked. When the Great Council, now at last called the Parliament, met at Oxford in 1258, it passed a famous measure known as the "Provisions of Oxford." This required that all foreigners should be expelled from England, and that the king should hand over to a council of fifteen, controlled by the Parliament, the real business of government. So strong was Earl Simon, so resolute did the nation seem, that the king was forced to consent. Then the barons hunted out the foreigners. With their lives no longer secure, these fled in panic from the country. Simon de Montfort seemed to be

king in all but name. The young heir to the throne, Prince Edward, was now Earl Simon's pupil, taught by him to see that his father had been wrong, taught, also, the art of war, in which he was an apt pupil. But the king was not wholly beaten. There were many who thought selfish barons, led by Earl Simon, as little likely to give good rule as a heedless king. Each side began to arm, and in 1264 the civil war, long dreaded, broke out. But Earl Simon quickly defeated Henry with terrific slaughter at Lewes, and made both the King and Prince Edward prisoners.

2. The First Call of the Commons to sit in Parliament.—Earl Simon now took a momentous step. Parliament was as yet a gathering of magnates, made up of great barons, abbots, and bishops. The simple knights and traders, who were the backbone of the nation, might fret and chafe against misrule, but they had no political power. Earl Simon now resolved to give them power. In 1265 he called a Parliament. The great men came. But now lesser men came also—two knights from each "shire" or county, to speak for the small land-holders, and two traders from each town, a class never before heard in such assembly, despised by the nobles, but none the less a growing power in England. Their cry was that the king must rule according to law. But the king's party was still strong. Just at this time the young Edward escaped out of Simon's hands and was soon at the head of an army. The fight was now pitiless. Edward, who had learned the art of war from Simon, met his old master on the field of Evesham in 1265, and showed himself the abler leader. Earl Simon fell in the battle, and so savage was the hate of the time that his head was cut off and his body fearfully mangled by the victors.

With Earl Simon dead, it seemed as if the cause of the barons was lost. King Henry banished even his own

sister, because she was the Earl's wife. But if he had not realized that his system of government was bad, his son had done so, and his son was now the real ruler. Earl Simon's friends were let off with fines. No more need the English cry, "Down with the foreigners," for the foreigners, already driven out, did not come back,



IFFLEY CHURCH, OXFORDSHIRE
A typical Norman church, 1135-1160

and England was for the English. After the storm came a calm so complete that in 1270 Prince Edward went off to the East as a Crusader, and while he was abroad, King Henry died in 1272.

With Henry III an age passed away. The Crusades to recover the Holy Land from the unbeliever had

lost their hold on all but a few; no longer did many believe that help for sinners' needs could be found in contact with the soil trodden by the feet of Christ. Yet the Crusades had done much. They had led to travel, and travel widened men's minds. The West learned what the East was doing, and a great commerce sprang up between them. When Henry III died, the

WESTMINSTER ABBEY
Rebuilt in the Thirteenth Century

traders were beginning to be a rich class. A good many English towns, formerly poor clusters of wooden houses, now contained beautiful churches and other buildings of stone and were surrounded by massive stone walls. The architecture of the age is indeed notable. During a hundred years after the Norman Conquest, a vast number of buildings were put up in England in the round-

arched Norman style. But fashion in building changed. By the days of John, the pointed arch of the style known as Gothic had come into use everywhere. At first the style was simple and plain and called Early English, but before the death of Henry III we have the present Westminster Abbey, built in a new elaborate Decorated style.

In many other ways did the England of Henry's time show progress. The Universities of Oxford and Cambridge had now well begun. Oxford is the older. Teachers at Oxford had long attracted pupils to the spot when there was, as yet, no university. They had crowded into the town in great numbers; we hear of fifteen thousand at one time, nearly five times the present number; they lived where they liked, were often lawless, and engaged in noisy brawls with the townspeople. But in time, following an example begun first on the Continent, the mass of students was organized on a definite plan as a University. The University then provided teachers, but still left students to live as they could. A new movement began, when Henry III's Chancellor, Walter de Merton, founded, in 1264, a college in which students were housed, fed, and kept under strict discipline. Merton is the oldest of English colleges, and that vast educational movement through which colleges have been planted all over the English-speaking world dates from the reign of Henry III.

From this reign dates, also, a new care for the poor and the suffering. This change, too, first appears in Italy. There Francis of Assisi (d. 1226), filled with a pure zeal to help his fellow-men, found the lot of the poor horrible. The towns of that time were small in area, for each town must be surrounded by a massive wall for defence. The result was narrow streets and crowded houses. The poor were huddled together amidst appalling disease and filth. Some were not allowed even to live in the town, but were

kept outside the gates. At the entrance to any town one would be sure to find a mass of suffering people, many of them wholly uncared for and afflicted by that most terrible disease, leprosy, caused by neglect and dirt. Francis and his followers went to live among these outcasts. He devoted his life to the most degraded, nursed the lepers himself, walked from town to town preaching in the market-places or wherever people would listen to him, and, in scorn of riches as reward, humbly begging his bread. He founded an order that came to be known as the Franciscans, and a Spaniard, Dominic, founded a similar order known as the Dominicans. Both orders began work in England in the early days of Henry III. The monks had lived in their monasteries secluded from the world; these "friars" (from the Latin *fratres*, brothers) went about in the world, and the tender pity of St. Francis, perhaps the most beautiful character of the Middle Ages, taught to the hard world of that time a new view of what Christian brotherhood should mean.

3. Edward I and the Conquest of Wales and Scotland.— When Edward I came to the throne at thirty-three he was already old in experience. In both body and mind he was remarkable. A good head taller than the average man, his long reach and powerful arms made him formidable in the tournaments that he loved. When he was a white-haired old man and went to war, he slept on the ground like any common soldier; as he lay there on the night before the battle of Falkirk in 1298, his horse trod on him; yet he went into battle next day with two broken ribs, and must have suffered terrible pain shut up in his heavy case of armour. His men loved him because he shared their hardest fare. Yet to his people Edward was a stern king. He loved his country and was its first ruler since the Norman Conquest to be a thoroughgoing Englishman. He was deeply religious, and was bent on living up to his own motto of "keep faith."

But he had a proud and fierce temper. Terribly in earnest, he spared no one, neither himself nor his people. Always his own course seemed to him the only one that could be right, and his hand was heavy on those who dared to oppose him. When he made up his mind to master Wales and Scotland, he knew no pity for Welshman or Scot who stood in his way.

The Welsh question came first. The Welsh, the descendants of those ancient Britons who had been driven back by the invading English into the Welsh mountains, had been dreaming for centuries of regaining what their fathers had lost. Arthur, their ancient king, legend said, was not really dead, but would come back to lead his people in destroying the hated English, who had made Wales a vassal state. The civil war in England, under Henry III, had revived Welsh hopes. When Edward I came to the throne, Llewellyn, Prince of Wales, refused to do homage to him. Edward was patient. He would abate nothing of his claims, but for two or three years he tried in vain to bring Llewellyn to a better mind. Then at last his wrath burst forth. He attacked Wales furiously. Llewellyn, happily for himself, was killed in an obscure skirmish, but his brother David fell into Edward's hands. Edward showed no pity. The unhappy prince was tried for high treason, condemned and executed, with all the horrors of hanging, drawing, and quartering that then went with a traitor's death. By 1284 Wales had lost any semblance of independence. Edward told the Welsh, indeed, with stern humour, that he would give them a prince who knew no word of the hated English tongue; then he presented to them his own infant son Edward, just born in Wales. Ever since, the heir to the English throne has been usually made Prince of Wales. The title means the final victory of the Englishman over the Briton in the long fight which began when the English turned on the

Britons, after driving back their enemies, the Picts and Scots. Yet to this day many of the Welsh retain their own distinct character and their own hopes of a separate national life.

After Wales it was the turn of Scotland. That land, too, weaker than England, had been forced often to bend the knee to its neighbour. Richard I, hard pressed for money, had sold to the Scots the rights which William the Lion had yielded to Henry II. Then for a long time England had had no claim on Scotland. But Edward I believed that it would be well for both lands that they should unite, and when, in 1286, an infant, Margaret, became queen of Scotland, he was quick to see that her marriage with his own heir, Edward, might solve the problem. But the little Margaret died in 1290. Then three separate claimants to the throne seemed ready to plunge Scotland into the long horror of civil war. To avert this, all agreed to refer the dispute to Edward. He would act, he said, but only on condition that the claimant who became king of Scotland should acknowledge him as overlord. The Scots disliked the condition, but they had to accept Edward's hard terms. He went into all the claims, and in 1291 rightly awarded the crown to John Baliol in preference to the next claimant, Robert Bruce. Then Scotland had to pay her pound of flesh. When Baliol was crowned king, he took an oath to be the true vassal of Edward.

Baliol soon found that he was to have a real master, for Edward insisted that, as overlord, he had the right to interfere in Scotland and to hear appeals from the Scottish courts. Scottish lawyers were forced to journey to London to have their cases tried. Edward exacted dues from Baliol; treated him, indeed, as he treated any other of his great vassals; and soon the national spirit of the Scots was all aflame against Edward's arrogance. They sought an ally in France. In 1294, when Edward

was at war with France, he learned to his rage that Scotland, his vassal state, was helping his foes. Soon he had worse news than this. In 1296 Baliol, pressed on by his people, declared that Scotland was a wholly independent state. The step involved terrible days for Scotland. Berwick, a Scottish town on the border, had long been an important trading centre. In a fury at what he called Baliol's treason, Edward marched on Berwick, took it, butchered thousands of its defenders in a deliberate massacre, and so ruined the town that it has never since regained its old importance. At Dunbar he defeated Baliol's army, and then Scotland was at his feet. He deposed Baliol and declared that he himself was now the sole ruler of Scotland.

WILLIAM WALLACE
From the Statue by W. G. Stephenson

We can well imagine what the proud Scots thought of having the king of England not merely overlord but also direct ruler. Yet so afraid of Edward were the Scottish nobles that they dared not move. It was from the people that the first revolt came. In 1297 William Wallace, a simple knight, took up arms when Edward was far away. Wallace won a great victory over the English at Stirling Bridge. We see the fierce passions of the time in what the Scots did; they made leather of the skin of Edward's treasurer, Cressingham, who fell in the fight, and when,

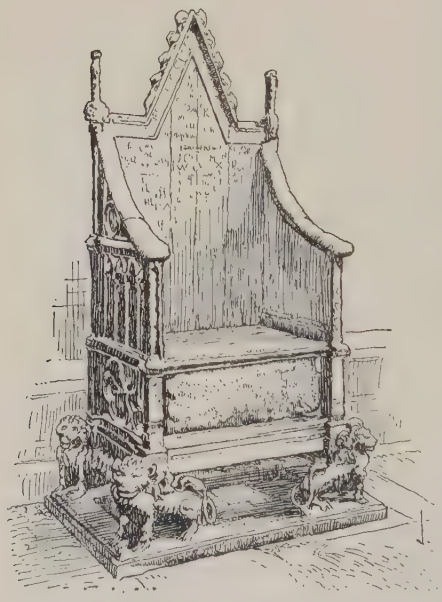
after their victory, they advanced into England, they slaughtered and pillaged without mercy. Not until 1298 was Edward ready to check them. He was now a gray-haired old man, but he took the field with his wonted furious energy. He found Wallace's host drawn up at Falkirk near Edinburgh. The patriot leader was brave and skilful, but he was no match for the greatest soldier of his age. Edward won a complete victory, and for the second time Scotland was at his feet. For years Wallace was a fugitive, but at last he fell into Edward's hands. That he was a brave man trying to free his country from a foreign yoke was nothing to Edward. Wallace had dared to defy one who claimed to be his lawful ruler. So Edward sent him to London, tried him for treason, and executed him, with all the barbarous horrors of a traitor's death. In 1305 Edward annexed Scotland to England, as he had already annexed Wales, and English officials ruled the country as a part of their own land.

The Jews found Edward a hard, stern man. These people, without a country, lived in England on sufferance. They might not hold land; they were obliged to live in the Jewry—a separate quarter in the towns. They met scorn and derision everywhere. Ignorant people believed that the Jews sometimes entrapped and murdered Christian children, and wild tales were told of horrible rites, in which the Jews showed their hatred of Christians and their worship. Often bloodthirsty mobs attacked and butchered Jews, and from Christian pulpits had come the frequent demand that they should be driven from the country. To this clamour Edward at last yielded. In 1290 the clergy offered to pay a special tax if he would expel the Jews, and he accepted these terms. Thousands of unhappy people were driven from their homes. Many were deliberately drowned as they crossed to the Continent. We do not know the whole truth, but it is quite likely that most of those driven out perished.

4. The Model Parliament.—When we think of the deaths of the Jews, of the devastation in Wales, of the butchery at Berwick and elsewhere, we see that Edward, with all his high aims, was a man of blood. But he was, too, a great statesman. During his life, by statute after statute, he laid a new basis for the laws of England, a basis that endures to this day. From Simon de Montfort Edward had learned deep lessons. Simon saw that the days were gone by when a hundred or so barons, summoned to meet the king, could speak and make laws for the nation. So, as we have seen, Simon called the common people to his councils, and in time Edward realized that he must do the same. He made heavy demands on the English for his wars in Wales and Scotland. As ruler of Aquitaine he had much strife with France, and for this, too, needed money. The English barons, now thoroughgoing Englishmen, cared nothing for his French wars. When Edward laid taxes on them, rebuked them for their unwillingness to help, and in open Parliament told one of them that he should either go to the war in France or hang, he met with such angry opposition that he had to draw back and admit, as he did with tears, that his course had been illegal, and he had to promise nevermore to levy new taxes without the consent of the barons. In the end he saw that he must depend, not upon barons only, but upon all classes; he found, too, that his people gave money more readily when he explained his needs to them and asked their consent to the taxes he imposed. So, in the end, he adopted the maxim that "what concerns all must be approved by all." John had agreed that Parliament must vote all new taxes. Edward now went further; not only must Parliament approve, but all of those taxed must have some voice in Parliament.

Thus, it came about that in 1295 Edward called all classes to meet him, as Simon de Montfort had done.

Later ages have looked back on this as the "Model Parliament," for its model has been followed ever since. The great barons were there, each of them with an armed following; mitred bishops and abbots were there; and, no doubt, amidst the pomp and parade which the age loved, these magnates looked with haughty contempt upon the humble knights, two of whom came from each shire, and upon the two plain traders from each town, who also had come to learn from the king what money he wished them to pay and to agree to pay it. We hardly know how the different orders met—perhaps all together, perhaps in separate groups, but the main thing is that they did meet, and that henceforth no king of England could tax his people without asking their consent. The glory of conquering Wales or of hammering the Scots is less than this triumph of Edward's, in making the English Parliament what it still is, the body that represents all the nation.



THE CORONATION CHAIR
Every English Monarch since Edward I has been crowned in this chair

It was fitting that Edward's sun should set in scenes of war. He thought Scotland securely annexed to

England, but the fires of revolt were smouldering. A Robert Bruce had been Baliol's rival for the throne, and now this Bruce's grandson, also Robert Bruce, young, able, ambitious, and a born leader, came to the front, a fit man to be king. Bruce was of Norman blood, as much an Englishman as a Scot, it seemed to Edward. To secure his support in Scotland, Edward had trusted him with high office, but the plan failed; Bruce did not aid Edward—he was resolved to have the throne for himself. Circumstances helped to make him defiant. In 1306 he met a rival, Comyn, in conference at Dumfries; a fight followed, and Bruce wounded Comyn, who was, in the end, murdered. The murder made Bruce an outlaw. He fled to the hills and proclaimed himself the leader of the national cause. From the outset it was clear that a great part of Scotland was with him. Edward swore vengeance against Bruce as a traitor and murderer. The Pope, too, excommunicated him, and Edward began his third conquest of Scotland, vowing that when this was done he would turn his steps, old though he was, to win back the Holy Land from the infidel. Soon he had obliged Bruce to flee to Ireland, and he showed his usual sternness by executing some of Bruce's relations who fell into his hands. One lady who had supported Bruce, Edward kept captive in an iron cage hung on the castle wall at Berwick. He spent the winter of 1306-1307 at Carlisle in the far north of England. As spring came, Bruce reappeared in Scotland. Then the old king set out for what he must have felt to be his last campaign. He ordered that, if he died, his body should be carried at the head of his host until Bruce was conquered and that his heart should be taken to the Holy Land. Edward's days were, in truth, numbered. He still insisted on mounting his horse, but was really too weak to ride; and one day, as his attendants raised him in bed to take his breakfast, he fell back dead.

CHAPTER V

THE HUNDRED YEARS' WAR

1. The Weakness of Edward II.—In the successor of Edward I we find the tragedy of a weakling put in the place of a great man. Edward II had no resolute purpose in life. Violating the will of Edward I, he took his body to Westminster, and left the war in Scotland in hands so feeble that Bruce was soon all-powerful. A sorrowful reign, in truth, was before England. She needed a strong man to carry on the old king's work. In Scotland there was war, in England conflict with restive barons. Many of these barons had royal blood in their veins. Edward's cousin, Thomas, Earl of Lancaster, held five old earldoms, and, with vast estates, thought himself almost a king. How could such a man be held in check by a vicious youth who, though handsome in body like his father, had the mind of a groom? He could dig a ditch or thatch a roof, he was a good judge of horses and dogs, but he knew nothing of the duties of a king. Edward's own class scorned his low tastes and left him to the society of buffoons and drunken gamblers. Too weak himself to rule, he gave power to one favourite after another. The first was Peter Gaveston, a knight of Gascony. He had been brought up in the royal household as playmate of the young Edward, but in the end had been banished by grim old Edward I for his evil influence over the heir to the throne. Now when his friend was king Gaveston came back; and Edward made "brother Peter," as he called him, the real ruler of England. The rage of the nobles at the arrogance of this upstart knew no bounds. He had a nickname for each of them; the royal Thomas of Lancaster was "the old pig." Instead of showing proper deference

Gaveston sneered at the great men's ways. He did not lack courage or skill. In trials of strength he showed himself no mean foe, and in the tournaments of the time he unhorsed men who affected to despise him. He was, indeed, brave and active, but he had no wisdom to make him a king's counsellor.

On Gaveston the barons made war to the knife. At a meeting in 1310 they resolved, as Simon de Montfort had resolved in the time of the misrule of Henry III, that power must not remain in the king's hands. So they appointed twenty-one "Lords Ordainers" to rule the kingdom, much as Montfort had ruled it under the "Provisions of Oxford." Then they banished Gaveston for life. Of course he came back when he felt secure in the king's protection. At last his enemies vowed final vengeance. When they tried to seize him, he surrendered on a solemn promise that his life should be spared. But he was basely murdered. Guy, Earl of Warwick, with the cry "Arise, traitor, you are taken," burst into a room where Gaveston was in custody, hurried him off to Blacklow Hill, near Warwick, and there cut off his head. This violence is almost a new thing. We find little of such lawless crimes in earlier reigns; it was of evil omen for later times that they now began.

In Scotland, meanwhile, things were going from bad to worse for the English, until at last their only stronghold was Stirling. When Bruce besieged this place in 1314, Edward II, in a sudden burst of energy, resolved to go himself to crush the Scots. He collected a great army at Berwick. When it set out for the north, the baggage train was so great that the wagons, if stretched out in single file, would have extended for twenty leagues. Edward was in furious haste. He marched night and day and gave his army little time for food or rest. When near Stirling, he found between him and

that town the army of Bruce, drawn up on the northern side of a brook, or burn, called the Bannock. The English army had made long, exhausting marches, but, though the men were worn out, Edward hastened to

Robert Bruce at the Battle of Bannockburn

attack the Scots. From the first all went wrong. There was no directing head. Many English, when they pressed forward, fell into concealed pits dug by their foes. In sudden terror hundreds of English knights fled without drawing sword, and Edward's own conduct was disgraceful; in a panic, like the rest, he rode hard off the field to Dunbar and from there fled by sea to Berwick. Many English were drowned in the Bannock, or in the large river, the Forth, into which it flows, while many others were killed by the victors. It was the most crushing defeat of an English army since

Hastings. At last Bruce was the real king of the Scots. The attempt at conquest had ended in gloomy failure.

After Bannockburn the weak and discredited Edward had before him troubled years. For a time Thomas of Lancaster was able to put him on an allowance of ten pounds a day and to rule in his name. The whole country was in a wretched state, with poor harvests, pestilence, and famine. Lancaster proved a bad leader. A party grew up against him, headed by Hugh Despenser and

STATUE OF BRUCE AT STIRLING

The statue stands in front of Stirling Castle, and looks toward the battle-field of Bannockburn. The building on the hill in the middle distance is the Wallace Memorial, erected on the site of Sir William Wallace's position before the battle of Stirling Bridge.

his son of the same name. Civil war broke out. After a battle in 1322, Lancaster fell into the hands of Edward and the Despensers. His last hour had come, and Gaveston was indeed avenged, when the royal Lancaster,

branded as a rebel and a traitor, was carried on a wretched horse to a hill near his own castle of Pontefract and beheaded. About twenty of his friends were also executed. Never before had civil strife raged in England with such bloodthirsty fury.

In the moment of their triumph the Despensers showed no wisdom. The favourites forgot that they must reckon with Edward's wife Isabella. This passionate woman, brought up amid the scandalous scenes of the court of her father, Philip the Fair of France, had a proud heart and no moral scruples. She had wished to rule the king, but the Despensers now brushed her aside, gave her a small allowance, and put spies upon her conduct, until she declared that she was treated like a maid-servant. At last she secured leave to go to France on some political errand, and she took with her Edward's son and heir. Once in France, she would not come back. News reached England that she wished to be rid of Edward for the sake of Roger Mortimer, a banished Welsh noble. When at last she did return, it was with an army and the full resolve to dethrone her husband and make the young Edward, her son, king.

By this time England was weary of Edward II. London, Oxford, and other places welcomed Isabella. When the two Despensers fell into her hands, they were at once executed without trial. Edward himself was soon in prison, and, when Parliament met, all were against the unhappy king. He was told that he must resign his throne, and this he did, meekly enough, in favour of his son. On January 29th, 1327, Edward III was crowned in Westminster Abbey. Edward II, held a prisoner at Berkeley Castle, suffered from every kind of ill-treatment, and in the end was, without doubt, murdered. The tragedy of his fate was in fitting accord with the sordid tragedy of his reign, which saw such a pitiable ending to the proud aims of Edward I.

2. The English Peasant as a Fighting-man.—A boy of fourteen now sat on the throne of the great Edward I. His mother had put him there and intended that she and her Mortimer should rule England. This they did for a time. But the English never liked them, and the young Edward chafed under their restraint. At fifteen he was thought man enough to be married to Philippa of Hainault, and soon he was working to be master. But it was a dangerous game to plot against Mortimer. Edmund, Earl of Kent, brother of Edward II, tried it, was caught, and, though a king's son, went, like any other offender, to the scaffold. In those days death was the penalty of failure. The young Edward became wary. Parliament was called at Nottingham in 1330. Most of the great nobles were there, proud, hard men, thinking themselves as good as Mortimer, and resolved, if ruled at all, to be ruled by their own real king. They worked out a plan with the young Edward. He was lodged with Isabella and Mortimer in the great Nottingham Castle and was watched and guarded like a prisoner. But a secret passage led into the castle, and in the dead of night a band of armed men was brought in. They seized Mortimer in his chamber, while Isabella came rushing in to plead with her son, who stood among his captors, to "have pity on the gentle Mortimer." But pity was the last thing his enemies knew. A few days later, the citizens of London saw the man, once all-powerful, led through the streets and hanged on the gallows at Tyburn.

The young Edward, now a real king, was tall and handsome in appearance. He loved pomp and show. It was he who built Windsor Castle, with its stately chapel of St. George, still the magnificent home of the English kings. But he was not a man like Edward I, in deadly earnest, with great plans for his realm. His one resolve was to be a victorious warrior, and in this

he succeeded. When he came to the throne, the English were looked upon by the rest of Europe as still barbarous; when he died, they were seen to be the bravest and most skilful fighters of their age. The English had now become a united people, fiercely conscious of their strength and despising other nations. In no other country had the common people the same vigour, and the reason was that, protected by the frontier of the sea, England was not desolated by invasion, as had been the war-harassed lands of the Continent. The English villager was free to practise with his longbow on the village green; he had a natural leader in the knight who lived in the manor-house and knew well every man in the village. He knew well, too, what terrible weapons were the great, thick, stiff bows, six feet long, which hung in every cottage and could be bent by no arm but that of a very strong man. Bundles of arrows hung there, too, long, stout, almost like walking-sticks, made of hard oak, and with sharp steel points that would readily penetrate the brain of a man or of a horse.

Such was the unity of the English village that, when the king called knight and villager to go forth to war, they worked together, and the knight did not despise the sturdy archer, though the archer fought on foot and wore no costly armour. In France all was different. While the English knight lived much at home among his people, the French knight was more often absent on wars; mounted and in armour, he despised the helpless peasant, who, unlike the English villager, had not been trained to use the bow and was often armed with only such primitive weapons as the scythe and the axe. These peasants counted for nothing in war. When the French wanted men who could really fight on foot, they hired soldiers, perhaps from distant Italy. It was men from Genoa, armed, not with the longbow, but with crossbows let off by a trigger, whom the French pitted

against the English archers. French knight and Genoese bowman did not make a united force as did the English knight and the English archer; and Europe was soon to see with amazement what the difference meant.

CROSSBOWMEN

Edward III did not lack excuses for making war. The Scots had beaten the English, and this the English people never forgot. Old Robert Bruce, the hero whom Edward I had tried to hunt down like a wild beast, who had lived in caves and forests while his country was under the English heel, at last, as victor at Bannockburn, had become a real king over a proud nation. In 1328 he had made Mortimer admit that Scotland owed no allegiance to England. But in 1329 Bruce died, and in his place ruled his son, a child, David Bruce. A Baliol came forward to claim the crown, just as a Baliol had come forward as the rival of a Bruce in earlier times. The English were keen to regain a footing in Scotland and now backed Baliol. Edward III besieged

David Bruce in Berwick, and when the Scots advanced to rescue it in 1333, the English met them at Halidon Hill and avenged Bannockburn by a crushing defeat of the Scots. But to win a battle was not to conquer Scotland. The Scots had friends; France was ready to help them; and it was soon clear to Edward and his people that if they wished, as they did, to master Scotland, they must first, in some way, master France. In some way, one says, for there were other ways than by conquest, and Edward III soon announced that, by his birth as son of a French princess, he was lawful king of France.

The claim, made for a purpose, was less absurd than it seems. Through his mother, Edward was grandson of King Philip the Fair. His mother was Philip's only surviving child. A son of Philip would, of course, have become king without question, but there was no son, and the crown had passed, not to the daughter, Edward's mother, but to male heirs, her cousins. Edward admitted that a woman might not rule France; but might she not bring that right to her son? It is a nice question. The French said No; Edward said Yes. France had done many things to injure him. She had helped the Scots, and she had tried to stop the trade in wool to Flanders, vital to English commerce. The English hated the French and were ready to attack them, and the French returned the compliment; they would not have a foreigner, an Englishman, to rule over them, no matter what rights he might claim.

3. Edward III's War on France.—In 1339 Edward led an army to France, and thus began the Hundred Years' War, which was to last long and injure deeply both countries. In those days an army on the march worked cruel devastation; the capture of a town meant massacre, plunder, and probably destruction by fire. We are told that one night an English baron took a French

cardinal to the summit of a high tower near Cambrai in France. The war had just begun, and now, looking out over a rolling country, fertile and well-peopled, they saw great clouds of smoke and the flames of burning villages. In horror at the sight the cardinal fell in a faint. The war caused many such scenes, and France was soon in a pitiable state. England also suffered, for though the English carried home rich booty, in time the war made Edward himself bankrupt, and his failure to pay his creditors brought ruin to hundreds in a city as remote as Florence, where he had borrowed great sums of money.

The war opened with a naval victory by the English. To have the route to France secure, Edward found that he must control the Channel. So in 1340 he attacked the French at Sluys on the French coast and destroyed their fleet. It is the nation's first great naval victory. The masters of the Channel were now free to come and go as they liked. In 1346 Edward won the great battle of Crécy. He had gone through France pillaging and burning, but now a French army was on his track, and at last at Crécy in the north he halted to face his foes. He put his young son Edward, called the "Black Prince" from the colour of his armour, in the forefront of the fight. Late in the afternoon, the French, worn out with a long march, came up with the English. To attack, they must charge up a hill, over ground in which Edward had dug pits, and in face of a blinding afternoon sun. Wise leaders would have delayed and given the tired force a night's rest. But the French were certain of victory; they had already been disputing over the expected spoils from the English; and they would not wait. On the two flanks of the English host stood brawny archers from the English villages, ready to sweep the hillside with their arrows. The French put in front their own archers, Genoese, with crossbows. In any case these were

no match for the English, but they were now helpless, for a recent shower had wet and stretched their bow-strings so that they were useless. The English had been careful to keep their bow-strings dry. Now their long-bows were pulled to the shoulder as the enemy advanced, and a volley of death-bearing arrows struck down the Genoese. They tried to retire, but they were pressed

English Archers Repelling a Charge of French Knights

from behind by the French knights, anxious to be at the foe. Angry at what seemed the cowardice of the Genoese, the knights charged through them, only to be in turn mowed down by the English archers, who stood in safety on the edge of the hill. Most of the French who rode up the hill never charged again. The English archers aimed their terrible iron-pointed arrows specially

at the horses, and soon the hillside was strewn with struggling animals. Any of the French who reached the English line were easily cut down by the English knights fighting on foot. The slaughter was terrible. Crécy, the first great English victory on continental battle-fields, was a costly defeat for France, and it was the English peasant with his longbow who had gained the day.

After Crécy Edward laid siege to Calais, which held out for eleven months. During the siege a strange captive was brought to the English camp. It was young David Bruce, son of the great Robert. He had invaded England just after Crécy, but had been defeated and taken prisoner at Neville's Cross near Durham. With the king of Scots a prisoner and France humbled, Edward had indeed won glory. Calais fell, and in his haughty pride he had six of the leading townsmen brought to him with ropes round their necks. To hang all six citizens with the ropes they carried would have mattered little to a warrior like Edward, but his gentle Queen Philippa begged for their lives, and they were spared. Edward turned the French out of their houses in Calais and brought over English to make it an English town. For two hundred years it remained in English hands, the chief centre on the Continent for English trade.

In the hour of victory England suffered an appalling disaster. The bubonic plague, known to us as the Black Death, which still reaps its fearful harvest in the East, desolated Europe in 1349. Better drainage and cleanliness have now made it no longer feared in England. But the English villagers of 1349 had cause to dread it. Filth and refuse from the houses were allowed to rot in the village streets, the air was polluted, and when the plague came, the people died by hundreds; probably one third of the population perished. Since so many labourers had died and labour was now scarce,

those who were left demanded higher wages. When this happens in modern times, the employer must either pay or get on without the labour. But this was not the method of the Middle Ages. The land-owners appealed to the king to make the labourers work at the old wages, and the king agreed that they must do so. So an Act was passed in 1349 known as the "Statute of Labourers," under which the workmen must take the old rate of pay or be liable to heavy penalties. Of course they objected. The never-ending strife between capital and labour, which our day knows so well, had begun. The labourers

Farm Labour in the Middle Ages

gained the victory. They simply would not work for the low pay, and the new law could not be enforced; the masters had to give higher wages or see their crops rot in the fields. One result was that a good many peasants, formerly tied to the soil as serfs, now earned such good wages that they were soon able to rent land on their own account and to become independent farmers.

All this time the war went on with France. The Black Prince was now England's great warrior, and in 1356 he fought at Poitiers his most glorious battle. The French had learned something from Crécy. The knights did not now charge in such a way as to be mown

down by archers whom they could not reach; they fought on foot, in a desperate hand-to-hand struggle; no other battle, it was said, had ever been so prolonged. King John of France was there in person, with his son Philip, a lad of twelve, but the Black Prince won the hard fight and made them prisoners. That evening, with the studied courtesy of the age, he waited at table in person on his captives, and the Prince of Wales still uses the noble motto which this service suggested, *Ich dien*—"I serve."

The war had gone on for some twenty years when the peace of Bretigny was made in 1360. In spite of victories England had not conquered France, and, though the English did not see it, never could conquer that high-spirited people. But England had inflicted terrible suffering on France. Great tracts were devastated, thousands of peasants had starved, and many of those left were gaunt and miserable creatures, who haunted the ruins of their former homes. So France made peace. She agreed that Aquitaine, held by English kings since the days of Henry II, but as feudal vassals of France, should now be an independent state, ruled by Edward. England was to have also Calais and some other territory in the north. In turn Edward III gave up his claim to the throne of France. Neither side was satisfied. Edward had not secured enough; France thought that she had yielded too much.

Edward made the Black Prince ruler of Aquitaine. The Prince, now ill with a lingering malady, was harsh and cruel. Soon his people broke out into revolt and appealed to France, which had just renounced all rights in Aquitaine, to help them. France helped them, and then the treaty of Bretigny was thrown to the winds. Edward took once more the title of King of France. In 1370 the Black Prince laid siege to the rebels in Limoges, and, when he captured the town, he took an awful

revenge. He put the whole population to the sword; not merely men, but women and little children, were butchered. Froissart, a writer of the time, describes the pomp of war in this age, the flashing of steel helmets in the sunlight, stately plumes and prancing horses, silver-voiced trumpets summoning the battle array; but we should not forget other scenes—the shrieks of women and children cut down in the streets of Limoges under the eyes of the chivalrous Black Prince. And, after all, the bloodshed was in vain, for, though England could ruin France by fire and sword, the French would not be conquered, and before Edward III died in 1377, Aquitaine had almost thrown off the English yoke.

The last days of Edward III were gloomy. In his old age, with Queen Philippa dead, he came under the influence of a woman named Alice Perrers. The Black Prince died before his father, leaving a child, his son Richard, heir to the throne. War had filled the upper classes with a cruel and arrogant spirit, and the oppressed people, troubled by plague and famine, were full of bitter discontent. The Commons, who, for some time had sat apart from the Lords in a separate House, watched the king closely and sometimes told him plainly that he wasted their money. For the first time in English history they made charges against the king's ministers and brought some of them to trial before the House of Lords. It was the Parliament of 1376 which did this, and the people called it the "Good Parliament," because it spoke out for them. It forced Alice Perrers to swear that she would see the king no more, and named twelve peers without whose advice the king should do nothing. Soon after this Edward III lay dying. In spite of her oath Alice Perrers was still with him. She concealed from him that his end was near, and the talk of the old king, now frivolous and imbecile, was all of hawking and hunting. At last he became

unconscious. Then those about him pillaged the palace; Alice Perrers stole even the rings from Edward's fingers and ran away. In truth, the warrior king went down to an unhonoured grave.

4. Revolt of the Peasants.—When Edward III was gone, Richard II, son of the Black Prince, a beautiful, golden-haired boy of ten, sat on the throne. It was not an age for a child king. Edward III left many sons, who held vast estates, wielded great influence, and did not like to obey their young nephew. Chief among them was John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster. No doubt he thought the country would be safer under him than under a child, and, though he himself took no part in plots against Richard, it was his son who in the end overthrew that ill-fated king, and became Henry IV. As Richard grew older he yielded to fits of violent passion. Once, in a rage, he gave a blow in the face to the Archbishop of Canterbury; at the funeral of his first wife, angered by some slight, he struck a great noble, Arundel, over his head with a stick, so that the blood gushed out. But he showed at times great courage and self-control. His seems to have been a fine nature spoiled by a belief that as king he was half divine and might do what he liked.

Many troubles lay in store for Richard. In the previous history of England we have heard much of disputes between the king and the nobles, how Henry II made his barons obey the law, and how, in turn, the barons made King John do the same. Then the class below the barons came to have a voice in public affairs, for under Edward I the knights and the traders laid the basis of the House of Commons, to-day supreme in English public affairs. But there was still a great class not yet heard of in political life— the men who toiled in the workshop and the field. It was members of this class who had won Crécy and Poitiers. They were

sturdy, hard-working, but densely ignorant men. They had fought and bled in England's battles as much as their betters, and yet they found that these betters were resolved, if they could, to hold them down. When, after the Black Death, the peasants demanded higher wages, their masters passed more than one "Statute of Labourers" ordering them to take the old pay, and ordering, too, that those refusing it should be branded on the forehead with a hot iron and punished in other atrocious ways. Yet half the time the peasant secured what he demanded, for little good work comes from unwilling hands, and village squires found that, if they would have their crops harvested in time, they must meet the demands of their men.

A good many other things unsettled the faith of the peasant. John Wycliffe, an Oxford scholar, had quarrelled with the church. He declared that it misused its great wealth, that the friars, who had done such good work for the poor in earlier days, had become corrupt and greedy, and that the clergy were teaching many false doctrines. Parts of the Bible were already known in English, but the version chiefly used was in Latin. Wycliffe wished to base his teaching on the Bible alone, and he performed, with the aid of associates, the immense task of translating that book into English so excellent that he is called the father of modern English prose. Such Bibles, written by hand, for printing was not yet known, could not be many. In any case, since the ignorant peasant could not read them, Wycliffe copied the friars in sending out bands of poor men to preach in the towns and villages. These "Wycliffe preachers" seem to have been numerous. We can imagine what interest would be aroused when two or three of them stood in the village street, gathered about them a crowd of rough men and women and gaping children, and denounced the church and all its

ways. It was dangerous work. Perhaps the village priest lingered on the outskirts of the crowd to hear what was said, and then went off in hot haste to report to his superiors and to urge them to do something to check these violent men. Many a Wycliffe preacher

JOHN WYCLIFFE PREACHING IN LUTTERWORTH CHURCH

The pulpit, which is still in existence in the church, is a fine specimen of Fourteenth Century wood-carving

was cast into prison, and some of them had to take back their words. In later times, when the strife had become angry, such men were likely to be burned at the stake, but as yet no law permitted this in England. Wycliffe himself carried on his work, untouched, until his peaceful death in 1384.

Meanwhile, in the peasant's mind was burning the thought that his lot was hard and unjust and that even the church was among his oppressors. Thus was England ripe for a war between classes, and in 1381 the outbreak came. The war with France still went on. War is an expensive game, and the English had to pay heavy taxes. In 1380 a new tax was levied, under which each village must pay a shilling for every inhabitant above fifteen years of age. The tax was heavy, for a shilling then was worth perhaps twenty shillings now. It was expected that the well-to-do in the villages would pay more than their poorer neighbours and thus lighten their burden. But many of the well-to-do said selfishly, "Let every one pay his shilling for himself." A peasant with a family might have to pay for four or five people, and the burden was crushing. The peasants tried to avoid payment. Many a man untruly declared himself childless, and the tax brought in so little that the government ordered special inquiry. When its agents pressed hard those suspected of fraud, revolt broke out. In Essex some enraged villagers seized three agents of the government and beat them to death. Violence in Essex was followed by violence in Kent. John Ball, a half-mad priest, told the peasants to demand equality with their masters and taught them the couplet:

> When Adam delved and Eve span,
> Who was then the gentleman?

Wat Tyler, a reckless adventurer, came to the front as leader. The trouble spread from town to town. Tyler led a mob to Canterbury, pillaged the town, beheaded some of the citizens, and swore that the Archbishop of Canterbury, Simon Sudbury, should be destroyed—a threat terribly fulfilled later. Then the rebels marched on London. The city fell into their hands, and the sky was soon red with the flames of the prisons, which they

set on fire. Peasant guards stopped passers-by in the street and required them to declare whether they held with the common people; if they said they did not, they were likely to be beheaded on the nearest block. Bloodthirsty men were at last able to seize Simon Sudbury, Archbishop of Canterbury, and others, and dragged them to Tower Hill, and beheaded them. The Archbishop's head was carried on a pike through the streets, and hundreds of people were butchered. London has never witnessed more terrible scenes than those of the Peasants' Revolt.

King Richard was by this time a lad of fourteen. Such a boy could do little, one would suppose; yet, when he met a band of rebels at Mile End and promised redress, he was able to restrain them, for they stood in awe of even a boy king. It seemed necessary that Richard should face Tyler and his host, fresh from the bloody outrages in London. The task was perilous, and Richard prepared for death, confessed, and took the sacrament, before going to the place of meeting opposite St. Bartholomew's Church in Smithfield. From the rebel ranks, lined up round half the square, Tyler rode out to meet the young king, dismounted, and shook hands familiarly with him. Then in an arrogant tone he outlined what the rebels would accept. The three chief demands were: (1) there must be no more bondage to a lord—all Englishmen must be free and equal under the king; (2) laws bearing hardly on the peasant must be reformed; (3) the church lands must be divided among the laity.

While talking with the king, Tyler called loudly for a flagon of beer, drained it at a draught, and then remounted his horse. At that moment, a Kentish man, who had been gazing at Tyler, called out that he recognized in him a notorious highwayman and thief. At this the rebel leader drew his dagger and rode angrily in

among Richard's followers to punish the man. When Walworth, Lord Mayor of London, tried to check him, he stabbed at the Mayor with his weapon. Walworth struck him down, and one of the king's squires ran his sword through Tyler's body. Mortally wounded, he turned back across the square, shouting "Treason!" and fell half-way in a dying condition. The moment was critical. The rebel host saw Tyler fall and could easily have destroyed Richard, with his small group of followers. But when the lad rode up to their line boldly crying, "Will you shoot your king? I will be your chief and captain," the rebels were awed, and the crisis passed safely. When Richard promised pardon, some of the rebels knelt to thank and bless him for his clemency.

The death of Wat Tyler seems to have broken the back of the rebellion. Soon the peasants scattered to their homes. Then, after waiting till they were well dispersed, the government began the work of revenge. No regard was paid to the promises of the king. Hundreds of peasants were hanged in the English villages, and their skeletons on creaking gibbets were a warning for a long time to come that, in the view of the rulers of the state, the peasant must obey. The outburst seemed to achieve little, for the laws were not changed and the old bondage continued. But time softened the lot of the peasants. Better pay continued. They grew more intelligent, and within a hundred years after the revolt the English peasants were free men, who might go and come as they liked and were at liberty to get what pay they could. But for five hundred years still they had no votes by which they could influence Parliament.

5. The Fall of Richard II.—The peasant storm passed, but other storms raged about the young king. Rival groups were trying to control him. Plots were many, passions hot, and leaders who failed often met

death as the penalty. For some time Richard had been restless under the control of older advisers, and suddenly in 1389, when he had reached the age of twenty-two, he declared that he would henceforth rule England himself. Rule he did for eight or nine years. It was a troubled period. The English were still angry with the Pope for his sympathy with France. In some parts of the country Wycliffe's followers, now known as Lollards, were very numerous and clamoured for reforms in the church. We find old laws restraining the church now renewed, but it is doubtful if they had much effect. The church's place in English life was still secure.

When Richard was about thirty years of age, his mind seems to have become affected. He talked wildly of his absolute power. It was for him, he said, not for any Parliament or statute-book, to say what were the laws of England; no law court nor legal forms could bind his will; he would do what he liked with his subjects. He bullied and threatened the judges; he made Parliament grant him large sums of money; he forced rich men to make him loans, which he had no thought of repaying. Englishmen soon began to feel that no one's property was safe, no life secure. A mad act brought Richard's final ruin. Old John of Gaunt died in February, 1399, leaving his vast estates to his son Henry. Richard had already exiled this son from England, and now he confiscated all his property and declared that he must never again set foot in England. Just at this time, Richard crossed to Ireland to check some disorders there. Adverse winds delayed his return; for six weeks no news reached him, and then what he learned was startling. On July 4th, 1399, Henry of Lancaster, John of Gaunt's son, had landed at Ravenspur in Yorkshire, declaring that he came only to recover his own lands seized by Richard. Within a few days hundreds flocked to join him. Soon he held London, and it was clear that

the heart of England had turned from Richard. On coming back from Ireland he gave himself up, meekly enough, to Henry. He was taken to London, and so low had he fallen that the people shouted insults at him as he rode through the streets. Parliament was called in his name, but before it met Richard no longer ruled. He had signed a formal deed, declaring himself a useless king and giving up his crown. He was quiet and cheerful; we pity him in these days of his fall, for he was not a bad man, but only a foolish one. Parliament accepted his resignation gladly. Since Richard was childless, Henry claimed the crown by right of inheritance, and he mounted the throne as King Henry IV (see Table, page 118).

By the end of Richard's reign we learn from the speech of the English that they had entered upon a new state of growth. For a century and a half after the Norman Conquest, they had been a despised, almost a broken-spirited, people, trodden under the heel of the foreign ruler; the English tongue was neglected; polite writers used Latin and sometimes French. But when in 1204 John lost Normandy, foreign influence was checked. The common people had always used English in their songs and ballads. Now romances, hitherto only in French, were translated into English. During Edward III's reign, good patriots insisted upon using English and dropping the language of the French enemy. By 1349 no longer French, but English, was used in teaching school children; by 1362 the pleadings in the law courts were in English. There were three chief English dialects —the English of the North, of the Midlands, and of the South. The English of the Midlands gained the day. London is in the Midland district, and so are the two centres of education, Oxford and Cambridge, and their language prevailed. But owing to the long use of

French, a great number of French words found a lasting place in the English tongue.

English was now in the way to become one of the world's great languages. There are three great writers in the reigns of Edward III and Richard II—John Wycliffe, who died in 1384, William Langland, and Geoffrey Chaucer, who both died in 1400. The Wycliffe translation of the Bible is into the English of the Midlands used at Oxford. This Bible was read or heard

CANTERBURY PILGRIMS IN THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY
From the Painting by Thomas Stothard, R.A.

by the people everywhere, and this helped to make its English that of the English people as a whole. Langland, a man of humble birth, spent thirty years in writing his *Vision of Piers Plowman,* a long poem in which we see the England of that day, not indeed "Merry England," but a land where the poor live sordid lives, and the powerful show heartless disregard of suffering—the England, in a word, of the Peasants' Revolt. The greatest name of the time in letters is Chaucer. He was born of well-to-do parents in London, and he knew its life and that of the court. He saw something of Edward III's long wars in France, and travelled, too, in Italy. Langland is austere and weighed down by man's sorrows; Chaucer is the tolerant, easy-going man of the world, not too much in earnest, and ready to take what comes. His great poem, *The Canterbury Tales,* is a picture of many-sided life. In the company which sets out from the

Tabard Inn at Southwark to ride to the shrine of Thomas Becket at Canterbury, we have all types of the life of the day. Chaucer tells their stories with inimitable grace and humour. And they are told in English—English that we can still read with no great difficulty. With Chaucer, indeed, modern English literature was well begun. To us the English of Alfred the Great is a strange tongue, but Chaucer we can all enjoy.

THE ANGEVIN OR PLANTAGENET KINGS OF ENGLAND

HENRY II

RICHARD I, called *Cœur de Lion* 1189-1199

Geoffrey

JOHN 1199-1216

Arthur (murdered 1203)

(1) HENRY III (1216-1272) = Eleanor of Provence,

(2) Richard, King of the Romans (d. 1272)

(3) Joan = Alexander of Scotland

(4) Isabella = Emperor Frederick II

(5) Eleanor = Simon de Montfort

EDWARD I (1272-1307) = Eleanor of Castile

EDWARD II (1307-1327) = Isabella of France

EDWARD III (1327-1377) = Philippa of Hainault

(1) Edward, the Black Prince (d. 1376) = Joan of Kent

RICHARD II (1377-1399)

(3) Lionel, Duke of Clarence, ancestor of EDWARD IV in the female line

(4) John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, father of HENRY IV

(5) Edmund, Duke of York, great-grandfather of EDWARD IV

(Edward III had fourteen children in all.)

CHAPTER VI

LANCASTER AND YORK

1. The Rule of the Commons under Henry IV.— A prince, slightly past thirty, handsome, and with easy, courteous manners, learned in the polite circles of the Continent, had now gained the English throne with what seemed but slight effort. He was a travelled man of the world, who had been twice to the Holy Land and had

HENRY IV
From a Painting in the National Portrait Gallery.

seen enough of hard fighting to have proved himself a good soldier. He was reasonable and tactful. But if he thought his troubles ended when he had gained the throne, he was sadly mistaken. It was easy enough to call him a usurper, for if hereditary right were regarded, Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March, was the true king

(see Table, page 139). This neither Henry nor his enemies could ever forget. A violent spirit was abroad. In the House of Lords the members hurled charges of treason and murder at one another. No one was likely to feel devoted loyalty to a new-comer like Henry, and he did well to be alert. He soon saw that, while Richard lived, the danger from plots would never cease. So in 1400 that poor king died, and every one well understood that Henry had taken steps to put him out of the way.

Even then, it seemed doubtful whether Henry could master the varied forces which threatened him. He looked about for friends, and made sure of the church by letting it have its own way in regard to the Lollard heretics, who continued the teaching of Wycliffe. A law for the burning of heretics was passed in 1401, and at once dreadful punishments began, never before seen in England. A clergyman was the first victim. A few days later, Bagby, a tailor, was burned at Smithfield. The young Prince of Wales, afterwards Henry V, was present, keen to strike down heresy. He offered Bagby his life and a pension if he would recant, but the man refused. When he groaned with anguish in the fire, Prince Henry had him dragged out, and repeated the offer, but hardened, as his persecutors thought, by the devil, he again refused to recant and perished in the flames. The Lollards were looked upon as dangerous rebels and were punished for treason as well as for heresy.

We find Henry IV making efforts also to win the Commons. Already, under Edward III, the House had spoken out boldly against abuses. Now it claimed that it must approve of all grants of money before these went to the Lords, and to this Henry assented. The Commons, with arrogant confidence, told Henry that he was thriftless and extravagant and kept a set of rascals in his household; they cut off half of his private revenue

and rebuked him when they thought he neglected public business. He gave in meekly, and for the first time in history the Commons really ruled England.

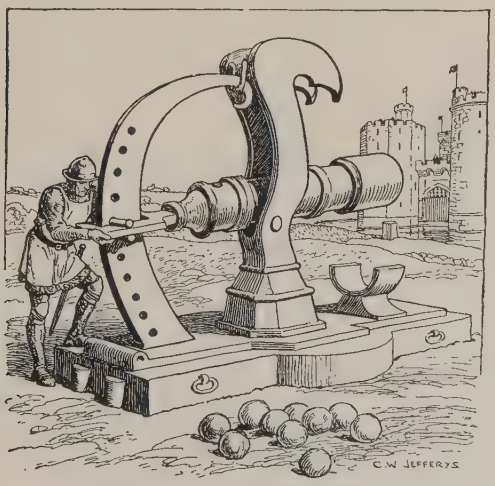
With the church and the Commons behind him, Henry weathered his many storms. His greatest trial came when former friends turned against him—the powerful Percy family, the Earl of Northumberland, and his son Harry Percy, called Hotspur for his fiery riding. When the Scots troubled Henry, as they had so long troubled every English king, the Percies had led in defeating them at Homildon Hill in 1402. Perhaps they expected greater rewards than Henry could give. At any rate they joined his enemies, and he quickly found Scotland, Wales, France, and the north of England, where the Percies were powerful, all leagued against him. Wales had now found a native leader, Owen Glendower, who declared himself the true Prince of Wales and swore that he would drive out the hated English and make Wales again the great free state she had once been. The French were only too glad to help against the old foe. In 1403 came the decisive battle, when Henry made a rapid stroke against the Welsh border, and met at Shrewsbury the Percies allied with the Scots. He inflicted a telling defeat on his foes, and Hotspur was killed. After this there was no real danger to Henry's crown. Yet he did not feel secure. He was never able to lay hands on the rebel Glendower, who found safety in the Welsh mountains. Many plots made Henry suspicious and cruel. He had no great plans for the welfare of his people, and few were sorry when, long an invalid, he died suddenly in 1413.

2. **The Conquests of Henry V.**—In passing from Henry IV to HenryV, England seemed to have passed from gloom to sunlight. She had now a king twenty-five years old, handsome, able, the keenest soldier of his time, and earnest, even austere, in pursuing great plans.

It is said that he had been wild in youth, that his doings with merry companions had caused sorrow to his father. This is the picture of him which Shakespeare gives. But it is hard to think that Henry was ever a mere pleasure-seeker. Even as a youth he was zealous to root out heresy, and now he kept up his work. The Lollards seemed more numerous than ever; they declared that the church was corrupt, attacked her teaching in regard to the mass, and passed on from this to talk of dividing her vast lands among the people. They attacked, too, the rulers of the state. War, they said, was murder organized for the benefit of kings. The Lollards were mostly of the poorer class, but they had one leader of eminence. Sir John Oldcastle, Lord Cobham, was a great land-owner, a personal friend of the king, a man of culture, but he was also an earnest Lollard. Sometimes his followers used threats; a hundred thousand men would rise, they said, to reform England. The result was war to the knife on the Lollards, as being a menace to the existing order. Oldcastle kept up the fight for some years, but at last in 1417 he was burned at the stake as a heretic. In him the Lollards lost their great leader and were henceforth a feeble folk. By the end of the century we hear nothing more of them.

For seventy or eighty years, England had been trying to conquer France and had failed. But now Henry thought the time had come to crown the long task with success. France had a half-mad king; she was torn by civil strife between rival factions; the land and its people were war-worn and wretched. In truth, France needed a deliverer, and Henry made up his mind to renew the old claim of Edward III to the throne of France, and to master that country: "I think it is the pleasure of God that a transfer of the crown should be made for my benefit," he said. "For my benefit." In that phrase,

indeed, we see the defect of his mind. He was not what Edward I had been, a great, earnest man, busy with large plans for the future; he did not brood over the well-being or ill-being of his people. He was sure of God's decree that France should come to him, and, no matter what it cost in blood and tears, master of France he would be. In 1415, after long preparation, he renewed the Hundred Years' War and invaded France. In his mind was, no



A Siege Cannon of the Middle Ages

doubt, the thought that, if he kept his nobles busy with war in France, he would be troubled less at home with the plots that had made so uneasy his father's head while he wore the crown. The danger was real, for, just as he set out, a new plot was discovered, and he had to send some men of high rank to the scaffold.

Henry led his soldiers to France, and there won glory almost unparalleled. At first his losses were terrible. While besieging Harfleur, he lost two thirds of his force

—twenty thousand to thirty thousand men—by disease. In thinking of what the war cost, we should not forget those many thousand silent forms of Englishmen laid in the ground with their faces to the sky, whose dust has long since become a part of the very soil of France, and who won no glory in battle. In the end Henry took Harfleur, left there a garrison, and then set out on the march to Calais, held by the English. Soon he found a French army five times as great as his blocking the way to Agincourt. In face of such odds, the warrior spirit of Henry was all aflame. "I would not have one man more," he cried, when reminded of the great odds against him. Both he and his small host prayed fervently before they went into battle. They were united, confident, while their foes at Agincourt, as at Crécy, had no real union. The result was the same. The English arrows mowed down the French, with fearful slaughter, not only of the common people, but of the nobility.

Victory at Agincourt made Henry the nation's hero. When he returned to England after the battle, the people waded into the sea at Dover to meet him and bore him to land on their shoulders. Rivals for the throne and Lollard plotters had no longer any chance to overthrow him. The conquest of France went bravely on. In 1420 Henry forced the French to agree to the treaty of Troyes, under which he married Charles VI's daughter Katherine and was to become king of France when that old king died. Success seemed within Henry's grasp. But he had still to crush the king's son and heir, robbed by the treaty of the prospect of a throne; and the task wore him out. In 1422 mortal illness seized Henry, and soon he died with his work all unfinished. Amidst a people grieving deeply for his loss, he was carried to his tomb in Westminster Abbey, and a child, Henry VI, eight months old, was left the legacy of his plans for conquest.

3. Joan of Arc and the End of English Power in France.— If to conquer France was really impossible even for an able warrior like Henry V, what would it be for an infant ruler? True, his uncle, Henry V's brother, John, Duke of Bedford, tried, as regent in France, to carry out the aims of the dead king. Bedford was able and honest, but he had an impossible task. The nearer he came to success, the more aroused were

Statue of Joan of Arc at Chinon, France

the French to reject the foreign yoke. At last a simple girl upset the English plans. Joan of Arc was the daughter of a French peasant. From infancy her childish mind had been haunted with the terror aroused by the English forces which desolated France. At last angel voices seemed to give her promises that France should be delivered. In 1428 the war came very near, for her own village was plundered and burned. The time for action seemed to have arrived, and the voices told her

to go to her king and tell him that God would deliver France. The English now had the French force shut up in Orleans, and if they took Orleans all would seem to be lost.

Of course, the idea that an ignorant peasant girl seventeen years old should be the means of delivering France seemed an excellent jest to those who first heard Joan; prophets have never had much honour in their

FRENCH TERRITORY HELD BY THE ENGLISH IN 1429
The shaded part is English

own country. But she made her way to Charles VII, the prince whom the treaty of Troyes had disinherited, and told him that God would give him victory, and that he should soon be crowned at Rheims, the old French crowning place, held now by the English foe. Charles VII, poor creature though he really was, could not resist Joan's earnestness. She seemed truly to be God's messenger. Arrayed in white armour, riding on a white horse, she advanced, in 1429, with a French army to

relieve Orleans. She sent a message to the English to go away in peace, else God would destroy them. They cursed her as a witch, for they saw that she had given the French just the new courage which they needed. The soldiers in Orleans hailed her as an angel of God. She carried everything before her, and the English were soon obliged to raise the siege. Then town after town fell before Joan. At last Rheims opened its gates, and what Joan had promised was done; with the maid standing by his side, Charles VII was crowned king of France.

A peasant girl had put new life into a whole nation. It mattered little that Joan soon fell into the hands of the English, and that they burned her at the stake as a witch and a heretic. Her task was done; France was saved. Bedford died in 1435. Others took up his unhappy task, but it was all in vain. The English could not conquer France, and by 1453 they had lost every foot of French territory except Calais, which they held for a hundred years still. Aquitaine, which English kings had ruled since the days of Henry II, was gone with the rest. Angry as the English were at their failure, bitterly as the people cursed the leaders under whom disaster had come, it was a good thing. What real glory would it be for the English to conquer and hold down neighbours who ought to be as free as themselves? The true work of the English was soon to come. In 1492, forty years after they were obliged to abandon France, America was discovered; and in new worlds across the sea the English found, in time, a wide field for the abundant energies which had led them to assail France.

4. The Wars of the Roses.—The English were soon busy enough at home, for in 1455 civil war began. It had long been coming. Since the days of Henry IV, there had been claimants to the throne whose hereditary right was better than his. In 1455 Richard Duke of York was the heir to these claims (see Table, page 139).

He was an able man, now about fifty, and stood in sharp contrast with poor Henry VI. If a good man were also sure to be a good king, then would Henry VI have been a great ruler. He had grown up to be a scholar and a saint, whose righteous, gentle soul shrank from the coarse talk and from the selfishness which he saw about him. When only eighteen, he founded Eton College, to this day perhaps the greatest of English schools. His residence, Windsor Castle, is only a mile or two from Eton, and he would often go over to Eton and talk to the boys, warning them, however, to stay away from his court, full, he said, of lying intrigue. Henry had in him something of the saint but nothing of the soldier. His father and grandfather had known how to strike hard when rebel enemies raised their heads; but the gentle King Henry could never be such a leader, though in his time hard blows were more than ever necessary.

HENRY VI

In 1445 Henry married a French princess, Margaret of Anjou. She was a better man than her husband and soon ruled him. As long as the marriage was childless, York was heir to the throne. But when, after nine years, in 1454, Margaret bore a son, York's hopes of the crown became very remote. He would have been more than human if he could have borne the loss lightly, and it was not long before he was in arms, on the plea that Henry, subject now to fits of madness, like his grandfather

Charles VI of France, was in the hands of evil counsellors. Fighting began in 1455 with a skirmish at St. Albans. Though Henry fell now into York's hands, the Duke still protested his loyalty to the king and his desire only for good rule in England. But the Wars of the Roses had begun. Lancaster, Henry's side, had the red rose as emblem, York the white; and for sixteen years (1455-1471), England was torn by bloody strife.

The great mass of the English people, the peasants who tilled the soil, the mechanics and traders in the towns, had little share in the war. It was a war of the barons. These men, living in their great castles, kept about them hundreds of armed men, known as retainers, whom they fed and clothed, who wore the livery, amounting to a soldier's uniform, of their master, and were always ready for a fight. They could be summoned quickly, and when a battle was over, they often went home again to await the next call. During long intervals there was no war. Lancaster was strong in the more rugged north, York in the south, where were the chief towns. These towns were usually quite cheerful about opening their gates to either side, but they, and especially London, were more afraid of Lancaster than of York, for Lancaster brought southward out of the north wild men much given to pillage.

As the war went on the bitterness increased. At Wakefield, in 1460, the Yorkists were defeated in a bloody battle, and York was killed—a heavy blow to his side. Queen Margaret was the real leader of the Lancastrians, for poor Henry was helpless, and she proved cruel even in that cruel age. After a battle she once made Edward, her little son only seven years old, sit as a judge, and taught the child to pronounce the sentence of death upon the prisoners of high rank as they were brought to him. He then ordered them to be led off to execution. One of them turned back to call down God's

anger on Margaret for teaching such an awful lesson to her child. In 1461 another Edward, York's son and heir, claimed openly to be king and was crowned in London as Edward IV. Before he could make good his claim, he had to fight a terrific battle. It came at Towton in the north in March. Heavy snow fell as the two sides grappled in deadly strife. For long hours the desperate hand-to-hand fight lasted. The devout Henry was near by at York, praying for victory for his side. But Lancaster gave way, and, since no quarter was given, vast numbers perished. A Yorkist herald, who went in and out among the dead, counted twenty thousand Lancastrian corpses. Most of them were rugged fighting men out of the north. We may be sure that they struck down nearly their own number. Forty thousand Englishmen slain in a single day was surely a fearful cost to pay for deciding whether a devotee like Henry, or a tall, handsome, but cruel and pleasure-loving lad like young Edward should sit on the throne.

MARGARET OF ANJOU
She was only thirty-one when she won the battle of Wakefield.

After Towton, Edward IV seemed securely victor and king. It was not long before Henry VI fell into his hands. It is said that the poor deposed king, held a

close prisoner, was harshly treated, kept dirty and half-starved, and was sometimes struck by brutal keepers. His mind gave way completely, but he did not die; and though his murder would have cost the cruel Edward hardly a pang, he was not killed, for his young heir, secure now across the sea with his mother Margaret, would have aroused keener devotion than did this poor shadow of a king. Edward IV was not a good king; yet the sober and industrious part of England was ready to let him do as he liked, because they hoped he was strong enough to keep order. The question that many of the common people were asking themselves was, how they could manage to live in quiet, their homes secure, their land saved from the horrors of war. There was nothing to hope for from the great nobles. In an earlier age they had indeed checked a bad king, John, as much for the benefit of the people as of themselves. But now these nobles were themselves the lawless ones. They lived in great state, went about followed by hundreds of armed men, and warred on one another like sovereign rulers. If they wanted a poor man's property, they were as likely as not to help themselves without asking his leave or troubling about legal rights. How could their lawlessness be checked, how could justice and order be preserved in England? The common people, especially the shrewd traders in the towns, found the answer—by having a strong king; they would support him, cheer for him,

EDWARD IV

fight for him, obey him; then it would be in his interest to crush any one who seemed to rival his power, and they should have peace.

For reasons such as these, the English were content to see Edward IV rule as a despot. The Lords and Commons still made laws; the king did not deny in theory any of their old rights; but Parliament feared his power and obeyed him, and he did what he liked. One great noble there was at Edward's side who aimed so high as to try to rule the king. Richard Neville, Earl of Warwick, was, next to Edward, the greatest man in England. When Edward was still a mere boy, Warwick had already reached middle age; he had done much to put Edward on the throne; and now he expected that the young king would go on pursuing his pleasures and leave his grave and masterful supporter to rule the state. But this Edward would not do. Warwick wished him to marry a princess of some reigning house in Europe, and thus to make a strong alliance; instead Edward followed his own fancy and married a widow, Elizabeth Woodville, daughter of Earl Rivers, a foolish woman, as time was to prove, and of a rank much beneath what Warwick thought fitting for a king's wife. Soon Warwick found his own friends dismissed from office and the queen's friends put in their place. Quarrels followed and at last open war.

In 1470 Warwick, resolved to be a king-maker, took up arms, drove Edward from England, sent to the scaffold the father and brother of the hated Woodville queen, brought from prison poor imbecile Henry VI, and put that wreck of a man on the throne. Soon, however, Edward, the ablest soldier of his age, came back, and Warwick in turn had to fly with his ally, Edward's brother, George, Duke of Clarence, who hoped to gain the throne when Henry VI should die. The final struggle came in 1471. Warwick and Margaret, Henry

VI's queen, had now made an alliance, an alliance that caused sour looks and plans of treachery from Clarence, for he saw that Margaret's son Edward, and not he, would be heir to Henry VI. At Barnet, near London, in mid-April, Edward IV met Warwick. It was the last fight of the king-maker. He perished on the battle-field. Three weeks later, Edward fought Margaret's army at Tewkesbury and again proved unconquerable. There was terrific slaughter, and among the slain was Henry VI's heir, Edward, murdered, it is said, after the battle. To kill off the last of the Lancastrians seemed now wise to the ruthless Edward; within a day or two, poor innocent, imbecile Henry VI was also slain. Then no rival lived who could dispute the right of Edward to the crown. At a time when England had little more than two million people, perhaps two hundred thousand men had perished in one way or another during the most bloody strife in her annals. How many starving widows and orphans does this mean, left without their natural protectors! And out of it all had come a new despotism, only to be ended, as we shall see, by another civil war.

THE EARL OF WARWICK

From a Drawing in John Rous's Roll of the Earldom of Warwick, a manuscript written toward the end of the Fifteenth Century.

For the rest of Edward's life no one dared to raise a hand against him. He was popular, for he went about

among his people and was hearty, open-handed, and generous. But his sole law was his own pleasure; human life meant nothing to him if his security or ease required that any one should be swept from his path. Drink and evil living ruined him. He was always in need of money, and it did not hurt his popularity among the common people when he told his richer subjects that he needed presents of money from them and that they must be generous. They found it wise to make these gifts, called Benevolences, for the king's hand might otherwise be laid upon them heavily. We should deem it to-day an amazing, an impossible, thing that the king should use rich men in this way; but Edward was quite shameless about it, and often went in person to his victims to demand the gifts. He put the money to no good purpose. He planned war with France and talked, as Edward III and Henry V had talked of conquering that country. Like them, he actually led a considerable army across the Channel. Perhaps King Louis XI of France had a real fear of the soldier king who never lost a battle. At any rate he bought Edward off with a liberal pension. Inglorious ease marks Edward's later years. But he could strike hard when need arose. His brother, that worthless Clarence who had plotted with Warwick, was still at his old intrigues, and at last in 1478 Edward took strong action. Clarence was sentenced to death, and it is said that his choice of the death he should die was to be drowned in wine—a fitting end for such a life. A few years later Edward followed him to the grave, worn out by evil living, though only forty years old.

5. The Tragedy of Richard III.—Edward V, a boy of thirteen, now became king. Edward IV's widow, weak and foolish Elizabeth Woodville, claimed that she was the natural guardian of her son. But even if she had had any fitness for the task, a woman could hardly have ruled in that fighting age, when a leader must show

restless, armour-clad nobles that he could strike as hard blows as any of them. Edward IV left a brother, Richard, Duke of Gloucester, a man now about thirty-three, who was quite able to play this part. He had fought loyally for his brother; it was even said that with his own hand he had struck down Henry VI's son after Tewkesbury. Men thought him a sober and religious man; they knew he was strong, and when he brushed aside Elizabeth Woodville and took charge of the state, the prudent people in England who had property were

A Ship of the Time of Edward IV

glad to see some one at the helm who could really steer. But at the same time they were loyal to their young king, whom they thought safe in the guardianship of his capable uncle.

Perhaps at first Richard intended to be true to his brother's line, but a crowning temptation had come, and he fell. Why should he rule in another's name? Why should not he rule in his own right? In the past he had helped to clear his brother's path; why should he not now clear his own? His mind was soon made up, and he

worked out his plan cleverly enough. First he would show that the boy, Edward V, had no right to the throne. Soon it was said openly from London pulpits that Elizabeth Woodville was not the lawful wife of Edward IV, and that, since Edward left no lawful heir, and the children of Clarence, Richard's elder brother, were barred by their father's sentence to death for treason, Richard was the true king of England. When this idea had begun to work in the public mind, Richard's second move was to terrify any one who had thoughts of opposing him. The great Lord Hastings was known to be one of these, and of him a terrible example was made. As he sat at a meeting of the Royal Council in the Tower, Richard gave a signal, and armed men entered, dragged Hastings to a courtyard, and hewed off his head on a block of wood. Who would dare now to oppose Richard? He kept Edward V and his only brother in the Tower, and the little princes were heard of no more. Two hundred years later, the skeletons of two children were found buried under a staircase, and thus the grave seemed to give up at last the guilty secret of murder by Richard.

Within a few weeks of his brother's death, Richard was king, hailed everywhere as such. But brutal as was the age, it had still a conscience, and the murder by Richard of his brother's children turned the nation against him. For two years he held the throne and drew back from no blow that would strike down his foes. In some ways he was not a bad king; he was active and energetic, and his one Parliament did good work. But England only waited now for a chance to be rid of him, and this Richard knew. He could trust no one. Sleep deserted him. When he went abroad, men noted that his eye was restless and his hand ever on his dagger. His only son died in 1484, to his great grief. His wife, too, died, and then, so callous had he become, he planned

to marry his niece Elizabeth, the sister of the princes whom he had murdered.

One by one, leading Englishmen, in fear of Richard, fled across the Channel into France. There they rallied round Henry Tudor, Earl of Richmond, the heir of the Lancastrian claim to the throne through his mother, the

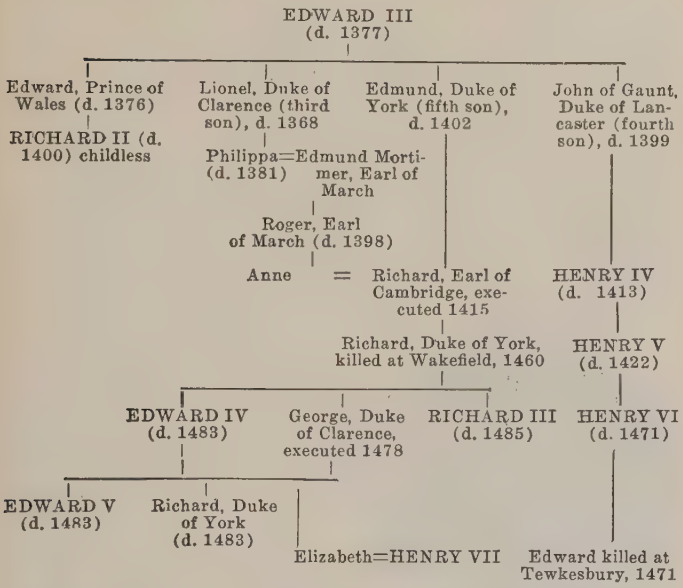
CAXTON'S PRINTING OFFICE AT WESTMINSTER. A VISIT FROM KING EDWARD IV
From the Painting by Daniel Maclise, R.A.

Lady Margaret, a descendant of John of Gaunt (see Table, page 139). The story is soon told. In the summer of 1485 Henry Tudor landed in Wales. He marched into England, his army growing daily. Richard met him at Bosworth Field near Leicester, well knowing that the result of that day must be for himself victory or death.

He perished on the field. By what seems to us some strange freak, he went into battle wearing a crown. It was found in a bush, where a frightened thief had perhaps dropped it, and was placed at once on Henry's head. When, a little later, Henry married Edward IV's daughter, Elizabeth, the long strife of Lancaster and York had ended by the union of the two lines in the House of Tudor.

Who will say what the fearful contest had cost England? The horror of it still haunted the minds of Englishmen, and for a century longer their kings might do almost what they liked, if they could save England from the renewal of the old strife. Yet the tale is not merely one of desolation. In that troubled time English traders had prospered. When Henry VII came to the throne, strangers remarked on the riches of London; there were fifty-two goldsmiths' shops in the Strand alone. Intelligence had increased. It was while careless, profligate, Edward IV was on the throne that Caxton set up at Westminster, in 1477, the first printing-press in England. Some of the most bloodthirsty of the nobles were yet men of culture. Tiptoft, Earl of Worcester, known as "the butcher-Earl," because he hunted down Edward IV's enemies like a wild beast, had studied in Italy and was master of the art and letters of the time. When Warwick executed him, Caxton declared that the headsman's axe then "cut off more learning than was left in the heads of the surviving nobility." Though it was a ferocious age, better things were coming, and we already see their beginning, in spite of blood-stained battle-fields and headsmen's blocks.

THE HOUSES OF LANCASTER AND YORK



NOTE.—After the death of Henry V, his widow married a Welsh gentleman, named Owen Tudor. Their son, Edmund, Earl of Richmond, married Lady Margaret Beaufort, a great-granddaughter of John of Gaunt, son of Edward III. Their eldest son was Henry VII.

CHAPTER VII

THE TUDOR DESPOTISM

1. The Crushing of Disorder by Henry VII.—Henry VII had difficult things to do. The long strife had made England a lawless land. This he must end, and it was no easy task. The great nobles, living in castles which resembled fortresses, had long been accustomed to do what they liked; each of them had hundreds of followers ready to take up arms at his call. Sometimes such a noble would march out from his castle with a small army to attack a neighbour. As a class they were ready to flout a king who showed any sign of weakness. Murder was common and went often unpunished, and robbers infested the highways. Would the new king be able to stop all this? Could he strike down any one who should attack his title to the crown? Could he hold in check powerful and restless barons and make the people believe that he was the one man to save them from the old horrors of civil war?

HENRY VII

To all these questions we must answer, "Yes." Henry VII proved to be the man whom England needed. He was called the Solomon of his age, and was, indeed, very wise. From early childhood he had faced manifold perils, and he had learned to be cautious and wary. He

did not call to his counsels the great barons, filled with furious hate of one another. Since he wished to check their influence, he gave the high places to priests and lawyers. The priests gained for him the steady support of the church, and the lawyers helped him to crush lawless great men by the steady pressure of the law. An Act was passed forbidding a land-owner to maintain retainers wearing his uniform, or "livery," since such men might at any moment be turned into a fighting regiment. Sir Edmund Dudley and Sir Richard Empson were the two lawyers whom Henry chiefly used to enforce this and other laws. He told them to keep an eye on the dangerous men and to be relentless if these broke the law.

The two lawyers did their work thoroughly. Their spies watched the nobles closely. Many a powerful man found himself suddenly summoned to appear in London before a special court, now created by Parliament, which sat in a room decorated with stars, and came to be known as the Court of Star Chamber. Was he keeping up armed retainers? Was he guilty of any breach of the law? Like bloodhounds on a scent, the lawyers hunted out evidence, and nearly always the verdict against any one accused was "guilty." But the convicted man was not sent to prison. Instead he was heavily fined; so heavily that many years would be required to pay off the fine. The need of paying into the royal treasury two thousand or three thousand pounds a year, for ten or fifteen years, was a steady reminder to a haughty baron of the danger of breaking the law. Henry VII himself took a hand in the work of frightening the baronage. On a visit to the Earl of Oxford, he was struck with the great array of liveried retainers drawn up to welcome him. He made inquiries, with the result that the Earl had to pay a fine of fifteen thousand pounds, equal now to quite one hundred and fifty thou-

sand pounds, for breaking the law, even to do honour to his sovereign. The fines made the nobles poor, but they also made the king rich, a fact in which Henry, eager for money, took delight.

Of course, the great men did not like to be checked. Those, in particular, who had fought for York were keen to overthrow the Tudor king. Impostors—Lambert Simnel, son of an Oxford tradesman, and Perkin Warbeck, a young and handsome foreigner — were brought forward, the first as Clarence's son, whom Henry in reality held securely in the Tower, the second as the brother of Edward V. Few really doubted that they were impostors, but to the Yorkists any stick was good enough for beating the Tudor dog, and these men caused Henry infinite trouble and England much bloodshed. But they completely failed. The people supported Henry, not for any special love which they bore him, but because his overthrow would mean the old horrors of civil war—sieges, bloody battles, executions—a return to the brutal savagery which England was beginning to shake off. The heart of the nation was with Henry VII. Parliament obeyed his slightest wish; so despotic was he that, for the time, he might, indeed, have abolished Parliament. Instead, he used it, and it made what laws he desired. He saved and grew rich. He put up noble buildings, encouraged Caxton and his new art of printing, and above all made law and order respected.

2. Relations with Ireland and Scotland.—Henry VII gave much thought to Ireland. Three hundred and more years earlier, Henry II had begun the English conquest but had only half finished it. Many of the Irish tribes remained independent, ruled by their own chieftains, under their own native laws. The English were long really masters of only a small territory about Dublin, which they surrounded by a Pale, a wooden fortification to keep out marauders. Outside the Pale the native

Irish lived their own free life. Within the Pale English law was in force. Here grew up in time an exact copy of the English Parliament, with its House of Lords and its House of Commons. Some of the English, attracted by the free life beyond the Pale, joined the Irish, married Irish wives, and were lost to the English colony. This at length the Irish Parliament tried to stop, by passing in 1366 the Statute of Kilkenny, which declared that within the Pale everything must be English. Outside the Pale the Irish might do as they liked; but woe to the Englishman who left the Pale, went over to the Irish, and adopted Irish customs. If he took an Irish name, wore the Irish dress, spoke the Irish tongue, or used Irish customs, he was to be held guilty of high treason. The law was foolish and a dead letter from the first. The English colony remained weak and the Irish tribal life strong.

Unhappy Richard II had tried to do something for Ireland, and it was while he was there in 1399, that his rival, Henry IV, had landed in England to overthrow him. When there followed a long period of civil war in England, the English control of Ireland became weaker than ever. Under Henry VI, Richard, Duke of York, was sent over to govern Ireland, and thus it happened that, when the Wars of the Roses began, the English within the Pale proved to be in keen sympathy with the Yorkist side. Henry VII found Ireland a hotbed of plots against himself. There the two impostors, Lambert Simnel and Perkin Warbeck, were eagerly welcomed, and the Irish Parliament showed that it was ready to defy the Tudor king of England. In consequence, Henry VII resolved to clip the wings of this assembly and to bring Ireland completely under the English yoke. He sent over an able man, Sir Edward Poynings, as lord deputy, and in 1494 the Irish Parliament, called to meet under the eye of

Poynings, was obliged to pass "Poynings' Law," which put an end to its own independence. Henceforth, no Parliament might be called in Ireland without consent first given under the great seal of England, no laws might be proposed to the Irish Parliament before being approved by the English Council, and all laws made in England were to have force in Ireland. By this sweeping measure, not only the Irish, but the English in Ireland were deprived of any semblance of self-government. The law stood for three hundred years. It was Henry VII who made Ireland a land wholly in bondage to England.

On the relations between England and Scotland Henry had also a far-reaching influence. Edward I's attempt at conquest had filled the Scots with an abiding horror of English influence. They worked steadily with France, so that when England warred on France she was always sure to have Scotland, too, as an enemy. But Henry VII saw a chance to end this trouble, and he proposed that his daughter Margaret should marry the Scottish king James IV, the head of that Stuart house which had succeeded to the line of Bruce. The marriage took plact in 1503, and at the same time a "perpetual" treaty of peace was made between the two countries. The treaty proved anything but perpetual, for war broke out very soon. Yet Henry VII saw far in bringing about the marriage, and the day was to come when the great-grandson of Margaret Tudor should sit on the throne as the first Stuart king of England.

It is certainly true that Henry VII achieved much. He ended the era of civil war; he made England a land where the law was obeyed; he had large plans for the future. Yet he never won the love of his people; he was too cautious, reserved, secretive, to be popular. He grew, besides, ever more fond of money, and his agents, Dudley and Empson, carried on such extortions for the

king's benefit that their enemies vowed some day to take bloody vengeance. There was little grief when Henry himself died in 1509.

We do well to pause at the close of Henry's reign, before plunging into the troubled waters of his son's time. An era of great changes had begun. All over Europe men's minds were busy with new thoughts, eager especially for the study of the past, keen to learn new things, doubting what earlier ages had accepted as truth. So marked is this outburst of mental life that the period has been called that of the Renaissance, the "new birth" of the human mind. The printing-press had now begun to carry everywhere these thoughts of change. Many old things were passing away. Even geography was now to be different. When Henry VII came to the throne, the English knew something about Europe; but eastern Asia, and all but the northern coast of Africa, were quite unknown. No one dreamed of a great new continent lying far out in the Atlantic. But the intensely active minds of the time were busy with questions about geography, as about other things. At last in 1492 Christopher Columbus sailed out from Spain into the western sea and made the beginning of the discovery of America. In 1497 Henry VII was informed that a Venetian sailor, John Cabot, sailing from Bristol, had found a new island far out in the North Atlantic, and Henry gave him a small sum of money and a pension of twenty pounds a year as a reward. The new island was to prove to be the vast continent of America. Cabot raised there the English flag—the first assertion of that right to dominions across the sea which was to play such a part in the later history of the English race.

3. **Henry VIII and the Security of the Tudor Line.**—The brilliant youth of eighteen, who followed the prudent Henry VII, seemed the king for the time. He was in touch with the best thought of the age, he had a

keen mind, knew four or five languages, and was zealous and active. Scholars and thinkers were sure that in Henry they had a strong friend. He was very rich, while his father's wealth should last, and he kept up unheard-of pomp. When he went to war, as he did with France in 1513, a vast retinue of great nobles, priests, singers, grooms, and pages followed him. No other king could rival his array of gold and silver, and it had a meaning; Henry, in his fierce pride, intended this glory to warn the world that he was half divine. "The king of France," he once said, "dare not look me in the face." To him no foreigner was an equal. His haughty spirit suited the English. They were proud of a king who, though England had only some three million people, ranked himself as superior to any other ruler. Henry was bluff and hearty in manners, fond of sport, a good shot, a good wrestler, and a lover of horses. He suited an island people in being fond of the sea; he could sail a boat as well as any one, and he built a ship, the *Henry Grace à Dieu,* greater than any other hitherto seen afloat. With such a king, able, energetic, fiercely self-reliant, and, when he liked, hard-working, the reign was certain to be interesting.

HENRY VIII

One of Henry's first acts was to let Dudley and Empson be tried and executed—a step which, however unjust, for he kept the gains of their exactions, made him popular. At first Henry seemed to do everything through his chief minister, Thomas, Cardinal Wolsey. He was one of the new men; sheer ability brought him

to the front, for he had no advantages of birth. He was hard-working and active, and seemed to bear the cares of rule, while Henry played. In time Wolsey became not only a cardinal, but papal legate, the Pope's ambassador in England, for life: he even dreamed of becoming Pope. As legate he had almost regal rank; he sat at table with Henry like an equal, while great nobles sat on a lower level. He, too, lived in great pomp; to reach his presence-chamber one must pass through eight anterooms. He held many offices. As lord chancellor he was the greatest judge in England. He was bishop of three or four dioceses. He showed many good qualities. He was the friend of the poor, and he was also so mild and tolerant that under him no heretic suffered death. He was the friend, too, of learning. It seemed to him, churchman though he was, that some of the monasteries were no longer doing useful work, and he planned to found a great school and a great college with the funds of some small monasteries. The school, begun at Ipswich, is no more; the college still exists—the great Christ Church, Oxford. Wolsey was no saint. He was greedy for money; and sometimes he proved an expert in tortuous lying. Yet, for his age, he may be called almost a good man.

Henry VIII talked, like earlier rulers, of the king of England's "ancient and undoubted rights" with respect to lordship over France, and three times during his reign, in 1512, 1522, and 1544, made war on that country. When he invaded France in person in 1513, he won, near Terouenne in the north, the "Battle of the Spurs," so-called because of the haste with which the French rode away. The English talked as if Henry were a new Caesar. But little came of the war. Scotland leagued herself with France, and James IV invaded England, in spite of the fact that he was brother-in-law of Henry. The English general, the Earl of Surrey, met James on

Flodden Field in September, 1513. It was a tragic day for the Scots; twelve thousand were slain, among them James himself, with the greater part of the Scottish nobility and even a bishop and an archbishop. But Scotland was great even in her defeat; less than ever would she break with France and accept the lead of England.

Henry's lasting war was on the church. Religious change was in the air. In 1517 there was a great stir in Germany when Luther began to defy the Pope and to appeal to the Bible against his authority. England was not likely to follow the German Luther. Henry VIII, indeed, wrote a book against him, for which in 1521 the Pope gave him the title of Defender of the Faith. But in England, as elsewhere, some of the clergy were unpopular, and the people were ready, too ready probably, to believe ill of them. Clergy accused of crime were still, as in Becket's day, tried by their own courts. But in religious thought, as in everything else, a spirit of change was abroad. At the very outset of his reign Henry VIII had announced that he would reform the church. He soon did what Henry II had failed to do in his quarrel with Becket. He caused a law to be passed providing that, if any of the lesser clergy were charged with crime, the king's court should hear the case—a startling change from the practice of centuries.

Henry was always nervous about the succession to the throne. In him Lancaster and York were united, for he was the son of both lines, but if he died without a male heir, the old quarrel would break out, and renewed civil war was almost certain. Henry watched possible rivals jealously. Edward Stafford, Duke of Buckingham, a man of great wealth, was descended from the Lancastrian line and talked foolishly of his own possible succession to the throne. Suddenly, in 1521, he was cast into the Tower, and it was soon plain that Henry, nervous in regard to plots, was resolved to have

his head. The trial was a farce, and Buckingham went to the block. There was this plain fact to encourage possible claimants like Buckingham—Henry had no son to succeed him. On becoming king, he had married Catherine of Aragon, the widow of his brother Arthur. She bore him sons, but they died in infancy; and the only surviving child was a girl, Mary. It seemed impossible that a woman should rule England; this no woman had ever done; and civil war, many thought, was sure to break out if a woman tried to do so, for the country needed at its head one who might lead as a soldier. To Henry, troubled by such thoughts, the state's only safety was in a male heir, and a male heir had as yet been denied him.

Ever since Henry had married Catherine of Aragon, there had been whispers that this union with a brother's wife was against God's laws, and when Catherine's sons died, some thought it a judgment of God. The question of a divorce was long talked of. Catherine was to Henry a good and true wife. But she was plain and austere. Above all, he longed for an heir, and, when at last he fell in love with another woman, Anne Boleyn, a sprightly lady of the court, he easily made himself believe that the union with Catherine was no true marriage. In 1527 he told Wolsey that the church must so arrange the matter that he might lawfully take another wife. Nothing went as Henry planned. Wolsey could not get the matter arranged. Catherine fought like a tigress for her rights. Her nephew, the Emperor Charles V, the greatest ruler of the age, stood by her. There was delay, and Henry was soon in a fury. In 1528 the Pope sent to England a special legate, Campeggio, and he and Wolsey heard the case as the Pope's agents. When the hearing was over, Henry expected at once the decision he desired. Instead, Wolsey had to tell him that the Pope had withdrawn the case to Rome,

and that he, Henry, king of England, upon whose face, as he boasted, the king of France feared to look, must go there as a suppliant for the Pope's permission to take the woman he loved.

By this time Henry was savage. His wrath turned first against Wolsey. Suddenly, in 1529, he charged the cardinal with acknowledging a foreign authority, that of the Pope, in England. This was forbidden under the Statute of Praemunire passed in 1353, and the penalty was the forfeiture of all property. Now the king seized Wolsey's property and took delight in taking over even the colleges which Wolsey had founded. Henry left to the fallen cardinal one office, that of Archbishop of York, and to that place he retired. But the king knew no pity or mercy. Wolsey had many enemies, who worked against him at court. Soon he was charged with plotting against Henry and was arrested for high treason. Slowly the fallen cardinal journeyed southward to stand his trial at London. That Henry would have sent Wolsey to the scaffold, cardinal though he was, we can hardly doubt. But, happily for Wolsey, the sands of his life were running out. Sick and weary he halted at Leicester Abbey, and there died in 1530, mourning with his last breath that he had served God less faithfully than he had served the king.

Wolsey gone, Henry's whole rage turned against the Pope. He resolved to nullify the marriage in spite of the Pope, but he saw that he must do it in accordance with the laws of England, so that the hoped-for son by a second marriage should have undoubted legal claim to the throne against all rivals. Thus, in spite of his anger, Henry proceeded cautiously. A learned clergyman, Thomas Cranmer, suggested that the universities of Europe should be asked to say whether even the Pope could permit such a marriage as that with Catherine. This was done, and a good many of the universities

agreed with Henry that such a step was beyond the Pope's power. Henry resolved to keep his own clergy quiet, and in 1531 he charged them, too, with Præmunire for accepting Wolsey as the legate of a foreign power. It mattered not that Henry himself had done the same. The clergy, knowing what a terrible man he was, yielded and paid him a fine of one hundred and eighteen thousand pounds. He forgave them when they admitted that he was head of the church, though they added the saving clause, "so far as the law of Christ will allow." When the Archbishop of Canterbury died in 1532, Henry promptly named for that great office Thomas Cranmer, and the Pope, still hoping for peace, gave his approval.

THOMAS CRANMER

But the new Archbishop soon defied the Pope. In 1533 he declared Henry's union with Catherine no true marriage. The king married Anne Boleyn, and on June 1st, 1533, she was crowned queen of England in Westminster Abbey. The flouting of the Pope was complete, and he answered in kind. He declared the marriage with Catherine valid and excommunicated Henry.

4. The Rupture with the Church.—Bitter strife was now certain. Henry promptly appealed to a general Council of the Church against the Pope's judgment. The House of Commons was with him in the fight, and soon successive Acts of Parliament left the Pope no vestige of authority in England. In 1534 all payments of

money to Rome were stopped. Next, Henry was given power to name the bishops. A more radical step followed; in 1534 a Succession Act disinherited Catherine's daughter Mary, and settled the crown on the children of Anne Boleyn. The Act required the kings subjects, on penalty of death, to take an oath that they believed the marriage with Catherine invalid. If Anne should bear Henry a son, then his great desire would be satisfied. In any case, he intended to add to his powers as king those which the Pope had formerly possessed. Accordingly, in 1535 an Act of Supremacy made Henry the Supreme Head of the Church in England. Thus rapidly, and, by this final act, completely, was the tie with Rome broken. With such vast powers Henry was a terrible despot, and he was all the stronger because he made himself popular. He appealed to the taste of the common people for rough horse-play. At a pageant held in London at this time, characters representing the Pope and his cardinals appeared on the Thames in one boat, and others representing Henry and his nobles in another boat. There was a fight, and in the end Pope and cardinals were tossed headlong into the river.

Henry's chief agent in carrying out his policy was Thomas Cromwell, son of a blacksmith, a man who had been in turn soldier, trader, lawyer, and who became a money-lender in a large way of business. He had been Wolsey's man of affairs, and now filled the same post for Henry. Cromwell hunted down all opposition to the king. Monks and friars were dragged off to prison, and many of them were executed. Elizabeth Barton, a nun of Kent, was reputed to hear heavenly voices, and she declared one had told her that the king would not long survive the divorce. For this incautious talk she was executed at Tyburn in 1534, with four ecclesiastics who had listened to her. Soon there were other and nobler victims. Sir Thomas More was the greatest man in

England. He was a saint, a scholar, a child of the "Renaissance." After Wolsey's fall More had become lord chancellor, but he had resigned when he saw trouble coming. Henry had treated More as a special friend, and to enjoy his wit invited him so much to court that sometimes More feigned dulness in order to be left at home. But Henry had no thought of excepting any one from doing his will. More would not do what the Succession Act required—take oath that he believed the marriage with Catherine to have been always invalid. This he could not believe. He was, however, perfectly willing to accept a child of Anne Boleyn as his sovereign, since that was the law. But this would not satisfy Henry. His grim resolve was that More should yield or die. It was vital, he said, that great men should obey as well as little men. So in 1535 More was tried and condemned to death, and he went cheerfully to the block like the hero and the saint that he was. Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, an old man of beautiful character, died as More died. He was a cardinal, but Henry struck him down all the more fiercely because he was a prince of the church. At these awful executions a thrill of horror ran through Europe. But Henry, now aware of his power, went on with his task to the bitter end, and the people looked on with awe.

5. The Fall of the Monasteries and Other Changes. —It was in the monasteries that the zeal for the old system was likely to linger, and on them Henry now turned. In England there were about eight hundred, and they held great landed estates. Some monastic houses were doing good work. They taught children in their schools, cared for the poor, and did other charitable tasks. But some houses were slack, while others were half empty; it was no longer necessary to become a monk in order to live in peace and quiet. Wolsey had seized monasteries to found his colleges and

had used Cromwell for this work; Henry now used Cromwell to complete the ruin of the monks. Cromwell sent out agents to inquire into their conduct, and of course the agents came back with the kind of report which Cromwell desired. Then he acted. In 1536 Parliament granted the king the possessions of the smaller monasteries; in 1539 it gave him also the larger ones. This meant that vast estates passed into the king's hands. The talk of the time was that they were to be used to endow new bishoprics and to help education. Some were so used, but it is the melancholy fact that most of the property of the monks was wasted. Henry gave great estates to courtiers, and thus made sure that they should have selfish reasons to keep up the quarrel with Rome. In dealing with the monks Cromwell was pitiless. To terrify them into silence, he did not shrink from hanging some of the leading abbots, and men who ranked with the greatest in England met this shameful fate. Hundreds of monks and nuns, long used to life in the cloister, were turned out into the world. Ancient places of pilgrimage, reverenced for ages by the English people, were now ruined. Thomas Becket, dead for more than three hundred and fifty years, was formally tried and declared a rebel against his king; his rich shrine was pillaged, and his bones were burned. The English of that day saw startling sights. Excited mobs dismantled beautiful buildings, shattered stained-glass windows and marble statues, destroyed or carried away paintings, old and new, tore off the lead from the roofs, and left former scenes of busy life in hopeless ruin. Dozens of noble edifices stand unroofed and desolate to this day as evidence of the rage of the period.

For a time, in 1536, it seemed as if Henry was going too far. In Lincolnshire the common people, on whose support it was that he chiefly relied, began to murmur. The discontent spread to the north, until the movement

was alarming. Its leader was Robert Aske, an able young lawyer of good family. The plan was to march on London, many thousand strong, not as soldiers, but as "pilgrims" on a "Pilgrimage of Grace," to protest against the dissolution of the monasteries, to urge Henry to put away base-born counsellors like Cromwell, and, in a word, to restore the old system. Henry met the rebels with bland promises, invited Aske to see him personally, talked with him in a friendly way, and used him to persuade the rebels to disperse. Then, when sure of his strength, he turned on the "pilgrims," executed Aske and others, and ordered that, in every town, village, and hamlet where risings had occurred, a good many of the inhabitants should be hanged on trees, as a warning to rebels. Ghastly sights, indeed, did the villagers see as a result of the Pilgrimage of Grace.

In January, 1536, Catherine of Aragon died, and Henry and Anne Boleyn celebrated the event with joyous revelry. Little did Anne dream that the death of her rival sealed her own fate. She was a shallow woman, of whom Henry had soon tired. To those about him he had begun to say that he had been seduced by witchcraft to marry her. She had borne a daughter, Elizabeth, but no son, and for a son and heir Henry longed. The church, and many even who had quarrelled with the church, would never admit that the marriage with Anne was legal. But now when Catherine was dead, if Henry could get rid of Anne, he might contract a marriage valid in the eyes of the whole world. His spies watched Anne, and suddenly, in April, 1536, she was arrested. The charge was that of gross immorality before and after marriage. In a few weeks all was over. Anne went to the block, with her brother and four or five others, on charges probably untrue. But what did half a dozen lives matter to Henry? He celebrated her death with festive music, and on his own theory was still a

bachelor, for Cranmer now declared the marriage with Anne invalid from the first.

Ten days after Anne's death, Henry married Jane Seymour. To his joy she bore him a son, Edward; but she herself died in 1537. Two years later, Cromwell found Henry a fourth wife in a German princess, Anne of Cleves, whose father was a powerful supporter of the Protestant cause, and whose beauty Cromwell extolled. She came to England, but did not please Henry, and the marriage was dissolved in 1540 by Act of Parliament. In April, 1540, Cromwell was made Earl of Essex. He seemed at the pinnacle of his glory, but two months later he was arrested and lodged in the Tower for high treason, it being charged that he had taken to himself powers which belonged only to the king. His real crime was his failure in regard to Anne of Cleves: Henry did not like having been drawn into a marriage which proved so ludicrous. Cromwell pleaded piteously for life; but Henry could never be satisfied with anything short of death for those of whom he was weary, and Cromwell was executed, to the joy of his many enemies.

In 1539 Henry had forced through Parliament "An Act abolishing diversity of opinions," an end which, with his despotic mind, he thought he might effect. By this Act all his subjects must hold to Six Articles, the chief of which asserted the old teaching of the church in regard to the mass. To deny this was to incur the penalty of burning at the stake, and soon Henry was burning Protestants for this heresy, and hanging Roman Catholics for saying that, not he, but the Pope, was the true head of the church. There were executions for other causes than religion. Henry was still nervous about rivals and resolved to sweep every possible one out of his path. In 1538 he sent to execution, on flimsy pleas, two grandsons of Edward IV's brother, Clarence, and in 1541 he executed their mother, the aged Countess

of Salisbury, Clarence's daughter. He married Catherine Howard, his fifth wife, in 1542, but soon had her executed for misconduct.

Awful, indeed, are these annals of Henry's doings. Yet they must not blind us to his strength as a statesman.

READING THE ENGLISH BIBLE
Early Tudor Period

Whatever ill he did was done legally, for he forced Parliament to pass the Acts he demanded. His influence upon England was profound. The nation stood in awe of its mighty king, ready to defy the world, and he fostered a strong national spirit. It is not easy to say what most Englishmen thought about Henry's changes in

respect to religion. Probably to the vast majority they were at first unwelcome. Henry tried to educate the nation to think as he did. The people were encouraged to study the Bible. A copy of William Tynedale's English translation, completed by Miles Coverdale, was put in every parish church, that all might read it. Henry only half liked the free discussions which followed, and we find him complaining that the Word of God was debated in every ale-house and tavern. But these very debates show how keenly the people were aroused on the great questions which the king had raised.

At fifty-six Henry was an old man, fat and bloated, with legs so infirm that he could not stand or walk. He married his sixth wife, a widow, Catherine Parr, in 1543, and she proved a good woman who worked for peace between him and his daughters, Mary and Elizabeth, and softened his savage humours. To the last, the lives of those about Henry were in danger if they offended him. He intended that his son, the boy Edward, should succeed him and watched closely any possible rivals. The Duke of Norfolk and his son, the Earl of Surrey, had royal blood in their veins; and charges were made that they were getting ready to seize the throne on Henry's death. Surrey was beheaded, but Norfolk's life was saved only because Henry VIII died the night before the sentence was to be carried out. He left three children—Edward, Mary, and Elizabeth. Though the two daughters had been declared illegitimate, Parliament had yet enacted in 1544 that their rights to the throne remained. Henry was given power to fix the succession if his own children should die without heirs, and his will left it to the line of his younger sister Mary, passing over his elder sister Margaret, queen of Scotland. Yet it was Margaret who gave the Stuart line to England.

CHAPTER VIII

THE LATER TUDORS

1. The Religious Changes under Edward VI.—Awe-inspiring Henry VIII was succeeded by a little boy nine years old. Edward VI was a remarkable child. He had the keen mind of his father. His chief interest was in religion; he read ten chapters of the Bible daily and made careful notes of the sermons which he heard. Henry's policy to go neither with the Pope nor with the Protestants was now seen to have failed; the young Edward was ardent for Protestant doctrine. He was anxious to found schools, and showed distress about the condition of the poor in London, terrible then as it is, indeed, still. Edward died at sixteen, so we do not know what kind of man he might have become. But there are signs that, like his father, he thought himself as king almost more than human. He showed little natural affection and would probably have been arbitrary and despotic.

EDWARD VI

A child king left the path clear for designing men. Henry VIII's will named a council of sixteen to rule while Edward was a minor. The chief of these was the king's uncle, Edward Seymour. He took the title of Protector, had himself made Duke of Somerset, and soon ruled as if he were himself monarch—a fact that the

watchful little king carefully noted in the strange diary which he kept. The Protector, a keen Protestant, was sick of the bloodshed of the previous reign and anxious to bring about an era of peace. But he was hot-headed and tactless. In nothing is his lack of tact seen more clearly than in his dealings with Scotland. On its throne now sat a little girl, as on the throne of England sat a little boy. Their marriage would mean peace between their countries, and in the end the union of the two crowns. But since Flodden Scotland had hated England with the bitter hate of the weak against a strong oppressor. King James V had died in 1542, crushed by the news of another defeat by the English at Solway Moss. It was his baby daughter, that unhappy Mary, so famous in history as Queen of Scots, whom the English would have had their young king marry. Somerset's courting was rude. In 1547, to enforce on a suspicious nation acceptance of the plan, he invaded Scotland and slaughtered ten thousand Scots in the battle of Pinkie. But the Scots would not yield; their answer was to spirit away the little queen to France, where she married Francis, the heir to the throne. Not for half a century still was to come the union of the crowns.

Somerset's chief adviser in religious matters was Thomas Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury, a good but timid man, who had lent himself to the plans of Henry VIII. Now Cranmer, long a Protestant at heart, planned to make the Church of England Protestant. The first great change came in 1549, when Cranmer issued a Book of Common Prayer in the English language. An "Act of Uniformity" was passed by Parliament to enforce its use.

This, the first Prayer Book of Edward VI, was followed in 1552 by a revised book—the Second Prayer Book of Edward VI—thoroughly Protestant in tone. The changes involved in the use of the book were mo-

mentous. The old services had been in Latin; the new ones were wholly in English. The old vestments of the priest were changed now to a plain white surplice. The mass disappeared; instead there was to be a simple communion service. The theory of the time was that only one form of worship could be allowed. There must be uniformity, so a second "Act for Uniformity of Service" in 1552 ordered the change to this new Prayer Book in every parish. By one swift stroke, all England was to pass from Roman Catholic to Protestant worship, and every one was expected to obey.

We may well ask what the masses of the people thought of these changes. Some certainly did not like them and were discontented. There were, too, other reasons for discontent. Many of the new owners of the lands taken from the monasteries were cruel, grasping men, eager to make money. Since wool brought a high price, they found that to turn their farms into pasture-land and raise sheep paid better than farming. Many labourers, no longer needed, were dismissed and left in a starving condition. In consequence, rebellion broke out in Norfolk in 1549, led by two rich tanners, Robert and William Ket. The movement was formidable. Somerset, impulsive and kind-hearted, showed sympathy with the rebels, and this disgusted the hard, stern men who sat with him in the council. They sent into Norfolk John Dudley, Earl of Warwick, son of that ruthless Dudley who had crushed out opposition to Henry VII. Warwick did his work thoroughly. He hanged the rebels by dozens; sometimes, when the village priest had led them, he hanged him, too, in his surplice, to the steeple of his own church, as a terrible warning. When he came back to London, he was seen to be a stronger man than Somerset. Suddenly, in October, 1549, Somerset was sent to the Tower. In the end, in 1552, he was executed.

England's new master was selfish and greedy, as his father had been. Henry VIII had seized the wealth of the shrines frequented by pilgrims, but the church had still more wealth. It held great sums for saying masses for the dead, in what were called "Chantries"; these Warwick, now become Duke of Northumberland, seized. But the most evil thing he did was the ruining of the parish churches. They had great riches—gold and silver plate and jewels. The ruin of the monasteries had directly affected only the monks and the nuns. Now Northumberland's pillage of the parish churches affected all Englishmen; at every service they had before their eyes in shattered statues, windows robbed of their stained glass, and walls stripped of pictures, the signs of violent change. Of course, Northumberland and his friends pocketed the booty from the pillage.

All the time his power hung on the slender thread of little Edward's life. By the beginning of 1553 it was clear that the boy was dying of consumption. Who should succeed him? Lady Jane Grey, a girl of sixteen, was the granddaughter of Henry VIII's younger sister Mary (see Table, page 184). Henry VIII's will provided that she should have the next claim to the throne, after Mary and Elizabeth. But now the poor little king, ruled by Northumberland, made his will, putting aside his sisters, Mary and Elizabeth, in favour of Lady Jane Grey. The girl married Northumberland's son, Lord Guildford Dudley, a lad of seventeen, who would thus become almost a king. Edward died in July, 1553. Northumberland promptly

Lady Jane Grey

proclaimed Lady Jane Grey queen. But the nation would not have it. It was weary of Northumberland and resolved to stand by Henry's plan that his daughter Mary should inherit the crown. So within a few days Mary was queen and Lady Jane Grey securely a prisoner in the Tower. Northumberland submitted abjectly, renounced his Protestantism, and begged for life. But his treason was too great, and one of the new queen's early acts was to send him to the block.

2. Mary's Reconciliation of England to the Church of Rome.—By a strange chance, the four or five persons nearest to the throne in the line of succession when Edward died were all women, so that a female ruler seemed inevitable; there was in sight no male claimant. The nation accepted the situation, and, for the first time in its history, settled down under a queen's guidance. Mary was a thin and delicate woman of thirty-eight. She is described as beautiful, and some, though not all, of her portraits confirm the impression. Like all the Tudors, she had a keen intellect; she could speak three or four languages, and was proud and spirited, with dauntless courage and force of will. She had suffered deeply. Her hard father had separated her from her mother; and even when Catherine lay dying, Mary was not permitted to go to her. All this sorrow had been linked with the changes in religion, and now Mary's one passion was to undo the mischief wrought against the church. She persecuted cruelly, but she was not by nature cruel or vindictive. She was, indeed, gentle, and fond of children, and so kind to those about her that she invariably won their affection.

At the outset, Mary made a great mistake, which ruined her influence; she accepted a foreigner as husband, and that foreigner was the powerful Philip II of Spain. The English, insular in spirit and always sus-

picious of outsiders, were sure that he would use England as a pawn in his own political game and were angry at the prospect of foreign influence. A revolt broke out in 1554, under Sir Thomas Wyatt, a gentleman of Kent, in protest against the marriage. The revolt was easily crushed, but it was fatal to the innocent and highly educated girl, Lady Jane Grey. She was accused of some share in it and was executed with her husband, her father, the Duke of Suffolk, and others. The hated marriage took place. Philip of Spain became nominal king of England, and without doubt Spanish influence helped to harden Mary for the terrible work that lay before her.

She intended wholly to restore in England the power of the church. But she did not find the task easy or even possible. The English people were assuredly not yet Protestant. They wished to retain the old forms in religion; but many of them had a fierce national spirit and disliked any exercise of the Pope's power in England. Yet its restoration was involved in the religious belief of Mary. To her England was under a curse until the Pope's power should be again real. Moreover, the lands of the church seized by Henry, must, she said, be restored—a thought which gave anxious fears to the many who held the lands. On this point, at least, they were resolved not to yield. Mary soon lost touch with her people. Her first two Parliaments, with many members who occupied church lands, resolutely opposed her policy, and she dismissed them. But in those days a sovereign could get the desired kind of Parliament. In 1554 by giving a sharp order that "none but good Catholics" should be elected, Mary secured a Parliament which repealed the changes in religion made under Henry VIII and Edward VI and renewed the old laws for punishing heresy. Parliament was now quite willing that Mary should burn heretics. But, like its predecessors, it still

kept up a vigorous fight in regard to the church lands, and at last Mary was obliged to yield. The lands remained with their new owners, most of whom were grimly content to be received back as dutiful sons of the church, so long as they could keep the church's property. In November, 1554, the Pope's legate, Cardinal Pole, arrived in England. Both Houses of Parliament passed a humble "Supplication," asking the Pope's pardon for what England had done against the church, and with great ceremony the Pope granted absolution. No doubt it was all very solemn and impressive, but the penitent sons of the church still kept their spoil.

There remained for Mary the task of rooting the Protestant opinions out of England. To do it she must strike the leaders, and she did not draw back from burning four or five bishops. Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer, the three most conspicuous Protestant bishops, were taken to Oxford and there condemned to die. In 1555 Ridley and Latimer perished together, Latimer, a rugged, bold man, declaring, as the flames raged round him, that by their deaths a fire should be kindled in England never to go out. Cranmer, a weaker man, was kept longer and given some hope of life if he would recant. Recant he did, but it made no difference in the decision that he should die. When his last hour came in 1556, full of penitence at his weakness he put into the fire to burn first "that unworthy hand," as he called it, which had signed a denial of his real belief. In all nearly three hundred persons were burned. Except a few leaders, the victims were of the working class. Hitherto many had declared themselves Protestants, that they might fatten on church plunder. Now the trial by fire of humble people who had had no share of the booty taken from the church, made clear that there were Protestants of another type, men ready to die for their faith. By this time the old cruel spirit of England had softened,

and the English saw these martyrs suffer, not with hate, but with pity. A good many Roman Catholics thought Mary's policy of persecution a mistake; Philip II's chaplain, himself an ardent believer in the old church, preached a sermon attacking the executions. But Mary was resolute. She declared that she could get no peace until England was purified.

To the unhappy woman peace never came. England was not purged, but grew to hate her policy. She had hoped for an heir, but no heir was born to her, and at last she saw, in bitterness of soul, that her Protestant sister Elizabeth would become queen. Philip, for whose love she craved, soon wearied of her and left England never to return. In 1555, when a new Pope, Paul IV, was elected, he allied himself with France, Philip's rival, and Mary, whose religion centred in devotion to the Pope, found her own husband at war with him. When England was dragged into the war in support of Philip, the French attacked and took Calais, that possession won in the days of Edward III; and the loss helped to break Mary's heart. Hated by her people, in conflict with the Pope, to whose cause she had devoted her life, and worn out with a long and painful disease, she died amidst universal gloom in 1558.

3. Protestantism Established in England.—Elizabeth, a young queen of twenty-five, succeeded Mary amid joyous plaudits. It was by a strange fortune that, while a woman ruler had hitherto been unknown in England, there should be now in succession two reigning queens. For well-nigh half a century Elizabeth was to rule England. She had her father's fierce pride and temper, his vanity, his tact; like him she was learned and could speak four or five languages, and she believed in her royal dignity as half divine. She loved England and its people, to her the whole world, for never did she

set foot outside her realm. Her people loved her in return; no ruler of England had ever before commanded such devotion. She worked hard and faced danger fearlessly. Yet, with all her courage, she had feminine weaknesses; she spent vast sums on dress, loved admiration, and was delighted to have an army of suitors praising her beauty. Hers was not a devout or a gentle nature. If she could have had her way, she would have kept to the old doctrines. But no shadow of authority in religion would she yield to the Pope; like her father, she, and she alone, should be supreme in England in both church and state.

QUEEN ELIZABETH
From "Medallic Illustrations"
By permission of the British Museum.

A world of dangers surrounded Elizabeth. Many Roman Catholics held that, by her heresy, she had forfeited the right to the throne, and that Mary Queen of Scots, the next in succession to the throne, was the true queen. Mary called herself openly "Queen of England." At first Philip of Spain offered to be Elizabeth's friend; at war with France, he thought to retain England's support by making Elizabeth his fourth wife; he would, he said, make the needed sacrifice and "do God a favour" by marrying her. But Elizabeth promptly refused; she preferred, she said, to remain his sister. In truth she dared not marry. If she wedded Philip, France would certainly support Mary Stuart's claims. She pretended, instead, to be ready to marry a French

prince. But her insular people wished no foreign husband for their queen, and she was too tactful to oppose them. She would not stoop to wed a subject, and so to the end she remained single.

It was an age of fiery religious passions. Since Elizabeth would not accept the Pope's authority, she must make England Protestant; no middle position was possible. Caution was needed. At her side was a slow, prudent, far-seeing man, Sir William Cecil, in time to be Lord Burleigh. He had no touch of the fanatic; though a Protestant, he went to mass under Mary. Elizabeth asked his opinion about everything. The great thing was to get peace and security for a time, and Cecil, the "old fox," as his critics called him, watched and worked for this end with amazing skill. The final breach with the old church was completed, but slowly and cautiously, step by step. The first thing was to reject finally the Pope's authority in England, and this was done in 1559, when a new Act of Supremacy was passed. It made Elizabeth, not Supreme Head of the Church in England, a title assumed by Henry VIII, but Supreme Governor of her realm in matters relating to both church and state—a less defiant claim, but one that still broke completely the link with the Pope.

The next thing was to lead or force the English to conform to the new system. Fortune aided Elizabeth's plans. Most of Mary's bishops refused to accept the rejection of the Pope's authority and preferred to forfeit their posts. Other bishops died just at this time, and Elizabeth filled the many vacancies with men who would carry out her policy. She made her former tutor, Matthew Parker, a retiring but prudent and strong man, Archbishop of Canterbury. A new Act of Uniformity, in 1559, required the use of the second Prayer Book of Edward VI, made a little more moderate in tone. Four years later, in 1563, Thirty-nine Articles were

adopted as the doctrines of the Church of England, and these the clergy were obliged to sign; commissioners visited the parishes to see that the Act of Uniformity was enforced, and with no very great upheaval among the people, the new system was, in time, firmly established. It was not long before a generation grew up that knew no other services than the simple ones in English of the Book of Common Prayer.

4. Mary, Queen of Scots.—It was natural that the course of Elizabeth should anger the Roman Catholic party, whose hopes now centred in Mary Stuart. She was some years younger than Elizabeth and a woman of great beauty. Both were able and determined; but while Elizabeth was cold and always cautious, Mary was sometimes mastered by reckless passion. She had lived long in France, where, for a brief time, she was queen, as the wife of Francis II. When this young king died, she, a young widow not yet nineteen, returned in 1561 to rule her stormy realm of Scotland. In that land, too, was now a keen movement for religious change. Patrick Hamilton, a man of high birth, had come under Luther's influence in Germany. When he returned to Scotland and taught the new doctrines, he was tried for heresy, condemned, and burned, in 1528, at St. Andrews. Yet the new opinions spread amid growing hatred and bitter-

MARY STUART
From "Medallic Illustrations"
By permission of the British Museum

ness on both sides. In 1546 there was a double tragedy. Cardinal Beaton was the head of the Roman Catholic party, and when Dr. George Wishart, an educated man who had preached widely the Protestant doctrines, was tried for heresy, Beaton was relentless and had Wishart burned at the stake. Then Beaton was himself murdered by a Protestant fanatic. Step by step the Protestant movement grew. The church was rich in lands keenly coveted by some of the nobles, who had this selfish reason for supporting the new opinions. The Scots as a people had a rugged independence of thought, which resented direction. The result was that in 1560 the Scottish Parliament made Protestantism the religion of Scotland and forbade all other religious services. The leader in these changes was John Knox, a man of amazing energy, who did not know fear. For his Protestant zeal, in earlier days before such views were held widely, he had been driven from Scotland and had taken refuge at Geneva, where John Calvin's religious influence was supreme. Calvin's system was what came to be called Puritan; he insisted on a rigorous purity in morals and austere simplicity in worship. Sunday, or, as he called it, the Sabbath, was to be kept strictly; excess in dress or amusements was to be punished; public worship was to be without elaborate ritual; instead of being ruled by bishops, the church was to have over it elders or presbyters, chosen by the people

John Knox

and holding a very rigid creed. Knox fell under Calvin's influence, and now, when he had power in Scotland, he set up Calvin's Presbyterian system.

When Mary Stuart returned to Scotland in 1561, she found her own Roman Catholic faith forbidden by law and Presbyterianism triumphant. Naturally, the changes did not please Mary, and she planned to restore the old religion. It would, she thought, strengthen her position if she had a husband at her side, and she gave her hand in 1565 to her own cousin, the young Henry Stuart, Lord Darnley, next heir to the throne after the young queen herself. It was Mary's misfortune that Darnley, instead of being a support, proved to be weak and vicious. She had an Italian secretary, Rizzio, whom she made her most intimate adviser. Darnley, vain and ambitious, was eager to be crowned king publicly. This plan Rizzio blocked, with the result that he was murdered almost in Mary's presence in Holyrood Palace, by Darnley and some armed followers. After this Mary is said to have expressed openly her wish to be rid of the worthless Darnley; and to some her wish was a command. On a February night in 1567, the house near Edinburgh where Darnley lay ill was blown up, and he was found dead. The Earl of Bothwell certainly had some share in Darnley's death, but, when tried for the murder, he was acquitted. Then Mary did a startling thing; three months after the murder of her husband, she married Bothwell. Of course this caused a great scandal. Scotland was all aflame. The preachers denounced Mary as a murderess. The Protestant party soon held her as a prisoner, and in 1567 she abdicated, in fear of losing her head if she refused to give up the crown. Her son James, a child a year old, was soon crowned king in his mother's place. Mary was kept a prisoner in Loch Leven Castle, but after ten months she managed to escape. She and her supporters risked a

fight with her foes at Langside, but they were easily defeated, and she managed only by hard riding to escape and to cross the frontier to England. Thus did she fall into the hands of her rival, Elizabeth, in 1568.

Elizabeth refused to see Mary while she was under suspicion of murder, and, meanwhile, held her securely as a prisoner. The captive queen appealed to Roman Catholics to aid her, and not in vain. As in the days of the Pilgrimage of Grace, the north of England was for the old church. There, in 1569, a formidable revolt broke out in favour of the Roman Catholic Mary. For a brief time the mass was restored in Durham Cathedral. The crisis was serious, and only after bloody fighting did it pass. When the revolt was crushed, Elizabeth took stern vengeance and hanged six or seven hundred rebels on village greens in the north. On both sides passions were vehement, and just at this time the Pope, Pius V, hurled his last bolt. In 1570 he excommunicated Elizabeth because she was a heretic, and he declared her subjects freed from all allegiance to her. Henceforth, for those who obeyed the Pope, Mary Stuart, the next claimant after Elizabeth to the throne, was the lawful sovereign of England.

The struggle was now to the death. In 1571 Parliament made terribly severe laws against those who denied allegiance to Elizabeth. To obey the Pope now involved treason to the queen, whom he had declared to be without lawful right to the throne. The Englishman who joined the Church of Rome, and the priest who induced him to do so, were alike liable to a horrible death as traitors, for they could not accept the Pope's authority and be loyal to Elizabeth. Yet, in face of such laws, a college was founded at Douai in France to train priests for work in England. The recently formed Jesuit Society joined in the plan. Dozens of their missionaries were soon at work. Some were caught and went with calm

heroism to their awful death. Elizabeth said that they were punished only for treason and not for their religious views. They said that they were persecuted for their faith. In 1572 the terrible massacre of St. Bartholomew in France, resulting in the butchery of hundreds of Protestants, showed how fierce in other lands, too, was the religious strife.

Plots multiplied. It was necessary to guard even Elizabeth's food; her own physician was executed for trying to poison her. In 1586 Mary Stuart was at Chartley Manor, a place thought specially secure. Just at this time, a new plot led by a priest named Ballard allied with a gentleman named Babington, was on foot to kill Elizabeth. Was it possible to show that Mary had in it a guilty share? By devious ways, Sir Francis Walsingham, one of the queen's ministers, found what was going on. There was a traitor at Chartley, Gilbert Gifford, whom Mary trusted. Letters came to her about the plot, and she sent answers. By Gifford's aid Walsingham saw these letters. Though Mary's words were guarded, Walsingham at least was convinced that she approved of what was planned, and that this involved the murder of Elizabeth. Success in removing Elizabeth would, Mary believed, mean to her liberty and a throne. It was not strange that she should plan to strike down Elizabeth. The base device of murder did not shock that age as it shocks ours.

When Walsingham thought the evidence complete, he had Ballard and Babington arrested. They were tried and promptly executed. What should be done in regard to Mary? She, too, was tried for attempted murder, and the judges pronounced upon her the sentence of death. But it was a startling, an awful thing, to execute a queen. Elizabeth hesitated and delayed. Both Houses of Parliament urged her to sign the death-warrant, and at last she did; but even then she gave no

order to carry out the sentence. She was in an agony of doubt whether such a step might not arouse her enemies to destroy her. To get Mary out of the way, she suggested that Mary's keeper might murder her, and thus save his sovereign from the risk involved in ordering the execution; but the upright keeper's answer was that God and the law forbade murder. Mary was now held in Fotheringay Castle. In February, 1587, Elizabeth's council, without telling the queen of their resolve, sent to inform Mary that she must die the next day. She was beheaded, after nineteen years of captivity, and died bravely, a martyr, she said, for the Roman Catholic faith. She bequeathed her claim to the crown to Philip of Spain, for her son James was a Protestant, and so by her disinherited. Elizabeth declared that she had given no order for Mary's death and wept and raged when she was told about it.

An English Ship Attacking a Spanish Galleon of the Armada

Notice the distinctive ensigns of the ships

5. The Elizabethan Seamen and the Spanish Armada.—Elizabeth did well to fear the results of the execution. The Pope promptly proclaimed a crusade against her and sent his blessing to Philip of Spain, who was to lead the attack. England and Spain were rivals on the sea. Spain had acquired much of the new world of America, rich in precious metals, which the English coveted. Under Henry VIII the English navy had made a new advance. That able monarch had built better ships than England had ever before possessed and had armed them with guns effective at long range. Spain had not yet adopted these changes; her ships still carried small guns, and her method of fighting was to close with the foe and board if possible. The new English type of ship could sail untouched round and round the heavy Spanish vessels and batter them. Early in Elizabeth's reign, the English seamen had found out their advantage; they went to the shores of America, known as the Spanish Main, plundered treasure-ships in time of peace, and did pretty much as they liked.

Sir Francis Drake

Among other things, these "sea-dogs" began the English slave-trade. The Spanish planters in America needed slave labour. English adventurers, like Sir John Hawkins, were only too ready to sail down the coast of Africa, kidnap a cargo of negroes, carry them off, and sell them in Spanish America. All the time Spain forbade any foreigners to trade with her colonies. To her Hawkins was a pirate, to be hanged if caught. Hawkins's nephew, Sir Francis Drake, though he scorned

the brutal trade in slaves, took up the defiance of Spain. Hitherto Spain had had the Pacific coast of America to herself, but in 1578 Drake, in the *Golden Hind,* a ship of only one hundred tons, sailed through the tortuous Strait of Magellan without a pilot. Though swept by a great storm for weeks into the far Southern Sea, he was able, at last, to sail northward along the west coast of America. Here the Spanish were all unprepared, when Drake appeared in their harbours. He seized or burned Spanish ships and was off before they could catch him. Drake kept on northward, intending, in his ignorance, to sail back to the Atlantic by way of the Arctic Sea. When this proved impossible, he struck out across the Pacific, to reach Europe by way of India and the Cape of Good Hope. His daring succeeded; after three years of stirring adventure in sailing round the world, he arrived in England with a great treasure. His name became a terror to Spain; to this day, it is said, troublesome children in Mexico are frightened into quiet by the threat that "Drake is coming." After this English seamen ventured into every sea. Davis and Frobisher tried to reach Asia by means of a passage at the north of America; their names on the map of the Hudson Bay region show still a memory of their efforts. Chancellor tried to reach the east by sailing north of Russia; he went as far as the White Sea and made the beginnings of English trade with Russia. Sir Walter Raleigh began a colony in

Sir Walter Raleigh

Virginia; Sir Humphrey Gilbert raised the English flag in Newfoundland.

With such a spirit in English seamen, war against Spain on the sea was not really dreaded. Elizabeth tried, of course, to explain away lawless doings such as Drake's, but she was not above taking a share of his profits. In other ways she had annoyed Philip. For years he had been trying to crush a revolt of his Protestant subjects in his realm of the Netherlands. In 1584 the leader of this revolt, William of Orange, was murdered. The rebels appealed to Elizabeth to come to their rescue from the Spanish tyrant, and she sent over an army to help them. This, of course, maddened Philip. Then in 1585 Drake and others gave new offence when they sailed once more to America to carry off plunder. At this news Philip seized all the English ships in the ports of Spain, threw the sailors into prison, and tortured and burned many of them as heretics. It was soon after this that Mary Queen of Scots was executed, having bequeathed to Philip her claim to the English crown. Urged on by these many reasons, he made up his mind to throw a vast army into England and to conquer the country, as he said, for God and for himself. He set about the building of a great fleet. Drake heard of it, and in 1587 sailed boldly into the harbour of Cadiz in Spain. While the Spanish looked on helplessly, he destroyed an immense quantity of shipping and got away unscathed, having thus "singed the king of Spain's beard."

Philip went on building his fleet. Some Spaniards called it "The Invincible Armada." At last it was ready to set out, and on July 20th, 1588, the English, watching anxiously, sighted the great array off the Lizard, in the south-west of England. There were a hundred and thirty ships of all sizes, some of them very large. They carried more than thirty thousand men, of

whom about nineteen thousand were soldiers, of no use on the sea until the boarding of the enemy's ships should begin. The Spanish plan was, not merely to land these soldiers in England, but also to carry across from the Netherlands a great force now ready there and led by Philip's general, the Duke of Parma. The English Roman Catholics, it was expected, would rise; Elizabeth would be dethroned, and Philip would be king.

It was certain, however, that the Roman Catholics would not rise. Philip's plan stirred the patriotism of Protestants and Roman Catholics alike, and a united nation was ready to fight him. The English seamen were eager for the fray. For days the Spanish fleet made its heavy way slowly up the channel. The weather was good, and the sea smooth enough for small boats to pass readily from ship to ship. The English Admiral, Lord Howard of Effingham, had fewer fighting ships, yet his sailors were more numerous and better trained than those in the Spanish fleet. Drake and Hawkins were there to dog every movement of the enemy ships. As they keeled over to the wind, the English could hit them, at long range, below the water line, and they sank some vessels and captured others. After a week of fighting, the English by superior sailing, had forced the foe to a bad anchorage off Calais. While the Spanish ships lay there at night, suddenly eight English ships, all on fire, came drifting down among them. To get out of the way quickly enough, some of the Spaniards cut their cables. In the darkness there was something like a panic. When daylight came, the wind had freshened, and the Spaniards could not get back to their anchorage. The English pressed them hard, and, while powder lasted, wrought fearful execution with their guns among the thousands of soldiers crowded on the Spanish decks. The weather was now stormy, and before it the Spaniards fled northward. A good many ships went down with all on

board; some were wrecked on the coast of Scotland; others sailed round Scotland only to meet with disaster on the west coast of Ireland, where the bodies of hundreds of Spaniards were washed up on the shore. Less than half the fleet reached Spain. The disaster is one of the greatest in history. Spain was beaten and, though Philip little thought it, she was henceforth a weak and decaying power. England had triumphed against the most powerful state in Europe. Elizabeth had a medal struck; "God blew with his wind," it said, "and they were scattered."

6. **The Persecution of the Puritans in England.**—Yet all was not well in England. There were three religious divisions—the Church of England, the Roman Catholics, and a new party of the extremer Protestants, strict and austere, and called for this reason Puritans. No one of these parties was ready to tolerate the others; each would have but one church permitted—its own. Whitgift, who became Archbishop of Canterbury in 1583, was a man of wealth; he lived in great state and intended as a ruling prelate to carry out the law in respect to church services. He would punish no one, he said, for his religious views, but he would enforce the law, and the law required every one to attend the services of the Church of England. Those failing to do this were disturbers of the peace, who should be driven out of the realm or, if they remained obstinate, hanged. A new court, called the Court of High Commission, now took in hand the special task of enforcing conformity to the Church of England. Its agents acted as spies upon those who stayed away from the parish churches. Sometimes the great man in a village, the squire, was himself slack, and would gather neighbours secretly in the manor-house, that they might worship God with the simplicity which they found in the New Testament. To us this staying away from the parish church and holding another

service is in no sense a crime, but the law then said that those who did so should be punished, even with death, if they persisted in their course. Whitgift showed his resolution by executing some educated leaders among the Puritans. It was a terrible thing to do, and deep were the Puritan curses against the stern prelate. For Roman Catholics the penalty was death if they attended mass, and the law was enforced with cruel torture and execution. In the days of Elizabeth, religion certainly brought to England not peace, but a sword.

In politics, as in religion, there was unrest in Elizabeth's last days. During her reign Parliament met, on the average, only once in four years, and then for but a few weeks. In many ways Elizabeth was almost absolute. She did not, she declared, in her high Tudor style, summon the members of Parliament in order that they might make new laws; there were laws enough; she wished them to come together, to vote money, and then to disperse. When Parliament showed a desire to correct abuses, she said that she would herself do what was needed, and usually kept her promise. She would not marry; and when Parliament made anxious inquiry as to her successor on the throne, she clapped into prison the hardy member, Sir Peter Wentworth, who had dared to raise the question, and kept him there till he died. Yet, in spite of such checks, the power of the Commons grew. Elizabeth was sensitive to public opinion and kept her hold upon the English by yielding what they were earnest in demanding. But she frankly claimed that her authority, as derived from God, was greater than that of the Parliament. Against this many were ready to protest, and only because her people trusted her was there quiet to the end of her reign.

The great queen's last days were sad and lonely; new forces were active about her which she did not understand. But to her subjects she remained, to the end,

unapproachable in majesty. She had her favourites; for a long time the chief one was Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, whom it was supposed she might marry. Leicester's nephew, Sir Philip Sidney, was also very dear to Elizabeth. A scholar and a poet, he was perhaps the most beautiful character of his time. He gave his life fighting for the Protestant cause in Flanders. As he lay with parched lips, mortally wounded, on the field of battle in Holland, a cup of water was brought to him; but he insisted that a soldier who cast longing eyes on the water should drink it: "Thy necessity," he said, "is greater than mine." Elizabeth outlived older favourites, like Leicester and Sidney. In her later years, the Earl of Essex, a handsome but rash young man, became prominent. He was resolved to be the queen's chief adviser, as Burleigh, now dead, had been in earlier time. She liked his society; but he grew arrogant, and once, for a rude speech, she struck him a sharp blow. He was sent to Ireland to restore order, but did not do what he was told. In the end, thinking that a show of force would drive away others and make him supreme, he led a revolt in London. He failed, was tried, and Elizabeth, at last, in 1601, let him go to the block. The death of her favourite preyed on the old queen's mind. She died in 1603, imperious to the last.

Many were the social changes in Elizabeth's reign. Since the time of Henry VIII, wool had brought a high price, and England had exported great quantities of raw wool. But now the English were becoming skilled artisans. They no longer needed to send their wool abroad to be made into cloth, but could do this work at home. A vast woollen industry grew up. The population increased, and farmers found a keen demand for food, which made it profitable to increase the tillage of the soil and thus employ many labourers. The needs of this class were now considered as never before. Under

Elizabeth, for the first time, were enacted Poor Laws, which required each community to look after its own poor, but in spite of this we read of much suffering by homeless outcasts. Better methods of farming made the soil more productive; an acre produced twice as much as in former times. Wealth increased and so did luxury. There was much dissipation, and the age was extrava-

COSTUMES OF THE TIME OF QUEEN ELIZABETH

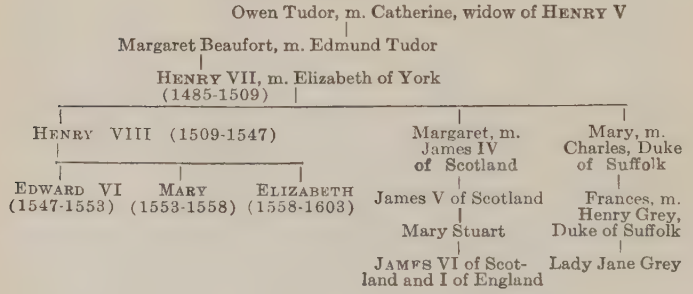
gant. Elizabeth set a bad example by spending great sums upon clothes; at her death three thousand dresses were found in her wardrobe. The style of living changed. In earlier times the nobles lived in dark and cheerless castles, built to be strong against an enemy rather than for comfort. Now, instead of the former narrow slits in thick walls, we find great windows, which let in floods of light and were filled with glass to keep

out wet and cold. The smoke from the fire had formerly escaped through the unglazed windows or through an opening in the roof; now great chimneys were built, with the comfortable chimney corners which became, from this time, a usual feature of an Englishman's home. We hear now, too, of men enjoying before the fireside their pipes of tobacco, brought first from America. Formerly the Englishman had slept on straw, with a block of wood or a bag of chaff for a pillow, but now we find good beds. We find, too, carpets and carved furniture. Soap is still unknown. At table the former wooden spoons have given place to pewter, if not to silver. English sailors on every sea brought home wealth, and London was already becoming the centre of the world's commerce. It had great trading companies, reaching out into all parts of the world. In 1600 was founded the East India Company for carrying on trade in remote India—a Company that was destined in time to bring that vast region under the sway of Britain.

The writers of the age of Elizabeth reached heights hitherto untrodden. Spenser is the first great poet since Chaucer. The title of his *Faerie Queene* has a reference to Elizabeth herself, who inspired in the writers of her time a whole-souled devotion. Spenser is not a story-teller in verse, like Chaucer, but one who delights in the sense of beauty which we find, with so many other things, in the Renaissance. His glory pales before a mightier than he. Shakespeare (1564-1616) is the greatest name of English, perhaps of all, literature. This country-bred boy, who became a London actor, saw, as no one else had seen it, the whole drama of human life. The charm of nature, love, the torments of sin, the questionings as to life's meaning, the beauty of goodness—he knows it all. He tells his story in the form of plays, for thus it was in that age that he could speak to the public; perhaps in our day he

would have written novels. Francis Bacon (1561-1626) took, as he said himself, "all knowledge as his province," and showed a greatness of intellect hardly surpassed even by Shakespeare. These three names are enough to make the age of Elizabeth as glorious for ever in the world of thought as it is in that of action.

THE HOUSE OF TUDOR


Owen Tudor, m. Catherine, widow of HENRY V
Margaret Beaufort, m. Edmund Tudor
HENRY VII, m. Elizabeth of York (1485-1509)
HENRY VIII (1509-1547)
EDWARD VI (1547-1553)
MARY (1553-1558)
ELIZABETH (1558-1603)
Margaret, m. James IV of Scotland
James V of Scotland
Mary Stuart
JAMES VI of Scotland and I of England
Mary, m. Charles, Duke of Suffolk
Frances, m. Henry Grey, Duke of Suffolk
Lady Jane Grey

CHAPTER IX

THE GREAT CIVIL WAR

1. Conflict of James I with English Opinion.— When Elizabeth died, the nation had reached a crisis in its history. A new, free spirit was working in the minds of Englishmen. There were now many country gentlemen, well-to-do, highly educated, keenly Protestant in religion, and intensely in earnest. It had needed all Elizabeth's skill to keep this class quiet under her despotic ways. But she was English to the core, and she and her people understood each other. Now the Tudor line had died out, and a foreigner, James I, son of Mary Stuart, was the heir to the throne. (See Table, p. 184.) One thing pleased the English. They had long desired union with Scotland, and this seemed now assured, for the two lands had the same king. But a Scot, coming from the smaller state to rule the larger one, needed great tact, and tact was precisely what James did not possess.

JAMES I

James made a slow progress from Edinburgh to London, and the English had time to take measure of their new king. He was hardly impressive, and they were soon laughing at his strange accent, his restless, boorish

manners, loud voice, and sprawling gait. He was indeed well read, and often very shrewd, but he did not inspire confidence. Henry IV of France called him "the wisest fool in Christendom." James thought that now, a powerful king, he might do what he liked. On his way to London he ordered a thief, caught in the act, to be hanged at once, without trial—a deed that shocked his new subjects, for even Henry VIII executed no one without some kind of lawful warrant. In contrast with his poverty in Scotland, he seemed now to have boundless wealth. He treated the public revenues as his private property, gave away large sums, and, as a result, was always heavily in debt. To get money he was soon selling peerages—something which the crown had never done before, and he even created a new hereditary title, that of baronet, in order to make a profit by selling it.

The question of religion was pressing. England had been Roman Catholic under Mary and Protestant again under Elizabeth. Should it change under James? The Puritans hoped much from a king reared as a Scottish Presbyterian; the Roman Catholics expected the martyred Mary Stuart's son to stand with them; while the Anglican bishops were sure that James would maintain Elizabeth's policy. James found England vastly different from Scotland. In Scotland, Melville, the Presbyterian leader, had plucked him by the sleeve and called him "God's silly vassal," who must, in religious matters, obey God's ministers. But in England, when the bishops addressed him, they fell on their knees and treated him with the deference due to one who, for them, was ruler of church and state and spoke by the inspiration of the Holy Ghost. Naturally James liked this attitude. He rebuked the Puritans, let the Roman Catholics see that they had nothing to hope, and threw himself into the arms of the bishops. "No bishop, no king," he said; he and they should stand or fall together.

At a conference at Hampton Court in 1604, James did one good thing. The English translation of the Bible then in use was out of date, and he ordered a new version to be made—that noble Authorized Version which appeared in 1611, and which we still read. But James and the bishops did other things not so good. They were resolved to make the Puritans conform or to harry them out of the land, and to crush also the Roman Catholics. The age was already gentler than that of Elizabeth, and James put no one to death because of his religion. But many Puritans found life made so intolerable that they left England, while well-to-do Roman Catholics who would not conform, had to pay heavy fines—money that James was glad to pocket. In time, some of the extreme Roman Catholics thought to destroy him. They prepared to blow up the king and the peers on November 5th, 1605, when Parliament should meet. They then would seize the young heir to the throne, rear him as a Roman Catholic, and, meanwhile, have a Catholic regency. It was a wild scheme, frowned upon by the wiser Roman Catholics. The government got wind of it. At the last moment Guy Fawkes was arrested in the cellar of the House of Lords, making final preparations for the explosion; the other conspirators were hunted down, and many were killed or executed. As a result of this stupid plot, the laws against the Roman Catholics were made more severe, and for two centuries their lot was indeed hard.

Soon James had to deal with political as well as religious discontent. With his head half-turned by his new position, he talked wildly about his "divine right" as king. He was, he said, above all law; he might alter the law as he liked; that he should have absolute power was a decree of God which it were atheism and blasphemy to dispute. He scoffed openly at Parliament and said that it was for him to name the members of the House of

Commons. When they claimed the right to discuss any subject they liked, James sent for their books and tore out with his own hand the record of this claim. The king's voice was, he said, the voice of God. We can imagine the stern resentment of the earnest, educated men in the Commons, who heard these claims, and their deep resolve to fight them. James levied customs on his own authority, and, when the matter was appealed to the courts, he bullied the judges until they decided in his favour; even the great Bacon, the lord chancellor, sided with him. James dismissed judges who would not do as he wished. He forbade the sale of books which opposed his views of his powers. He granted monopolies of trade; when Elizabeth's power to do this had been attacked, she had promised redress, but James would make no concession. Even his subjects' money, he said, belonged to him, and he used often to say boastfully that he might take it as he liked. Once at a table he asked Bishops Neile and Andrewes if this was not true. "God forbid, sir, but you should," said Neile; "you are the breath of our nostrils." Andrewes, less of a courtier, was silent, and, when James pressed for an answer, would only say that, since his brother Neile had offered his money to James, he might take it. The foolish urging of such a question shows how tactless was James. With him the theory of divine right had become a mania.

He had one good servant in Robert Cecil, Earl of Salisbury, son of Elizabeth's Burleigh. But Cecil died in 1612. A little later, young George Villiers, a rising courtier, won favour, and James raised him, in time, to the high rank of Duke of Buckingham and made him the real ruler of England. Buckingham was amusing and clever and saved the indolent James from unwelcome work; but he was a frivolous man, who soon had the proud, serious leaders of the Puritan party in bitter

opposition to him. There was much corruption at the court. Bacon was found guilty of the meanness of taking bribes while acting as judge, and in 1621 was dismissed and fined.

At home and abroad stormy days were coming. In 1618 began the terrible Thirty Years' War—a prolonged and bloody strife between the Roman Catholic and Protestant parties in Germany. James's son-in-law, a German prince, Frederick, the Elector Palatine, was involved in the war as a champion of Protestantism. James thought he could do something to bring about peace. Spain supported the Roman Catholic side, and he thought he might influence Spain if his heir, Charles, married a Spanish princess. But Spain proved a hard bargainer. The persecution of Roman Catholics must, she said, cease in England. James must punish, too, one of his subjects who had offended her. Sir Walter Raleigh, the last of the great Elizabethan courtiers, had recently led an expedition to America to hunt for gold. There his force had attacked and killed some Spaniards, and in a rage Spain now demanded that Raleigh should be sent to Madrid to be hanged. This James would have done, but the outcry in England was such that he could only do what was nearly as bad—he himself sent the gray-haired old man to the block in 1618. The Spanish marriage did not take place. Charles and Buckingham made a romantic journey to Madrid, but came back

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM
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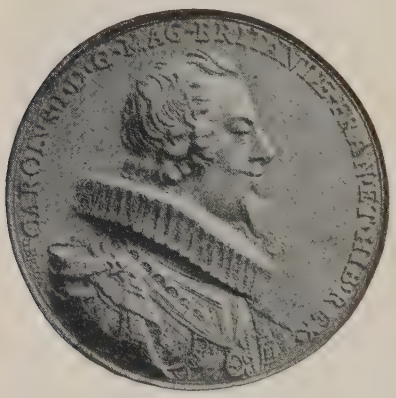
angry at Spain's arrogance and eager for war. This war with Spain darkened the last days of James. Charles and Buckingham took all power out of his hands, and in 1625 the helpless old king died, with troubles rising all about him.

2. The Quarrel of Charles I with the Puritans and the House of Commons.—The young king, Charles I, was handsome and carried himself with great dignity. He had read much, especially on church questions; he liked music, was an excellent judge of pictures, industrious, frugal in spending money, pure in life, and modest in speech. He was manly, too, and could play tennis or ride a horse in the tilting-yard as well as any one. Charles seemed, in truth, every inch a king, but he had a narrow and obstinate mind. Any one differing from him he thought not only mistaken but wicked. He had one supreme idea —that the government was no affair of the people or of Parliament, and that the king alone must rule. From the thought that this was God's will, threats, revolt, disaster, could not move him; this view he uttered with his dying breath. Charles married Henrietta Maria of France, daughter of that Henry IV who had been leader of the Protestants and had become a Roman Catholic. The young queen was only sixteen years old; she was frivolous and extravagant, and she



CHARLES I
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despised the two things most sacred at this time to many of the English leaders—Parliament and Puritanism. Her brother, Louis XIII of France, with the great Cardinal Richelieu at his right hand, was absolute in his realm, and she was always urging Charles to be like him. At heart Charles was as Protestant as his subjects, but he hated rugged, plain-spoken Puritanism. Parliament, too, he was resolved, should have no share in carrying on the government.

Among the English a new spirit of independence was abroad, and, of course, with a king claiming to be despotic, trouble began at once. Buckingham was at Charles's side, spending as he liked the taxes which England paid. As if war with Spain was not enough, Charles went to war with his own brother-in-law, the king of France, in behalf of the Huguenots, whom Richelieu was resolved to crush. Every effort went wrong, and for it all Buckingham was blamed by the members of the English Parliament. An expedition to Germany in aid of James I's son-in-law, the Elector Palatine, was so badly planned that the English soldiers died on the way by thousands from famine and disease. An attack on Cadiz, in Spain, failed as disastrously. In France there was the same story. In 1627 Buckingham led in person an army to help the Huguenots and besieged La Rochelle in France, but again was there the old story of failure, of death to thousands of Englishmen, and of vast sums of money wasted. Parliament grew frantic against the favourite; but the more he was attacked, the more did the blind Charles cling to him. "I will not allow any of my servants to be questioned among you," he said to the Parliament; he told the members that they might meet only while he willed it, and that he could rule England without them. In the House of Commons sat men who knew their English history, and that the time had been when a Lancastrian

king had changed, not merely officers of state, but even his private confessor, at the demand of the Commons; it was maddening that now, two hundred years later, the king should scornfully deny their right even to criticise his ministers, and that Buckingham should sneer at them to their faces.

Sir John Eliot, a man of ancient family, a scholar of lofty mind and deep Puritan faith, had come to the front as leader of the House of Commons. Eliot held that the House was free to debate any subject it liked, and to attack wrong-doing even in those whom the king chose to put in office. No one now denies that the House has such powers, but the Tudor rulers had always named to office and controlled the ministers of state; Elizabeth would not have admitted any interference by Parliament with her ministers, nor now would Charles admit it. One day in 1626 there was a memorable scene in the Commons. In a passionate speech Eliot attacked the evils of the time, and then passed on to declare that the remedy was the removal of Buckingham. The Speaker intervened. He was commanded, he said, to permit no attacks on the king's ministers. The House was at once aroused, and the members showed bitter anger that even in their own Chamber they were not to have the right of free speech. John Pym, another high-souled leader like Eliot, rose to speak in protest, but emotion choked his utterance. On that eventful day many of those strong men wept. Their own lives were at stake, for it was a dire thing to beard a king. Much blood was indeed to flow and many heads were to fall before the issue was fought to the end.

Charles went on extorting money, arresting persons who displeased him, forcing the people to lodge in their houses the very soldiers whom he was ready to use against the nation's rights. At last in 1628 Parliament drew up a Petition of Right. It asserted three chief

claims: no tax might be levied without consent of Parliament; no one might be imprisoned unless the charge against him was clearly stated; the king might not billet soldiers in private houses. To this petition, Charles, hard pressed for funds, gave his formal consent, but he made no real change in his policy. Parliament, however, voted the money which he urgently needed. Soon Charles received a great blow, for Buckingham was murdered, in 1628, by an assassin named Felton. But his death caused no change in Charles's policy. He was soon going on as if the Petition of Right did not exist. In 1629, when the House was about to pass a protest against his course, the Speaker said that he had the king's order to adjourn. But when the Speaker tried to leave the chair, he was held in his seat by angry members, and the doors were locked, while Eliot read out, and the House passed, resolutions declaring an enemy of the country any one supporting changes in its religion or levying taxes without the consent of Parliament. The chief actors in this scene found the king's hand heavy. Eliot and others were thrown into prison. Soon it was clear that Eliot was dying of consumption, but Charles would allow him no relief unless he would admit himself at fault. He died in the Tower, and the king would not even permit the body to be taken home for burial. Unchanging and relentless, Charles was now so eager to show that he could get on without Parliament that he dissolved it, and for eleven years he ruled England as a despot.

To us it seems impossible that final victory could have been with Charles. Yet earnest men believed that he would triumph and that liberty was dead in England. To some of these it seemed best to seek a new home across the sea. Already, under James I, the English had begun to found colonies in America. In 1607 they made a settlement in Virginia, which, after passing through

great hardships, became prosperous by raising tobacco with the labour of negro slaves—the beginning of the terrible slavery question which was later to cause a civil war in the United States. A little later, English Puritans, chiefly of the humble class, whose lives were made wretched by the harrying of James I, founded the colony of Plymouth in the rugged north. They had fled first to Holland, but at last, in 1620, one hundred of them sailed to America in a ship, the *Mayflower,* which they had chartered. Hard as was the life in America of these pioneers, men of means and education began now to ask whether it would not be better to follow them than to live enslaved in England. In 1630 not fewer than one thousand people went out to found the colony of Massachusetts Bay. Thousands of others followed within the next few years; and thus grew up that New England which has played so vital a part in the history of North America.

John Hampden

3. Hampden, Laud, and Strafford.—Some dauntless men were resolved to stay at home and carry on the fight. Chief among these stands John Hampden. A man of education, of means, and of ancient family, he might easily have become a peer in the days when James I was scattering freely such honours, and under Charles he had open to him the career of a successful courtier. He was a great land-owner, a student of law and history, and by nature a gentle, tactful man, much loved by his associates and respected by his opponents.

It was deep conviction which made this stately gentleman, the most popular man in the House of Commons, fight the king's policy. In olden times the king had secured the right, when danger threatened, to call on the coast towns to furnish ships and men for their defence. Charles now used this old right and extended it to apply to inland counties. In 1635 he required Buckinghamshire, a county lying remote from the sea, to build, equip, and man for six months a ship of four hundred and fifty tons, or in default to pay in cash the sum of four thousand five hundred pounds. Hampden lived in Buckinghamshire. When a small property of his was charged with a tax of twenty shillings for this "ship-money," he refused to pay. For this he was brought to trial. After a hard legal fight, judgment was given against him. This verdict, rendered by judges afraid of dismissal if they offended the king, led many to see that, if the judges were right, a man could not call his property his own, but might be made to give it to the king, as in the bad days of Edward IV. Hampden was soon famous. Other leaders who stood with him, such as John Pym and Oliver Cromwell, were men of education and position. John Milton, not merely the greatest poet, but the best scholar, of his time, was whole-souled for their cause. And with them religion was allied with the love of liberty; they had intense belief in the Puritan doctrines which Charles was trying to put down.

Charles found two resolute men, Laud and Strafford, to lead in carrying out his plans. William Laud, who became Archbishop of Canterbury in 1633, was devout and earnest, but also cold and narrow. While he disliked Puritan teaching, he was himself, like the Puritans, severe in enforcing moral discipline. The Church of England then had powers which she no longer possesses; she could inflict severe penalties on members guilty of

scandalous living, and she could enforce attendance at her services. Laud punished men of evil life, but with equal zeal he hunted down Puritans who merely stayed away from the parish church or held unlawful religious meetings. It would strike us to-day as strange if a prominent man were dragged before a court because he had attended some religious service other than that of his parish; yet in 1634 this had happened to Hampden, and he had been warned not to repeat his offence. The law required attendance at church, and Laud, in his narrow zeal, was resolved to enforce the law. He desired dignity, reverence, uniformity, in public worship. The communion table had stood lengthwise in the body of the church, a receptacle often for coats and hats; Laud ordered its removal to the chancel, where, placed "altar-wise," it was saved from such irreverence by a protective railing.

Laud was fearless and severe. He haled before the tyrannical Court of High Commission founded by Elizabeth, and punished heavily, clergy who kept up Puritan practices. Worse still were the punishments of the Star Chamber, a court used by Henry VII to punish lawless nobles and now abused by Laud to punish Puritans. No doubt some of the Puritans urged extreme views. Prynne, a learned lawyer, denounced in violent language as ungodly the wearing of long hair by men—a fashion of the time; he denounced, too, stage plays, especially when women took part in them. It so happened that the queen had acted recently in a play at court, and Prynne was brought before the Star Chamber for reviling her. His punishment was cruel indeed; besides being fined five thousand pounds, he was sentenced to have his ears cut off. When he repeated his offence, the court sent him to prison for life and ordered that the letters "S.L.," for "seditious libeller," should be branded on his cheeks. Whipping, putting in the pillory, the slitting of noses, and the cutting off of

ears, were well-known penalties under Laud as punishments for Puritans. The age had outgrown such punishments for matters of opinion, but he saw it not. The heart of the nation turned against him, and time was soon to bring a dreadful day of reckoning.

THOMAS WENTWORTH
First Earl of Strafford

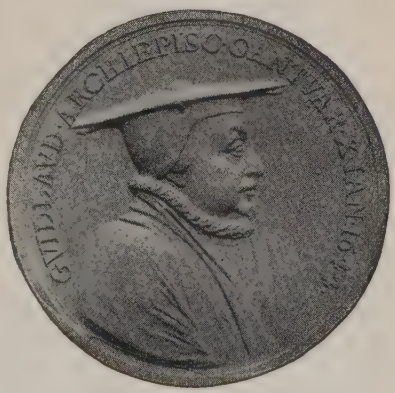
To Thomas Wentworth, in time to be made Earl of Strafford, was given the task of making real Charles's power in the state. He was an extensive land-owner in the north of England, a rough, strong man, keen for good government. He saw that in France Richelieu was able to keep order by making the king absolute, and he came, in time, to think that such a system would work well in England. He and Pym had been friends, but when Wentworth took high office at the king's hands, he broke with Pym. Wentworth was the enemy of disorder wherever found, and there was so much of it in Ireland that in 1633 he went there at the king's command and remained six or seven years. Henry VII, as we have seen, had brought Ireland under English control by Poynings's Law. But the quarrel of Henry VIII with the church had caused new trouble to that unhappy country. Though the Irish were untouched by any desire for religious change, this had not mattered to Henry VIII. He had desolated the Irish monasteries and overthrown the authority of the Pope in Ireland. When some of the Irish revolted, Henry's answer had been to confiscate their lands. He was the first English ruler to assume the title of King of Ireland. The English had little knowledge of Ireland. Even

Queen Mary, who had no quarrel with the faith of the Irish, thought that the best way to settle a difficult problem was to colonize Ireland with English. It was she who began this work, and of course her settlers were expected to be Roman Catholics. When the English became Protestant under Elizabeth, the Protestant system was forced on Ireland. No attempt was made to educate the Irish in the new views. An Act of Parliament simply said that only the Protestant faith would be tolerated, and the Irish were expected to submit. When revolts broke out, they were crushed with horrible butchery, and the land of the rebels was confiscated and given to Protestant colonists who settled in the country. The same thing had happened under James I, when a great many English and Scottish Protestants had settled in Ulster in the north of Ireland. Of course, the native Irish disliked these new-comers, who treated them as if they were savages. When Wentworth went to Ireland, he found bitter strife between the old and the new elements. Soon he was master of all classes; he forced the Roman Catholic land-owners and their people, Ulster Protestants, traders, every one, to obey him. The Irish Parliament did what the stern Lord Deputy demanded. He made good laws, encouraged trade, and gave Ireland a prosperity which she had never had before. But he was a despot. He called his system "Thorough." Its chief feature was a large army to enforce his will; let men oppose him if they dare! Every lawless element in Ireland trembled and obeyed the rigorous Englishman.

Wentworth intended what he did in Ireland to be an object lesson to Charles of what might be done in England. Charles must show Parliament that he was master, and if the worst came to the worst, he must have an army to crush all opposition. Master, Charles tried to be. For eleven long years he ruled with no Parliament to check his will. He raised money in

startling ways. James had forbidden the further extension of London, thinking it already big enough; Charles made those who had built beyond the borders named by James pay sums equal to three years' rent, or have their houses torn down. For petty offences he inflicted heavy fines. He forced his subjects to lend him money and had no intention of repaying it. In defiance of law he granted to favoured persons the sole right to trade in wine, soap, and salt, and made a profit out of the grants. But all the money he could get still left him poor, and in the end he must do one of two things—openly claim the full power to tax his people, as Louis XIII claimed it, or again call together Parliament to grant him money.

4. **The Long Parliament and the Fall of Strafford and Laud.**—It was Charles's plans for Scotland that brought the struggle to a head. He was its king, too, and though its people were Presbyterians, he intended to force the same church system on both realms. But little did he realize the strength of the Scots to resist him. Its resolute Presbyterians grew angry when, in 1633, he was crowned in Scotland by Anglican rites, with vestments, candles, altar, and crucifix. The next step came in 1636, when Charles, inspired by Laud, issued "Canons"—laws for the church, requiring, among other things, that Scotland should use a Prayer Book modelled



Archbishop Laud
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on that of England. The Scottish Church was to be ruled by bishops, and the king was to have power even to regulate the dress of the clergy. Great was the ferment, and when on July 23rd, 1637, the new Prayer Book was first used in St. Giles's Church, Edinburgh, there came outcry and riot, begun, tradition says, by the loud protests of a woman named Jenny Geddes, who threw a stool at the officiating priest with the cry, "Would you say mass at my lug?" The tumult spread all over Scotland. But Charles would yield nothing. Petitions against the Prayer Book should, he said, be punished as treason. It was an old practice of the Scots to bind themselves to stand together to the death in a cause they loved, and now they made such a Covenant to defend their religious system. They were intensely in earnest. Rugged men shed tears as they signed the Covenant, and some, it is said, signed it with their blood. When the General Assembly of the Church met in November, 1638, it defied Charles and abolished alike his bishops and his liturgy. These Charles in his folly was still resolved to force upon Scotland at the point of the sword. The Scots, too, armed, and in 1639 the king was face to face with war.

Would the English help Charles to force upon Scotland a system which many English hated? This was the great question. Wentworth, now brought from Ireland and made Earl of Strafford, advised Charles to abandon the policy which had endured for eleven long years and to call a Parliament. This he did in April, 1640. But it would grant no money unless he gave up his designs in regard to religion—something that he would never do, and he dissolved it. The crisis was near. In August, 1640, actual war broke out with the Scots. General Leslie, with an army of twenty thousand Scots, crossed the Tweed into England and defeated Charles at Newburn. The king's position was now desperate. To

humble these arrogant and active Scots, he must have money and men. It was clear, too, that he must go to the English Parliament for the money. So at last Charles again called Parliament. It was to meet in November, 1640. The members who sat now in the Commons, men such as Hampden, Pym, and Cromwell, taught by eleven years of despotism, saw that they must take strong steps to save their liberties. Hitherto Charles had dismissed the Commons if they displeased him. Now they were resolved that this should not happen again, and, before they would grant any money, they demanded the king's assent to a bill, providing that the Parliament should not be dissolved without its own consent. It was a revolutionary step, for it meant that Parliament could sit as long as it liked, in defiance, not only of the king, but of the nation. Yet Charles, in his distress for money, was obliged to yield for the time, though he hoped some day to regain what he had lost. Thus was created the "Long Parliament," which survived for twenty years and brought Charles himself to the block.

Strafford was planning to impeach Pym for his plotting with the Scots, a foreign nation, against the king. But, instead, Strafford quickly found himself impeached by his former friend. Pym was in deadly earnest. Without doubt Strafford had planned to conquer England with troops from Ireland, and Pym was resolved to have his head. He knew that, if he failed, Strafford would strike with an army and that his own head would fall. Pym led the Parliament to strike first, and it sent Strafford to the Tower. There, too, it now sent Laud, and Charles had no power to resist these blows. Life was the stake for which these earnest, angry men were playing. Strafford's enemies, impatient of a slow trial of Strafford for treason in plotting to use armed force against the Parliament, forced through Parliament a Bill of Attainder declaring him guilty. It was a quick

but a drastic and unjust means of getting him out of the way, due to Pym's fear that Strafford, with an army in Ireland at his command, might be able to make a swift and destructive counterstroke. Such an Act of Parliament required the consent of Charles. Would he sign it? He had promised Strafford that no harm

CHARLES I DEMANDING THE ARREST OF THE FIVE MEMBERS OF PARLIAMENT
SPEAKER LENTHALL KNEELING

should come to him, and Strafford had put his trust in a king's word. But now a London mob was howling for Strafford's life. Civil war was imminent if the king did not yield at once, and Strafford nobly told Charles to sacrifice him and make peace with his people. In

the end the king assented to the Bill. On a May day in 1641, in the presence of a vast multitude, Strafford was beheaded. Laud lingered on in prison, but in 1645 he, too, was executed.

Blood had been shed, and now it was clear that the struggle would be deadly. The Commons pressed the king hard. Pym prepared an outspoken "Grand Remonstrance"—a startling paper. It accused Charles of many misdeeds and demanded that henceforth he should dismiss ministers who had not the confidence of Parliament. It demanded, too, that an Assembly of Divines should be called to settle church questions. After heated debate, the Commons passed the Remonstrance, but by a majority of only eleven, and sent it to Charles. The Tudor tradition of a king who really ruled was still strong, and it was now clear that a good many, both of the Lords and of the Commons, did not wish to go to extremes. Charles saw this, and in January, 1642, did a very foolish thing. He impeached Pym, Hampden, and three other members for high treason and went in person to seize them. He strode into the House of Commons surrounded by courtiers with swords drawn, and took his seat on the throne. The five members had fled, but the House that faced him was angry at the outrage on their privileges. Both sides were now arming, and when on August 22nd, 1642, Charles raised the royal standard at Nottingham, a terrible civil war had begun.

5. **The Civil War.**—The struggle was to be to the death. Families were broken up; father fought against son, brother against brother. A battle usually meant first a charge of cavalry, and in the end hand to hand fighting with sword and pike. The slaughter was fearful; a quarter of those engaged on each side were sometimes killed. Yet in England, though not in Ireland nor in Scotland, there was little of massacre and outrage; the fighting was fair and open; the victors cared tenderly

for the wounded on both sides, and sometimes the leaders exchanged courteous regrets that the fortunes of war had pitted them, perhaps former neighbours, against each other. Charles was strong in the north and west, Parliament in the south and east. London, a city with half a million people, stood always with the Parliament. Many hoped that a single battle would settle the issue; instead there were six long years of war. Most of the Lords stood by Charles. But not a few were on the

Costumes of the Time of the Civil War

other side; the Earl of Essex, son of Elizabeth's favourite, was the first leader of the army of the Parliament. The Royalists called themselves "Cavaliers." Their leaders wore the fashionable long hair of the time and sneered at the other side as "Roundheads," as if all had the cropped hair, worn, as yet, only by the common people; in fact, the Puritan leaders dressed like other gentlemen of the period. On the king's side no great soldier comes to the front, except perhaps his

nephew, Prince Rupert, son of his sister Elizabeth This youth of twenty-three, able, and the soul of honour, proved a dashing cavalry leader. On the side of the Parliament one great leader in time appeared—Oliver Cromwell, an English country gentleman, who knew nothing of war till at forty-two he became a soldier. Within three years, he was one of the greatest military leaders England had known. John Pym—'King Pym" as some called him—was no soldier; he led the Parliament until his untimely death in 1643. John Hampden was killed in a trifling skirmish early in the war.

Oliver Cromwell

In order to have an ally in their great struggle, the Parliament early in the war came to terms with the Scots—terms hard enough, for the English made with the Scots a "Solemn League and Covenant" that Presbyterianism should be the faith of both nations and that no other faith should be tolerated. To-day it seems to us strange that England could have been thought to be Presbyterian at heart. Many on the side of Parliament disliked this bargain, and it was to prove in time a source of serious division. Oliver Cromwell himself never accepted the Presbyterian system. But for the time it triumphed. In 1643 the long-talked-of Assembly of Divines began to meet in Westminster Abbey to discuss religious questions; the "Westminster Confession," which it drew up as a creed for both England and Scotland, is still the creed of the Presbyterian Church.

The first battle of the war was at Edgehill near Oxford, in October, 1642, where Essex met Charles. Though neither side gained a victory, the hard fighting showed how stern would be the war. Oxford was Charles's headquarters, and his great aim was to take London. In pursuit of this aim he fought many battles, and though Marston Moor near York, July, 1644, was a bad defeat, which lost him the north, he gained enough to make a good many on the side of Parliament fear that he could never be beaten. Then to oppose him came forward, at last, the strong man. Oliver Cromwell proved to be a great cavalry leader, and he inspired his men—"Ironsides" as they were called—with his own fiery religious zeal. In 1645 he declared that the whole army must be organized on a "New Model." The men, instead of being ill-paid, must be well-paid, and must be bound to serve until the war should end. He induced Parliament to pass a Self-denying Ordinance, requiring every member to resign any command he might hold, so that only those thoroughly efficient need be kept. Under this provision, Essex stepped out and was succeeded by Sir Thomas Fairfax, a good soldier, with the greater Cromwell at his elbow in command of the cavalry. No sooner were the changes made than at Naseby in Northamptonshire, in June, 1645, this "New Model Army" struck Charles a terrific blow, which so shattered his cause that even the dauntless Rupert advised him to make peace.

PRINCE RUPERT

The cause of Charles was, in truth, lost. Half of his officers were now either dead or prisoners. In Scotland, with dreadful massacres of even women and children, the Royalists, led by the Marquis of Montrose, were crushed by the stern Presbyterians. During the year 1646 Oxford, Bristol, and every other Royalist stronghold in England surrendered. But none of these things moved Charles. He still believed that England could not live without a king, that he was necessary to all parties, and must in the end win. The English army, he knew, disliked the Presbyterianism of the Scots, and he thought he could pit English and Scots against each other. Accordingly, in April, 1646, he rode into the camp of the Scots in the north of England, counting on the respect of men who held the Stuart kingship in awe. But the Scots soon let him understand that he was less their king than their prisoner. England owed them arrears of pay for their soldiers, and in 1647 they agreed to withdraw to their own country when the debt was paid, and they handed Charles over to the English Parliament. Even now, hardly a jot would the king yield. He was held at Holmby House in Northamptonshire, a prisoner in reality, obliged to hear grave Presbyterian discourses on Sundays, but in many ways treated as an honoured guest. He had still many strings to his bow. His queen, Henrietta Maria, absent in France, promised help from the Continent. The Scots and the English would, he

HENRIETTA MARIA

knew, soon quarrel, and he kept up intrigues with both sides. The Scots and the English did quarrel. Cromwell and other English army leaders were "Independents;" they thought each congregation should worship God as it liked; while the Scots wished to force their rigid Presbyterian system on every one. Since the two forces could not work together, the English soon paid off the Scots, who went home bitter at heart against the English army, which would not stand by the Solemn League and Covenant.

With glee Charles now saw a quarrel break out between the English Parliament and the army. With the king a prisoner, the war seemed to be over, and Parliament wished to disband the army. But it could not or would not meet the heavy arrears of pay; and it would not give up the Covenant and grant the measure of religious toleration which the army leaders demanded. The army soon took matters into its own hands. The first thing was to secure the person of the king. One day there arrived at Holmby House five hundred cavalry under Cornet Joyce; he carried off the king to Newmarket, the prisoner now, not of the Parliament, but of the army. Life was made smooth for Charles. He now was allowed to have the church service which he liked. But these courtesies only helped to make him stubborn. Still would he yield nothing; the people, he said, must obey him, God's anointed; the Church of England was the true church, which must be restored to its former place. He carried on many secret intrigues. No one could trust him. At last, trying to secure his freedom, he escaped and took refuge in the Isle of Wight, but there found himself held prisoner at Carisbrooke Castle. His intrigues went on with such success that in the summer of 1648 the Royalists in England again took up arms, and a Scottish army invaded England, this time to help, not the Parliament, but the king, who gave them

some vague pledge, which he did not intend to keep, that he would support Presbyterianism.

6. **The Second Civil War and the Execution of Charles I.**—By these events the army leaders were driven to a final stern resolve. They met at Windsor, held an all-day prayer-meeting, and, as a result, vowed solemnly, if victors, to hold Charles Stuart, that "man

Battles of the Civil War

of blood," to a stern account for the renewed war. Victors they were. In England the Royalists were everywhere shattered, and now their leaders, when taken, were shot pitilessly, as rebels guilty of treason against a lawful government. Cromwell marched to the north, met the Scots at Preston, in August, 1648, and with his "Ironsides" inflicted on them a terrible defeat,

slaughtering many and carrying off ten thousand prisoners. It was a staggering blow to the Presbyterians, who had still demanded that every one in England, Scotland, and Ireland should conform to their church.

What should be done with Charles Stuart? In November, Ireton, Cromwell's son-in-law, tried to persuade Charles to yield control of the state to Parliament, but the king would yield nothing. Then the army resolved on extreme measures and took matters into its own hands. On December 6th, 1648, Colonel Pride stood at the door of the House of Commons and turned away, or arrested, the leading Presbyterians likely to block the army's plans. After "Pride's Purge," there was no one in Parliament to oppose the will of the army, and now its will was to destroy Charles Stuart. Some held back, among them, for a time, Cromwell himself, for it seemed an awful thing to take the king's life. But Charles had learned nothing and could be bound by nothing, and now these grim men were resolved to put him out of the way, as they had put Strafford and Laud out of the way, in the silence of the grave. Of course the king must be tried. We may wonder that the army did not try him by martial law and shoot him, as they had shot others in arms against the Parliament. But they decided, unwisely, to create a civil tribunal set up by Parliament for the purpose. The Lords, horrified by the pace at which things were moving, would not hear of trying the king, and the Commons acted alone. They named a tribunal of about one hundred and fifty persons. Of these nearly two thirds would not act. Fairfax, still leader of the army, would have no part in the king's trial; it was his second in command, Oliver Cromwell, who pressed on to the bitter end the quarrel with the king. At his trial Charles bore himself with scornful dignity. No court, he said, had any right to try him, a ruler. In these last days he carried himself with regal dignity. Some sixty

men signed his death-warrant, and on January 30th, 1649, came the final scene. It was a cold, bleak day. Charles put on two shirts, lest he might shiver and so seem afraid. A great crowd gathered around Whitehall. At two in the afternoon, having been kept waiting for hours, Charles stepped out on a balcony, and there, in the sight of an awestruck multitude, he was beheaded. The army cheered, but the crowd groaned, and without doubt horror was the feeling of the great mass of Englishmen. Never before, in all of England's troubled history, had passions gone so far as to bring the sovereign to the block.

CHAPTER X

THE COMMONWEALTH AND THE PROTECTORATE

1. The Union of Ireland and Scotland with England.—A long and bitter struggle had ended in the execution of the king. The nation was profoundly shocked; it did not approve. The deed had been done by a few determined men with a trained army at their back. Many former friends of the Puritan cause drew back, and in the House of Commons now sat usually fewer than a hundred members. Most of these had been elected eight or nine years earlier to the Long Parliament, and it was this so-called "Rump" which now carried through a sweeping revolution. They abolished the kingship and declared England a Commonwealth; they abolished, also, the House of Lords. For the time two of the most venerable of English institutions disappeared. The only power left to make laws for England was the House of Commons, from which all were excluded who condemned the execution of the king. The Rump named a Council of State, to consist of forty-one persons, most of whom were members of the Commons, and these men ruled England. The Commons planned to keep everything in its own control. Yet it was not really free. In the background stood the army, whose leaders watched Parliament closely and were resolved that it should obey their will. It was Oliver Cromwell who now led the army, for Fairfax had retired, angry at the execution of the king. In such a time of upheaval there were many parties. Republicans wanted no semblance of kingship; "Levellers" wished a pure democracy in which every man should have a vote; "Fifth Monarchy" men would have a king for what they called the fifth and last of

earth's great monarchies, but he was to be a spiritual king, Jesus Christ. The truth is that the great mass of Englishmen wished to restore the old kingship, but for eleven years they were kept in check by military force.

Ireland was in a chaos of war. In 1641, on the eve of the civil war in England, a terrible revolt of the Irish against English rule had broken out in Ulster, where English and Scotch colonists had been planted under James I. The native Irish had always resented the presence of these intruders, to whom they had been hewers of wood and drawers of water; and, when Strafford's strong hand was removed, they only waited for their hour of revenge. The hatred on each side was savage, and the rebels committed terrible outrages. They drove refined women naked from their homes to die in the wintry cold, and they killed many children. The real facts are bad enough, but exaggerated reports reached England, which aroused a passion for revenge. The better classes of the Irish Roman Catholics condemned the excesses of the ignorant rebels of Ulster, but no one of their faith had anything to hope for from the fiery Puritans of England. After the execution of Charles I, most of Ireland, in harmony with the real opinion of England, accepted his heir, Charles II, as king. The Rump saw that this movement must be checked, and in August, 1649, Cromwell was sent with an army to Ireland. When he landed, Dublin and Londonderry, the latter a city in the north founded by Protestants from London, were the only places on which he could rely. But all this he soon changed. He promptly besieged Drogheda, held by the Royalists. When its governor, Sir Arthur Aston, would not surrender, Cromwell took the place by storm and massacred the garrison of two thousand five hundred, as a terrible warning to others to yield. He was as cruel at Wexford. Whether the warning did any good, we do not know; but to this day

his deeds rankle in the hearts of the Irish. It took three years to make all Ireland submit. When the English were at last supreme in 1652, they drove into the wilds of Connaught those who had been in arms against the Parliament and granted their lands to new owners from England. It was in this way that the greater part of the land of Ireland passed to English masters, alien from the Roman Catholic Irish in both creed and race.

CROMWELL AT THE BATTLE OF DUNBAR
After the painting by Andrew C. Gow, R.A.
The troopers, after the battle, are singing Psalm 117.

Cromwell left Ireland in 1650, to face even greater dangers in Scotland. The Scots had taken no part in the execution of Charles I, and on his death they, like the Irish, proclaimed Charles II as king. But Charles had to accept hard terms. Untaught by Cromwell's crushing victory at Preston, the strict Presbyterians, led by the Earl of Argyle, head of the great Clan Campbell,

required him to take the Covenant and to promise to compel all the people in the three kingdoms to take it, to denounce his father's war upon Presbyterians, and to declare his Roman Catholic mother an idolatress. To win a crown, Charles, a careless, profligate young man, did all this. The Marquis of Montrose, who had fought for Charles I, tried to save Charles II from the stern demands of Argyle. But when Montrose again took up arms, his little force was beaten; and he, the truest hero of his day in Scotland, was hanged by Argyle's party without trial at Edinburgh in 1650. In that year Charles landed in Scotland, the unbelieving champion of the Covenant. The story is soon told. The Commonwealth of England could not tolerate a royalist Scotland. Cromwell marched to the north, and at Dunbar on September 3rd, 1650, he won an astounding victory, losing only twenty men, but killing three thousand Scots and taking ten thousand prisoners. After some time Charles advanced into England, in the vain hope that the English would rise for their king. At Worcester Cromwell overtook him, and on September 3rd, 1651, just a year after Dunbar, demolished the Scottish army. The wonder is that Charles himself escaped to France, but this he did after six weeks of thrilling adventure. Scotland, like Ireland, was crushed. The English Parliament annexed both countries, and thus an old dream seemed to be realized, that the three realms should become one. There was to be what Cromwell called religious liberty. All forms of Christian worship were to be tolerated, except those of the Church of Rome and the Church of England.

2. **The Expulsion of the Long Parliament.**—Cromwell was now the most brilliant and successful soldier of his time, master of the army, and master, too, of the state. He did not wish to rule by force alone, but with warring factions about him and with the best army and

the best navy in the world under his control, force he did use, and quite too readily. "Break them or they will break you," was a type of phrase often on his lips. His temper was hot and fiery. Religion was the passion of his life. At meetings of the officers of the army he led in long and fervent prayer. Every battle was with him an appeal to God. When he saw against him at Naseby the imposing royal forces, he wrote that he could not "but smile out to God in praises" since he was sure of victory. For his age he was tolerant. The only means, he said, by which we can compel the mind are light and reason; "the state in choosing men to serve it takes no notice of their opinions." He allowed Jews, kept out of England since the time of Edward I, to come back; he liked to talk to the Quaker, George Fox, who was yet ready to denounce him and his soldier's rule. He loved, too, rough jests, and was a good judge of a horse; but he was no great lover of reading or of books, except the Bible, and particularly the Old Testament. He was passionately fond of his children; it was anxiety and grief at a daughter's illness and death that wore him out at last and caused his own end.

Cromwell was never quite free to do what he liked, for sometimes the officers of the army imposed their will upon him. When the war with Scotland was over, he found the Long Parliament ready to make trouble. Though himself a member of the Parliament, he intended that now, at last, it should dissolve. But the members declared that they had still much work to do before the revolution was complete. Sir Harry Vane would have had the Parliament make England a republic. Other leaders had other plans. There was delay, and at last Cromwell lost patience. One day in April, 1653, he learned that the Parliament was taking new steps to prolong its life, and, in hot anger, he went quickly to the House with a company of soldiers. Leaving these

outside, he entered and sat for a time in his seat. His anger grew as he listened. Soon he rose and made a fierce speech. The time had come, he said, to end such a farcical Parliament. Then he called in his soldiers and bade them drive away the members. These trooped out, leaving the House empty; and Cromwell locked the doors. There was now no Parliament nor Council of State; soldiers openly ruled England by power of the sword.

This military rule did not satisfy Cromwell. Some kind of Parliament was needed. The problem was how to get a suitable one. Had England been free to vote, she would have brought back a king. Cromwell saw clearly how dangerous an election would be. Why not try the rule of the best men, not chosen by popular vote, but by himself and his officers? He barred Roman Catholics, Anglicans, and Presbyterians, as tainted with royalism, but asked the Independent churches to nominate good men. From the names sent up, a committee of officers selected those thought to be most fit. One hundred and forty members were chosen, of whom six came from Ireland and five from Scotland. It was Britain's first United Parliament, composed, Cromwell hoped, of good men. Praise-God Barbon, a Puritan preacher and a man of substance, whose name was easily distorted into "Barebones," sat for the city of London, and in derision this "Little Parliament" was called after him "Barebones' Parliament." The good are not always the wise. The good men in this "Nominated Parliament" desired great reforms and did some things well, but other things not so well. They planned to reduce the fees of lawyers, to abolish the Court of Chancery, to stop the payment to the clergy of tithes, and to cut off the income of the universities, since learning was not necessary to godliness. Later, Cromwell said it was his own simplicity which had made him think

such a body would work. In December, 1653, hopeless of effecting anything, the Parliament declared that its longer sitting would do no good and resigned its powers to Cromwell as "Lord-General." Once more was all power in the hands of the army.

3. Oliver Cromwell, Protector.—The officers had seen what was coming and now had ready a new constitution known as "The Instrument of Government." It was clear that the state must have a head, and this Cromwell now became. With great pomp he was installed as Protector, in December, 1653, and, at last, in him England had again a king in power though not in name. The election of a Parliament followed. Among the four hundred and sixty members chosen were many of Cromwell's friends. But there were also republicans and royalists, bitterly hostile to him. Would it do to let such men sit in Parliament? We should perhaps say, "Yes," and trust to the good sense of the majority. But England had just come through revolution, and Cromwell well knew that, were the revolution undone, all that he had long fought for would be lost and that his head and many other heads would fall on the block. So, before taking his seat, each member was required to accept certain "fundamentals," the chief of them that the Protector should control the army. About one hundred members who would not give the pledge, were excluded. This was a bad beginning. A majority even of those admitted tried to force a great reduction of the army, to limit the Protector's control of the army, and to check the religious toleration on which he insisted. At last, angrily, he dissolved the House in January, 1655.

He was, however, resolved to try again. In July, 1656, he held another election, and in September there came a new Parliament to Westminster. But it was not free. Before a member could take his seat, he must produce a certificate from the Protector's Council that

his views were sound; by this test about one quarter of the members were excluded. A great many now saw that the thing to do was to set up again a kingdom. The judges complained that they were asked to try men for their lives, when they hardly knew what were the laws or who might change them. No doubt the easiest thing would be to make Cromwell king, to establish reformed Houses of Lords and Commons, and to restore the old order, but under a Cromwell, not a Stuart. Accordingly, this Parliament drew up a constitution in the form of a "Humble Petition and Advice," and in March, 1657, it asked Cromwell to become king.

Great clamour followed. The officers, having destroyed one king, refused to set up another, and Cromwell bowed to their desire. He would not, he said, be king. But he agreed to keep the title of Protector, with the right to name his successor. He was really a king, and in June, 1657, with kingly pomp he was installed anew. He nominated his House of Lords and selected the members chiefly from his supporters in the House of Commons. This left him weak in the elected House where he needed to be strong. His enemies blocked his plans. The republicans now hated the despotic Protector, Oliver Cromwell, as they had hated the despotic King Charles, and would not recognize his new House of Lords. When Parliament met in January, 1658, acute strife broke out. At last, in February, 1658, Cromwell sent the Parliament away, with the stern words that God must judge between him and them. For his few remaining days he and the army ruled England.

By this time England's dislike of the rule of the soldier was bitter. The army had divided England into ten districts and placed each district under a major-general. These watched closely suspected persons and often kept them in jail without trial. The Englishman had borne a good deal from Laud, but now he had to

bear more from Cromwell. Many cavalier estates were confiscated, and we find even Cromwell and Fairfax adding largely to their incomes by grants of such lands. Royalist property, if not seized, was taxed so heavily that many owners had to give up the homes of their ancestors. No cavalier might carry arms. Any one using the Book of Common Prayer was liable to punishment. It was dangerous to use even the services for marriages and burials. Parents were not allowed to have godfathers and godmothers for children baptized. In the village church the old service was now never heard, and ignorant and fanatical men often preached ranting sermons. Personal liberty was checked. Men accustomed to loiter in the evening at ale-houses in the towns now found such places closed at sunset; and ale-houses in the country were declared to be unnecessary. Saturday markets were forbidden, because too near the rest of Sunday. Horses were not to be taken out for exercise on Sunday. The major-generals stopped cock-fighting, prohibited plays, suppressed newspapers, and did a thousand despotic and arbitrary things. Their victims ground their teeth and waited for their day to come.

This Puritan government was, however, strong; strong abroad as well as at home. Amazing to relate, in 1652 it had plunged into war with Holland, its sister Protestant republic. The war was about trade. Holland's ships were on every sea; England was jealous, and passed in 1651 the Navigation Act, barring all foreign ships from bringing to England the products of Asia, Africa, and America, and permitting those of Europe to reach England only in English ships or in those of the country from which the goods came. It was a staggering blow to the Dutch, who did much carrying for other nations, and war broke out. The leading English admiral was Robert Blake. Against him

was pitted a great Dutchman, Admiral Tromp. These men fought some hard battles in the English Channel and the North Sea, until a peace was made in 1654, with neither side the decisive victor. Having now a powerful navy, Cromwell was resolved to strike hard at the enemies of England. In the Mediterranean English ships had been rarely seen, and Turkish pirates from North Africa sometimes warred on what slight English commerce there was. But in 1655 Blake sailed to Tunis, destroyed the Turkish fleet as it lay at anchor, and taught a lesson that ended the pirate outrages. When France allowed attacks on English ships, Blake, by reprisals, made such things dangerous, and in the end France found it wise to ally herself with England against Spain. Even before war with Spain broke out, the English, in 1655, seized from her Jamaica, which has remained English ever since. Blake preyed on the commerce of Spain and secured vast booty. He died at sea, in 1657, just after destroying a Spanish fleet at Vera Cruz in Teneriffe. In the daring success of his work he ranks with Drake and other "sea-dogs."

Admiral Blake

The Protector's life was destined to be short. Great labours, begun only in middle age, wore out his strength, and at the end of August, 1658, many Puritan prayers were going up in England that God would spare Oliver Cromwell, who lay on a sick-bed. "Tell me," he asked, "is it possible to fall from grace?" "No," said the minister at his side, "it is not possible." "Then," said Cromwell, "I am safe, for I know that I was once in

grace." Such was his wistful peering into eternity, his turning back to days of certain faith, half forgotten in later life. It was remarked at the time that, as the man whose life had been so full of tumult lay dying, nature raged in one of the greatest storms ever known in England. On September 3rd he had won his great victories of Dunbar and Worcester; and on that day he died.

With Oliver Cromwell dead, no longer was there a master hand. His weak son, Richard, took the title of Protector, and for a few months seemed to be as secure in the succession as any king's heir. It was said that not a dog barked against Richard. But he was no man to control stormy forces, and in 1659 the army brushed him aside. The strongest soldier was sure to be master, and it was soon clear that he was Monck, who commanded in Scotland. He led his well disciplined force southward to London, but what he would do was uncertain. He kept his own counsel, chewed tobacco meditatively, and with alert caution tried to learn what the nation desired. Soldier though he was, he saw that England did not like the rule of the army. The Long Parliament, expelled by Cromwell, now claimed the right to speak for England, since it had been lawfully chosen under the old constitution when there was a king, and Monck threw his weight on its side. It agreed to dissolve itself and let the nation decide by a free election what should be done. This election took place, the Parliament met, and, as every one expected, declared at once for the return of the Stuarts. Charles II landed at Dover in May, 1660, and England was in a ferment of joy. The putting of a pleasure-loving Stuart on the throne seemed a pitiable sequel to the great days of Oliver Cromwell, yet it was inevitable. But the long struggle had not been in vain; the restored kingship was not that of Charles I. Since his day, no English king has claimed the right to tax his subjects on his own authority or refused to admit that the people have some voice in their own affairs.

CHAPTER XI

THE RESTORATION AND THE REVOLUTION

1. The Clarendon Code.—In the place of austere Oliver Cromwell, England now had Charles II, witty, free in his mode of life, half French in blood, and foreign by training. For the Presbyterian divines, who had a chief share in bringing him back, he had fair words. As he landed at Dover, its mayor handed him an English Bible, and the tall, dark, sensuous-looking young man said gravely that it was the thing he loved above all things in the world. In truth, he cared little for its teaching; he was a master of deceit, a spendthrift, and a profligate. He had the merit of sobriety, and he loved vigorous physical exercise in the climate of England, which he thought the best in the world, since it favoured life in the open air. He had a sense of humour and ever seemed amiable and merry; yet, while he idly hated the toil of government, he was an able man, at heart a despot, who resented any kind of control and wished to rule England with the complete mastery that his cousin, Louis XIV, had over France. But Charles read with great insight the spirit of his people, and, unlike his father, he never went so far as to menace his own security on the throne. He would not, he said, go again on his travels.

CHARLES II

In the moment of victory the Cavalier party was inspired by vindictive hate for its Puritan oppressors. The body of Cromwell lay in Westminster Abbey, but at once it and two or three others were dragged to Tyburn, hung in chains for a time, and then buried beneath the gallows. Thirteen who had signed the death-warrant of Charles I were caught and executed, and of some of them Charles, at heart cruel, was glad to watch with his own eyes the death agonies. Presbyterians and Anglicans had worked together to restore Charles, but in his first Parliament, elected in 1661, Edward Hyde, Earl of Clarendon, the Lord Chancellor, soon made it clear that only members of the Church of England had any favours to expect. The church and the king took back their lands, which had been seized. But it was not easy to get back the private property of Royalists which had passed by sale to new owners, and many Cavaliers remained penniless. They had partial revenge in passing terribly severe laws. These came to be known as "The Clarendon Code," though the name was not fair to Clarendon, really a moderate man, whose hand was forced by the extreme men of whom the House of Commons was full. Men holding offices purely secular had to meet a religous test. We are tempted now to be amused when we learn that, by the Corporation Act (1661), no one could be a member of the governing body of any town who was not a communicant in the Church of England. It was even claimed that no one might be given a license to keep an ale-house if he was not a communicant. By the Act of Uniformity (1662), all clergy must declare their full belief in everything in the Prayer Book, including the government of the church by bishops, and must also say, on oath, that in no circumstances was it lawful to take up arms against the king. Two thousand Puritan clergy who would not make oath that a subject might not rebel even against

cruel tyranny, had to give up their livings. Moreover, the expelled clergy were forbidden to hold other services, for the Conventicle Act (1664) made this punishable by imprisonment and by transportation for a third offence, with death as the penalty for returning to England. No Puritan might teach a school. The Five Mile Act (1665) forbade any clergyman to teach school or to come within five miles of a city or incorporated town, unless he would solemnly pledge himself not to try to alter anything in church or state.

These laws were enforced in a spirit blindly revengeful. Many a magistrate made it the chief task of his life to hunt down Puritans. Sometimes as much as fifteen pounds was paid for proof of their having held a meeting. From the Anglican pulpits their doings were denounced as marvels of wickedness. Thousands of them were thrown into prison. Puritanism no longer enjoyed the social standing it had had in the time of Charles I. Then it had included a great part of the landed gentry, but now many former Puritans, who had fought as much for the authority of Parliament as for their religion, were content with the victory of Parliament and conformed to the established church. Puritanism survived chiefly among the humbler classes.

John Milton

Two great Puritan men of letters suffered heavy trials. John Milton had held office under the Protectorate, and in doing his onerous work had become blind.

Now, stricken in health, and in poverty, he brooded deeply over the problems of man's life. In *Paradise Lost* he tried to enter into the very mind of God, to see why man was created, and how he could sin. Milton was master of the finest culture of the time. John Bunyan was a common tinker, with little education, but with a sublime genius. He, too, had faced the problems of sin. Weighed down with a sense of guilt, he had asked, "What must I do to be saved?" When this sturdy, bold man found the answer, he was ready to proclaim it everywhere. The Clarendon Code was nothing to him. When thrown into jail, he would give no promise to cease preaching—"If you will let me out to-day, I will preach again to-morrow." He spent fourteen years in jail, and out of those years of conflict came his great book, *The Pilgrim's Progress*, which has produced an influence on English thought second only to that of the Bible.

JOHN BUNYAN

2. **The Restoration in the Three Kingdoms.**—The Restoration broke up the enforced union of England with Scotland and Ireland, each of which now regained its own parliament. In Scotland the great mass of the people were devoted to the Presbyterian faith. But many of the nobles disliked its rigour, and now, when everything Puritan was out of fashion, they were ready to aid in forcing episcopacy upon the country. The plan was to put the Scottish Church again under bishops, and to give Scotland a religious system like that of England; to repeat, in a word, what Charles I had tried to do.

With the nobles eager to strike the persecuting Presbyterians, it was easy to pass through the Scottish parliament, in which the common people had no voice, an Act making episcopacy the only lawful church system, and forbidding other services, as they were forbidden in England under the "Clarendon Code." James Sharp, a former Presbyterian minister, aided this policy, and was rewarded by being made, as Archbishop of St. Andrews, the chief prelate of the Scottish Church.

The result was that in Scotland, as in England, hundreds of the clergy were driven from their livings. Much blood, too, was shed. Argyle, the Presbyterian leader, who had delighted in seeing Charles II sign the Covenant, was executed, as were some others, for what they had done in the days of the Commonwealth. But the Scottish peasants clung to their Presbyterian faith. Ministers expelled from the parishes gathered their people in lonely glens and on remote hillsides and held there the forbidden services. The government tried to interfere, and pitched battles took place between the opposing forces. A fierce spirit filled many of the Covenanters. Some of them came to think it a righteous act to murder their persecutors, and Archbishop Sharp was so murdered in 1679. The answer of the government was renewed severity. In time Charles sent his brother James to rule Scotland, and James proved pitiless. He hunted down the Covenanters like wild beasts, and took pleasure in watching the sufferings of men whose legs were crushed in the "boot" or whose limbs were almost pulled apart on the rack. But the Covenanters kept up the fight, and Scotland was torn by something like civil war throughout the reign of Charles II.

In Ireland the Roman Catholic land-owners had been, on the whole, loyal to the Stuarts, and, when Charles II came back, they expected to recover the lands from which they had been driven in Cromwell's time. Charles

II was too indolent to make great efforts to aid them; and by the Act of Settlement in 1661 two thirds of the land of Ireland was left in the hands of the new Protestant owners. Both the Roman Catholics and the Presbyterians in Ireland were to be denied religious liberty. The Church of Ireland, modelled on the Church of England, had only some five hundred thousand members, but its was to be the only legal worship in Ireland. It had four archbishops and eighteen bishops, all with good incomes, about as many as England had for its five or six millions of people. All dissenting worship was forbidden; even to be married, Presbyterians must go to an Episcopal Church. Ireland was hampered in every way possible. The Irish might not trade with the English colonies. Lest they should lower prices for the English farmers, they might not send cattle, pigs, sheep, or even butter and cheese, to England. Ireland had excellent wool, but English manufacturers did not wish rivals in France or Spain to get this wool, and so Ireland might send her wool to England alone. The narrow selfishness of this policy is hardly credible. We need not wonder that it caused in Ireland enduring hate, not yet dead.

While at home the return of Charles II involved long and bitter strife, abroad it did not mean peace. The rivalry with Holland continued. In 1660, by a new Navigation Act further limiting the right of Dutch ships to trade with English ports, England tried to ruin Dutch commerce on the sea. In 1664, in a time of peace, the English seized the Dutch colony of New Amsterdam in America and renamed it New York, after the king's brother, James, Duke of York. Little as the age foresaw it, this was the most important event of the reign, for it meant that the future greatest seaport in America should be English in language and sympathy. The English and Dutch fought once more, as in the days of Cromwell,

many stern battles, chiefly off the mouth of the Thames or not very far from it. Charles neglected the English navy. It was still the practice that, while Parliament voted money and thus controlled taxation, the king alone controlled the spending of money, and Charles wasted on evil pleasures money which should have been used to equip the fleet.

There came now a terrible series of disasters. In 1665 the plague broke out in London. There had been hardly any rain for four months to carry off the refuse in the open drains, and this foul garbage no doubt caused the outbreak, as it had caused that of 1349. Soon the dead numbered a thousand a day, so many that coffins and separate graves could not be provided, and the bodies were gathered in carts at night and thrown into huge pits. Perhaps it was a real mercy that two thirds of the pestilence-haunted city was destroyed by fire in the next year, 1666. The great cathedral of St. Paul's and more than fifty parish churches were burned, and a quarter of a million people were left homeless. There was now a chance to rebuild on better lines. Sir Christopher Wren, the greatest architect of the time, prepared a plan which would have made the streets broad and the city itself beautiful. Though the plan was not adopted, the rebuilt city was better than the one destroyed. In 1667 the war with Holland came very near home, when the roar of Dutch cannon was heard in London. Manned largely by English sailors, who served Holland because she paid her men in ready gold, while England, with the king squandering her money, only promised to pay, the Dutch fleet sailed up the Thames and destroyed much shipping, almost under the eye of the capital. Even London's supply of coal was cut off for a time, and fear and panic were general. Men said that these disasters were God's judgment on the sins of a court where gross vice was shameless.

3. The Party Struggle of Whigs and Tories.—But Charles II was more than a pleasure-seeker. In his heart he was devoted to the Roman Catholic faith, taught to him by his French mother, and he desired to see its influence restored in England. While seemingly careless, Charles learned to be wary and far-sighted. He was anxious to get rid of Clarendon, who often rebuked his vices, and at last, in 1667, he sent him into exile. Then Charles thought himself free. In 1670 he signed a secret Treaty of Dover, by which, when he should declare himself a Roman Catholic, a French army would come to his help. He was to get, at once, a large pension from Louis XIV and in return was pledged to support France's plans in Europe. Whispers of this bargain got abroad, and little did Charles expect the outburst of suspicion and anger which followed. He had no lawful son; James, Duke of York, his younger brother, was heir. In 1669 James became openly a Roman Catholic, and soon an agitation began to exclude him from the throne. Two parties, the Whigs and the Tories, were now formed—the Whigs keen for the rights of Parliament against the king, and suspicious of Roman Catholic influence—the Tories deferring to the king, and eager to maintain the exclusive claims of the Church of England, which the Whigs would have softened.

Anthony Ashley Cooper, whom Charles had made Earl of Shaftesbury, led the Whigs. Such was the dread of the Roman Catholic James that the Whigs would have barred him from the succession and put on the throne the Duke of Monmouth, Charles's son by Lucy Walters, a quite worthless young man, but a Protestant. In 1673 a Test Act was passed, excluding from public office any one who would not take the communion in the Church of England, together with an oath that he rejected Roman Catholic teaching in regard to the mass. In 1678, when

passion was at its height, a startling story was told of a "Popish Plot." One Titus Oates, a clergyman of evil character, came forward, declaring that he had evidence of a plot by Roman Catholics to conquer England with the aid of French and Irish troops. They would massacre Protestants, kill Charles II, and put James on the throne.

No doubt there was a plan on foot to restore, if possible, Roman Catholicism in England, and it may be that James had some knowledge of a plot. But the story of Oates was ludicrous and impossible. Some of those whom he accused were entirely innocent. But the Whigs took him up, and Shaftesbury appealed to the Protestant passions so long acute in England. A mysterious death seemed to confirm the story of Oates. He had given to a London magistrate, Sir Edmund Berry Godfrey, a written account of the plot, that it might be safe, even though he himself were put out of the way. When Godfrey was found dead in a London ditch, the excitement became intense. Of course, he had been murdered because he knew of the plot! Many Roman Catholics were arrested; Lord Stafford, a man quite blameless, was tried in a manner brutally unfair, and executed, and so were some thirty others.

Frantic fear of Roman Catholics seized the whole country. Shaftesbury now pressed a Succession Act, disqualifying James from becoming king because of his faith. This proposal the king fought. There was even danger of civil war. The Whig leaders feared that they might be seized by Charles and kept in prison for a long period without trial, while the king should work his will. So, to protect themselves, they secured the Habeas Corpus Act, which became law in 1679. This Act summed up principles embodied in Magna Charta but often disregarded. It provided that no one might be kept in prison, unless for some real breach

of the law, and that every one should have the right either to be tried or to be set free. The Act has proved a permanent safeguard of liberty. It showed that Parliament intended to check the king, and so menacing was the tone of the Commons that in 1679 Charles dissolved that famous assembly, which had sat since 1661 and had punished the Puritans so terribly. England was in a fury of excitement. But though the Whigs carried the election, they found that they could do little. When they tried to check Charles, he again dissolved the House, and they had to face the turmoil and expense of still another election. Three times did this happen. Then Charles, unable to get a Parliament to suit him, called none, and for the last four years of his reign ruled as a despot. He saw, what the Whigs did not see, that Englishmen, who had just come through a long civil war, viewed with horror the prospect of renewal involved in the Whig policy of putting aside James, the lawful heir to the throne, for a man like Monmouth, who had no real claim. In spite of the fact that the Whigs were able to return a majority to the House of Commons, the heart of the nation was with Charles against them. Charles dismissed many Whigs from the public service. He was about to arrest Shaftesbury in 1682, but the Whig leader retired to Holland, where he soon died.

It was an age of plots. Some Whigs planned to assassinate Charles near an inn called the Rye House, as he returned from Newmarket in 1683. When a traitor betrayed the plotters, it was seen how stern the pleasure-loving king could be. Algernon Sidney and Lord Russell were leading Whigs of high family. There seems no doubt that Sidney favoured an English republic, and both he and Russell supported proposals for a revolt in England, to save the country from the threatened despotism of Charles and also from the prospect of having a Roman Catholic king. There

was no evidence, however, that they had taken part with the extremists of the Rye House plot and planned murder. Nevertheless, they were sentenced to death and beheaded. Charles was deaf to appeals for mercy. For a time the Whig cause was lost. Step by step the plan to ruin liberty in England went on. Charles cancelled the charters of many English towns and brought them under his own control, so that they should not send Whig members to any parliament he might call. He muzzled the press. He named servile judges. It was woe to the Whig who by word or deed offended the Tory victors. But just when the triumph of Charles seemed complete, his hour came. By dissipation he had ruined his constitution, and, still in middle age, he died in 1685. To the Tories, kingship was still a divine thing, and the king was on no account to be resisted. Devout bishops knelt reverently to receive the last solemn blessings of this libertine. He lingered for many hours, and his humorous self-possession did not desert him. "I am sorry," he said to those who watched, "to be such an unconscionable time in dying."

On his death-bed Charles II declared himself a Roman Catholic. This he had not ventured to do while life lay still before him, for he knew the rigour of the Protestant temper in England. To the throne now came James II, an avowed Roman Catholic, and intent on two things—to make himself a despotic ruler, and to bring England back to the old church. Henry VIII and each of his three successors had changed England's religion; and James did not see why he should not do the same. In his eagerness he acted with unseemly haste. At once, on becoming king, though the law forbade it, he had mass publicly celebrated. Priests and monks, long unseen in England, went about the streets in their habits. The people were forbidden to celebrate any longer November

5th, the date of the discovery of the Gunpowder Plot. It was not unfair that Titus Oates, whose perjury had sent more than thirty Roman Catholics to death, should quickly be brought to trial. He was sentenced to flogging that would have killed any one less tough, and to imprisonment for life, but he lived to receive a pension from William III.

Men are slow to learn the real meaning of events. During a century and a half Europe had been torn by religious strife. Roman Catholics and Protestants each thought that they could crush the other, while, in truth, the only solution, unwelcome still to both, was that they should learn to tolerate each other and permit freedom of religious opinion. In politics, too, the failure of Charles I against the Parliament really settled finally that Parliament must rule. Yet Charles II had been for a time almost absolute and had sent men of position, like Sidney and Russell, to the block, because they had dared to oppose him. Across the Channel in France, Louis XIV was declaring that the king and the king alone was the state. It is little wonder that James II, an industrious, but dull, obstinate, and narrow-minded man, should not have realized what was and what was not possible. In his later years he showed his sincerity by exhorting his son not to abandon the Roman Catholic faith even if, by becoming a Protestant, he might regain the throne of England. In 1685, by the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, which had granted Protestants a limited tolerance, Louis XIV was recreating in France the religious uniformity thought by French Catholics and English Tories to be so desirable. The methods of Louis were cruel. Protestant churches were destroyed. Protestant ministers were banished from France, soldiers were quartered in Protestant households and ordered to practise horrid brutalities until the despairing inmates professed conversion. Some two hundred thousand Huguenots fled

from France. Many went to England and told in broken English to awed listeners the story of their sufferings. James II thought that he, like Louis in France, might put down the Protestants in England. He was too dull to see that, while the mass of opinion in France was Roman Catholic, that of England was as deeply Protestant and was made so more firmly by what was happening in France.

Yet a wiser man than James might have achieved something. An article of faith of the Church of England and of the Tory party was that in no circumstances could resistance to the king be lawful. Had James been content to take one step at a time, he might at least have kept the support of the Tories, made his throne secure, and gained toleration for his faith. The election which followed his succession brought a Tory victory, and not more than forty members were, he declared, other than he should himself have chosen. When the Parliament met in 1685, it granted him a permanent revenue larger than that of Charles II. But James should have taken it as a warning when, to meet some suspicion of the king's designs, the members declared that the Church of England was dearer to them than life itself.

DUKE OF MONMOUTH

All parties stood with him when his right to the throne was challenged chiefly on the ground of his faith. The Duke of Monmouth claimed that his father, Charles II, had been lawfully married to his mother, Lucy Walters, and that therefore he, a Protestant, and not the Roman Catholic James, was king by right. Few be-

lieved the tale of the marriage, and England feared a disputed sucession to the throne much more than it did a Roman Catholic king. Monmouth had been in exile on the Continent, and when he landed in the south-west, peasants and miners of Dorset and Somerset, believing that the weak young man was the real champion of their Puritan faith, received him as their king. They could not weigh the dangers of a rising, but their betters could, and held aloof. Charles II had left to James a well-trained army, while Monmouth's peasants were, in some cases, armed only with scythes and flails. Monmouth gallantly attacked the royal army at Sedgemoor, but he was completely overwhelmed, and was himself captured while hiding in a ditch. James took an awful vengeance. He let Monmouth plead before him on his knees for life and then had him beheaded. The Chief-Justice, Jeffreys, was a man of drunken habits and brutal speech, who had been despised and yet used by Charles II. James made him Lord Chancellor for the "Bloody Assize" in which he tried the rebels. He hanged more than three hundred and allowed eight hundred to be sold as slaves and sent to Barbados. James encouraged the brutalities of Jeffreys, who declared later that his failure to be severe enough had angered the king. In Scotland similar things happened. Argyle, son of the Argyle whom Charles II had executed, led a rising in the Highlands in support of Monmouth, but failed miserably and perished on the scaffold.

A ruler is strong who has just mastered rebellion, and in November, 1685, when James met Parliament for the second time, he took a high tone. The rebellion had shown, he said, that the king needed a strong standing army, and he had forty thousand men available. Since, during the rising, he had needed officers, he had, he now declared, set aside the Test Act and appointed Roman Catholics, whose holding of any office in the state the

Act expressly forbade. In Parliament sat men old enough to have opposed both Charles I and Charles II. They knew that if the king built up a standing army, it would be used against those who opposed him. But when they protested that James had no right to suspend such a law as the Test Act, he answered that he was willing to let the judges decide, and prorogued Parliament, and never met it again. Since he named and could dismiss the judges, it was not hard to get a court to declare that the king had the right to suspend an Act of Parliament. Certain now that he had the law on his side, James thought only of entrenching his faith in England. He did not see why he should not use his power to suspend the law and name Roman Catholics to office. He went so far as to appoint Roman Catholic priests to posts in the Church of England. His rashness amazes us, even at this date, and must have staggered those who saw it. The Pope warned him, but in vain, to be cautious.

Oxford had talked of the sin of resisting the king, and James took it at its word. Then, and for a century and a half longer, the University excluded both Roman Catholic and Protestant nonconformists. John Massey, an Oxford Fellow, had turned Roman Catholic in 1685, and James now made him Dean of Christ Church, so that from the cathedral of the great University wholly devoted to the Church of England, Roman Catholic doctrine was taught. On two important Oxford colleges, University and Magdalen, James forced Roman Catholic heads. Why should he not, he reasoned, since on Oxford's own principles the king was not to be resisted? Cambridge was compelled to give the degree of M.A. to a Benedictine friar, and James dispensed him from taking the usual oaths which a Roman Catholic could not take. He made Viceroy of Ireland the Roman Catholic Earl of Tyrconnell, who weeded Protestants out of the army, and

in the end sent three thousand Irish soldiers to aid James in England. It might have given James pause had he remembered that Strafford had gone to the block for planning what Tyrconnell now did. By 1687 James was taking steps to ensure in a new election the choice of members who would support him. He dissolved the parliament elected on his accession, but, with a new election imminent, he soon found that he had lost what had been his father's mainstay—the support of the Church of England and the Tory land-owners. His agents reported to him that these were angry at his high-handed course. Accordingly, he decided to hold no election and to rule, as he did to the end, without a parliament.

The Tory had failed James. Why should he not get help from the Whig? It was the effort to do this which brought his final ruin. In the Whig party an important element was the Protestant dissenters, to whom the laws passed on the restoration of Charles II denied the right to hold religious meetings, to serve in Parliament or any public office, to teach schools, to attend the universities, and many other things. In 1687 James made what he considered his master-stroke, when he issued a Declaration of Indulgence, by which Protestants and Roman Catholics alike were freed from such disabilities. The Declaration set aside many Acts of Parliament, but James thought to unite the numerous Whig dissenters in its support. He secured some, among them the famous Quaker, William Penn, the founder of Pennsylvania. But the Whigs had always stood out against royal despotism, and the Whig dissenters, like the Tories, feared the Roman Catholics. The result was that for once Whig and Tory were agreed, and that from both came storms of protest against the Declaration. James was now angry and reckless. From the Anglican clergy, in particular, had long come fulsome protests of loyalty and obedience, and now he was resolved that they should

really obey. As a final test, he issued an order that on a given Sunday the Declaration of Indulgence should be read to the people in all the thousands of churches in England.

By this act James challenged the very citadel of that Toryism which had said that nothing could justify resistance to the king. Sancroft, Archbishop of Canterbury, and other bishops who could be reached most quickly in London, drew up a petition. It was ten o'clock at night when the seven bishops had completed their task and went to the king to request instant audience. He received them graciously, supposing that their urgent coming was due to zeal for his service. They handed him the paper. As he read it his anger rose, and he said sharply that the protest meant rebellion. It did not, he added, change his resolve: "I will be obeyed." The bishops retired, but they knew how to reach the people. At once they printed their petition, and it was sent everywhere. The whole nation was aroused, and, when the Sunday came, only two hundred clergy read the Declaration, and rather than hear it some congregations rose and walked out. James took the kind of legal advice that he desired to receive. He was told that in printing the petition the bishops had committed a crime, and he had them charged with "false, malicious, and seditious libel." Since they refused to give pledges to appear for trial, there was nothing for it but to send them to prison. A great crowd watched them go to the Tower, and the prelates, held behind prison gates and charged with crime, became popular martyrs. All the time James was gathering soldiers, many of them Irish Roman Catholics, at Hounslow Heath near London, to be ready for any emergency. At this moment another event brought the crisis to a head. While the bishops lay in the Tower, a son was born to James. He had two daughters, Mary and Anne, both Protestant, and the elder, Mary, the wife

of William of Orange, ruler of Holland, would have succeeded on his death. But now this son was the heir, and he would be brought up a Roman Catholic and continue the designs of his father. This caused even extreme Tories to think that the religious peril must be ended. We see what were the fear and anger of the nation when we find general the baseless belief that the child was a changeling and not really the son of James. Every one followed eagerly the trial of the seven bishops. The jury spent a whole night in argument, and at ten o'clock on a June morning in 1688 a waiting crowd heard in the historic Westminster Hall the verdict, "Not Guilty." A roar went out from the Hall. It was taken up in the London streets. At Hounslow Heath James, who was holding a review, heard the shouts of his own soldiers, and it was a bitter moment when he was told that his army was rejoicing because he had been beaten. That night an English admiral disguised as a common sailor left London secretly. He carried a document which involved treason to James. It was an invitation, signed by the chief Whig and Tory leaders, imploring William of Orange to come with an army at once to rescue England from the designs of James.

It was risky for William to lead an army to England. His enemy Louis XIV, the friend of James, might try to overwhelm Holland in the absence of its defender. But William now accepted risks. The shipyards and the camps in Holland were soon busy, and by October he had ready an army of fourteen thousand men. At last a great fleet of fifty men-of-war and no fewer than five hundred transports set sail, a new Armada, this time Protestant, and on November 5th, 1688, William landed at Torbay in the south-west of England. For two weeks few joined him. It was hard for the proud island people to see marching along their roads Dutch battalions, who had come to save them from their own king. But it was

soon evident that the heart of the nation was with William. Whig and Tory magnates came out openly for him, and then all classes flocked to his support. The unhappy James could rely on no one. Few thought him sincere when now he offered concessions. His own general, John Churchill, afterwards Duke of Marlborough, even planned to hand him over to William as a prisoner. When his daughter Anne fled to join William, he cried in his bitterness, "God help me, my very children have forsaken me." In the end he decided himself to fly to his friend, Louis XIV. But he hoped to come back, and meanwhile, to render government difficult in England, he issued an order disbanding the army, and he threw into the Thames the great seal necessary to make state documents valid. Only a lawful king could summon Parliament, and James destroyed the writs which had been prepared for an election. The pettiness of these acts shows the quality of his mind. He escaped to France, and William of Orange, without striking a blow, was master of England. He was not king, so that he could not call a Parliament; but he called a Convention which was in all but name a Parliament, and this body declared that James by his flight had left the throne vacant, and that experience had shown it to be unsafe to have a Roman Catholic ruler over Protestant England. The crown was given to William and Mary jointly; William was to carry on the government, and the survivor was to reign alone.

The overthrow of James gave the stamp of revolution to the ending of the long fight with the Stuart kings. Not only had Parliament won. Liberty, too, had won; and the later history of England is the record of the working out of the principles of liberty so wantonly flouted by the tactless king now driven into exile. Modern England had indeed begun. Population and wealth were growing rapidly. England had more than

five million people. London was a great city, the centre in which were gathering the keenest intellects of the country. Whigs and Tories had now agreed that there must be some measure of religious toleration; the night of persecution was beginning to pass away. The age was turning to other things. John Dryden, the poet laureate of the Restoration, stands in vivid contrast with the great Puritan writers. Him the deep questions of life did not haunt; his aim was to please; he had written coarse plays to please the corrupt court of Charles II; he changed his religion under James II. His merit is in his style; in poetry and prose alike he is polished and lucid; no one can mistake his meaning; but of the soaring genius of a Milton there is in him no trace. When William III came to the throne, it was Dryden, not Milton, who was most in touch with the taste and spirit of an age tired of religious strife and almost of religion itself.

CHAPTER XII

THE BEGINNING OF GOVERNMENT BY PARTY

1. The Troubles of William III.—Parliament did more than to give the crown to William and Mary. Before they were made sovereigns, they had been asked to accept a Declaration of Rights, which in 1689 was duly enacted as law under the title of the Bill of Rights. It condemned, in every line, the Stuart view. James II had said that the king might dispense whom he pleased from obeying an Act of Parliament; this Bill declares that he can except no one from obeying the law and must himself obey it. James had levied taxes on his own authority; the Bill says that the king may levy no tax without the authority of Parliament. James had tried to influence elections; the Bill says that the king must not interfere in elections. James had sent the seven bishops to the Tower for presenting a petition; the Bill says that the king must be ready to receive petitions from his people when they have grievances. Since a king, James II, had tried to use his power to favour the Roman Catholic Church, the Bill of Rights declared that

WILLIAM AND MARY
From "Medallic Illustrations"
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no member and no one married to a member of that church can inherit the crown. James had tried to keep up a standing army in order to hold Parliament in awe; the Bill of Rights provided that an army might be kept up only by consent of Parliament. To make this doubly sure, Parliament passed in 1689 a Mutiny Act, granting at first for six months, and later for a year at a time, the power to enforce discipline in the army. Since that time it has been necessary for Parliament to renew this provision each year. Should it fail to do so, the king would be without an army, for he could not oblige the soldiers to obey him, and he would have no money to pay them. One last check William had to bear. Parliament had granted earlier kings an income for life. It would grant one to William at first for only four years, and then for only one year at a time. Charles I would have scoffed at the many limitations now placed on the power of the king. But the views of Charles I had brought about that terrible scene at Whitehall, when an awed crowd had seen the king's head fall on the scaffold; and the views of his son James had cost him his throne and sent him into exile. Parliament was now indisputably master, and this William was wise enough to admit.

He had come to a troubled heritage. His father had died before he was born, and he had grown up amid dangers which made him cautious and reserved. Though a brave and determined man, he was without the qualities that win affection. Genial Charles II could slap a courtier on the back and win him to easy intercourse. William III was cold and distant. He spoke English with a foreign accent, and he did not conceal his preference for things Dutch. Like his wife, he was a grandchild of Charles I, but in England he was really a foreigner, who cared little about the questions in dispute between English parties. The statesmen who sat in his council were for the most part powerful nobles, intent on their

own problems and resolved to hold in check their foreign king. The times were dangerous. James, supported as he was by France, might come back; and some of the proud men who summoned William stooped to the treachery of keeping up communications with James in order to be safe, whatever might happen. Memories of civil war were still vivid, and Tories and Whigs still hated each other with the old bitterness of Cavalier and Roundhead. They had united to depose James, but now they renewed the old strife with a passion that startled their new king. The Tories still insisted, as in the days of Charles II, on enforcing the Test Act, by which no one could hold public office who was not a member of the Church of England, and they defeated William's desire to change the Act in favour of Protestant dissenters. They refused, also, to support his plan to make the Church of England so broad as to include both the Presbyterians and the Independents. Their cry was, "Hands off the Church," and they would accept none of the really slight alterations in the Prayer Book which the nonconformists desired. Only the next best thing, toleration, was possible. The Toleration Act of 1689 gave to Protestant nonconformists the right of public worship. This was something. But, as the law stood, none but members of the Church of England could hold public office, and the Roman Catholic faith was still under the ban. The law forbade a Roman Catholic even to live within ten miles of London. The age was, however, more tolerant than the Tories imagined. Few attempts were made to check Roman Catholic services. Under William III religious liberty made a great stride.

2. **The Revolution in Scotland and in Ireland.**—Scotland and Ireland each had a parliament. What Scotland would do was not doubtful. The persecuted Presbyterians had longed for their day to come. In Scotland James had been even less tactful than in England. He

had regarded the Presbyterians as a pest and terrorized them by cruel persecution. Covenanting ministers who ventured to hold Presbyterian services in secret had sometimes been hanged at their own doors by brutal dragoons hunting them down as the sportsman hunts the fox. Now, promptly, the Scottish Parliament, summoned by William, declared that for his misdeeds James was deposed. The Presbyterians did not wait for slow laws to be enacted restoring their power. Mobs rose and turned out of the manses the clergy who had accepted the rule of bishops, and quickly the whole Presbyterian system was set up again, with its austere services and its intolerant spirit. John Graham of Claverhouse, Viscount Dundee, had been active in persecuting the Covenanters and was one of the few nobles to stand by the deluded king. In Scotland the Campbell clan was against James, who had executed their head, Argyle. Dundee rallied the Macdonalds, Camerons, and other clans, who cared little for either James or William, but were hostile to the Campbells. When William's general, Mackay, a man of fine character, was marching to establish the authority of William in the Highlands, Dundee suddenly attacked him in the Pass of Killiecrankie. The wild Highland charge was irresistible. In two minutes Mackay's men were flying in all directions. But Dundee was killed in the charge, and with his death ended serious resistance to William.

Viscount Dundee

Some Highland clans still held out, and December 31st, 1691, was named as the last date on which their

submission would be received. If by that time they had failed to yield, they would suffer penalties of treason and be considered outlaws. The head of a small clan of Macdonalds, who lived at Glencoe, put off his unwilling submission as late as possible. He was delayed by deep snow, and not until January 6th, when it was too late, did he arrive at Inverary to take the oath. The Highlanders had given much trouble, and William's secretary in Scotland, the Master of Stair, inspired by the Campbells, who had an old feud with the Macdonalds, resolved to make an example of the Macdonalds at Glencoe. William was told that they were really a band of robbers and murderers. Far away and knowing few of the facts, he signed a paper authorizing his officers "to extirpate that set of thieves," already outlawed by not having made submission in time. The Master of Stair sent to Glencoe a party of soldiers. They professed to be friends, ate and drank, played cards and jested with the Macdonalds, and then, when they were fully trusted, suddenly one night in February, 1692, put guards at each end of the glen, surrounded the cottages, and killed some thirty of the clansmen. It was a brutal piece of treachery, and all Scotland, the Lowlands as well as the Highlands, was angry at the outrage. William dismissed Stair, but the mischief was done; many of the clans remained, for half a century still, devoted to the Stuarts.

These events in Scotland stir now hardly any passions, but what happened in Ireland is linked with strife which still endures. The most relentless wars are those about religion. Except in Ulster, the bulk of the Irish people had remained Roman Catholics. They had resented bitterly the persecution of their faith by a minority in Ireland sustained by the power of England, and now they rallied to a Roman Catholic king. Little reason had they to love the Stuarts; but they had a

burning desire to make Ireland free of English and Protestant supremacy. James II went to Ireland within three months of his flight from England. Behind him was the power of Roman Catholic France. In Ireland he summoned a Parliament, which met in May, 1689. In previous Parliaments only Protestants had sat; but now few Protestants would recognize James and answer his summons to a Parliament. The Roman Catholics controlled Lords and Commons. To the Roman Catholic Irish the day of reckoning seemed to have come. The first Act declared Ireland to be completely independent of England. All land confiscated since the revolt of 1641 was restored to its former owners. The Roman Catholics were to have the church tithes, the church buildings, the schools and colleges in Ireland. Protestants were to enjoy liberty of conscience, but under ban of death they might not hold services. Some two thousand of William's supporters were condemned to death by name, without further trial, if they did not surrender to James before certain fixed dates.

Ireland was quickly involved in the horrors of civil war. James besieged Londonderry. The town was near starvation, when ships from England broke the boom which closed the harbour, brought in food, and thus forced James to raise the siege. William went in person to Ireland, and the Roman Catholic and the Protestant king fought out the issue in bloody strife. On July 12th, 1690, they met in a pitched battle at the river Boyne. As a young man James had been a soldier of some promise, but now he utterly failed. He fled from the field, and the Battle of the Boyne remains the crowning victory in the fight of William of Orange to make Protestantism supreme in Ireland. In the next year, after two prolonged sieges of Limerick, William's army forced this last stronghold of James to surrender, and the struggle ended in complete victory for the Protestant

cause. Officers and soldiers who had fought for James, were allowed to leave the country, but in many cases they could not take with them their families, who remained behind in Ireland sunk in deep poverty. At the surrender of Limerick, William had promised some measure of toleration, but he had to learn the lesson,

THE FLIGHT OF JAMES II AFTER THE BATTLE OF THE BOYNE

since so often apparent, that it is the few and not the many who are really tolerant. The Irish Parliament was resolved to hold down the majority and would yield nothing. It broke faith shamelessly with those who surrendered at Limerick. It forbade Roman Catholic

services and would have only Protestant schools and colleges. It punished the supporters of James by the confiscation of their estates. Priests who would not take oaths which meant the denial of their faith were, if found in the country, to be hanged. The penalty of celebrating a marriage between a Protestant and a Roman Catholic was also death by hanging. The son of a Roman Catholic land-owner who turned Protestant, was to inherit all the property, and the Roman Catholic children were to be disinherited. These and other cruel laws kept up in Ireland a rankling hatred of the Protestant rule. It is at the root of the Irish problem of to-day. Not only Roman Catholics but also Presbyterians were denied liberty; for only members of the Established Church of Ireland might sit in Parliament or hold public office. Ireland was treated as a conquered country, and this severity was partly due to fear. The triumphant minority well knew that the great mass of the Irish people hated the iron system imposed upon them and would destroy it if once they had the power.

3. William III's Wars to Check France.—The struggle with James did not end with his failure in Ireland. To Louis XIV of France James remained the lawful sovereign of England, and for this attitude Louis had a double reason—sympathy with the religious policy of James and hatred of William, the steadfast enemy of France's designs to master Europe. England's answer to the contempt of Louis could only be war, and the war was prolonged for eight years. We think now of the fleet of France as inferior to that of England, but this was not clear in 1690. At the very moment of the Battle of the Boyne, the combined English and Dutch fleets, with sixty ships, were fighting a French fleet of eighty ships off Beachy Head, and the result was indecisive. There was intense excitement when a French force landed and burned the village of Teignmouth in

Devonshire. The crisis came in 1692. The invasion of England was planned, and James prepared a proclamation in which, while promising pardon to many, he declared his fixed intention to punish severely his chief enemies. It was a tactless threat, which injured his cause. A great French fleet was ready to convey an army to England, and the treachery of the time was such that James half expected Russell, the English admiral, to turn to his side. Instead, when Russell met the French fleet off Cape La Hogue, he and his sailors fought with a desperate tenacity. It is a strange fact that James watched the battle from the shore. In past days he had himself fought on English ships with English sailors, and now, at a bold manoeuvre, he was surprised into saying admiringly, "See how my brave English fight." The Stuart cause was lost in that battle. The English triumph was so complete that it ended all talk of invasion. It was the greatest naval victory between the Armada and Trafalgar.

At home the English were now safe, but the Holland of their king, William, was by no means safe, and he spent half his time fighting in person the armies of France. He was the central figure of a coalition of four or five powers against France, and it was his skill and tact which saved the coalition. Since Whigs and Tories would not work together, William, himself liberal in thought, had to rely on the party most in sympathy with him, and in the end he retained only Whig ministers. It was the beginning of that government by party which endures still. We do not hear yet of a prime minister. William was his own chief minister. He kept foreign affairs in his own hands and took a personal share in the work of government. But his Whig ministers, who were beginning to be called his Cabinet, really controlled policy while Parliament contained a Whig majority. Hitherto the king had kept a Parliament as long as he

liked; Charles II had continued one for eighteen years. The Whigs had long declared that this was a menace to liberty and that the nation should elect its representatives more frequently. William disliked giving up any rights which he had as king, but in 1694 he had to accept the Triennial Bill, limiting the duration of Parliament to three years. The step meant that Parliament must answer quickly to the nation for its doings.

William found dangers in government by party. Hitherto we hear nothing of the bribery of members of Parliament, but now, when each party must try to make and keep itself strong, the corrupt man was able to sell his influence. We find already evil practices in party politics. In 1695, for accepting bribes, Sir John Trevor was dismissed from the office of Speaker of the House of Commons. But there were better signs. Hitherto the newspaper, so vital a factor in modern life, had been almost unknown. No daily paper existed, and the sheets appearing weekly or oftener were subject to the authority of the censor, who had abused his powers. With the Tories in office, Whig publications had been suppressed, to the rage of that party; and now, with the Whigs in power, the Tories were alarmed. Thus it happened that in 1695 the censor was unpopular. He derived his authority from an Act called the Licensing Bill, and, when Parliament refused to renew this measure, his power came to an end. The press was left free, and the effect was immediate. Newspapers began to multiply, and before many years London had a tiny daily paper and many published weekly and tri-weekly.

An England without banks would now seem as strange to us as an England without newspapers. Yet until 1694 England had no public bank. We know to-day with bitter reality the huge debt involved in a long war. In earlier times wars had usually ended when ready money gave out, and victory was likely to go to the richer side,

for there were no means of securing great loans. Yet William had somehow to get money or to be beaten by the superior resources of France. It was a Scot, William Paterson, who suggested the way out, by founding the Bank of England. It lent the sums to William's government, and this helped to make William secure. If James came back, he would not be likely to pay this debt, and this financial risk made the shareholders, who were chiefly Whigs, the more earnest in supporting the Revolution. For a long time England had suffered from bad coinage. It was a common practice to clip small pieces of silver or gold from the edges of coins, and it was hard to find a remedy for this fraud. At last, in 1696, Montague, William's treasurer, ended the difficulty by putting a milled edge on all coins. This edge on the coins of to-day is a reminder of the evil of debased coinage and of the cure found under William.

Year after year William had led his army in person, chiefly in defending Holland from invasion. He was not a great general, and he won no decisive victory in the field. Yet he would never accept defeat, and in 1697 he obliged France to make the Peace of Ryswick, by which she acknowledged him as king and returned all her conquests. But Louis XIV had not finally given up his designs to master Europe. He was only checked, not beaten, and William told the English Parliament that, to be safe, they must still keep up a considerable army. In this he met one of the deepest prejudices of the English. James II had shown them how a king might use a standing army to menace liberty, and now Parliament insisted that not more than ten thousand men should be kept in arms. Such a feeble force, William said truly, would invite France to renew her old plans and would undo the effect of eight years of war. But he was helpless. The army was reduced. William's Dutch soldiers, and those, too, from Scotland

and Ireland, were sent home. So deep was his anger that for a time he intended to abdicate and return to Holland. He was, in truth, a lonely man in England. When Mary, his good and devoted wife, died in 1694, he said, "I was the happiest man on earth and I am the most miserable." He made few friends among the English, and they resented his gifts and favours to his companions brought from Holland.

In 1700 there was consternation in England at the death of a little boy. James II had two surviving children; one, James Edward, barred from succession to the throne because he was a Roman Catholic; the other, Anne, a middle-aged matron, wife of Prince George of Denmark and mother of many children, of whom only one had survived, the young Prince William. England expected that in time he would be king; but he was sickly, and it was his death in 1700 which caused dismay. The situation required prompt action, and Parliament quickly passed the Act of Settlement. If William and Anne should both die childless, the crown was to go to Sophia, Electress of Hanover, and her heirs. Sophia was not by birth the next in succession to Anne, but she was the senior Protestant claimant. The Act of Settlement, 1701, imposed new and severe restrictions on the king. He might not even leave England without permission from Parliament. He was deprived of the right to dismiss judges, which was now assigned to Parliament alone. Henceforth, by this momentous change, no king could, by this power of dismissal, force judges to do his will.

William's fears in regard to France were realized sooner than he could have expected. Many things showed that Louis XIV was getting ready for a renewed effort, and a memorable scene convinced England that his resolve to master Europe was unchanged. In 1701, when the deposed James II lay dying, Louis XIV went

to his bed-side. There, touched perhaps with pity for fallen greatness, he promised that he would acknowledge James's young son as king of England. This was to flout the terms of the Peace of Ryswick. In other ways Louis took risks of war. His own grandson Philip had some valid claim to the throne of Spain. But to have the Bourbon line rule, not only France, but also the vast empire of Spain, caused then as much alarm in Europe as would have been caused in our own age had the Hohenzollern line ruled both Germany and France. Louis had pledged himself not to support the claims of his grandson. Yet, in 1700, when the old childless king of Spain died and bequeathed his crown to the Bourbon Philip, Louis could not resist the prospect of Bourbon rule from the Rhine to the Strait of Gibraltar and supported his grandson, who became king, and whose line rules Spain to this day. All Europe was aroused, and in 1702 began the long struggle against the ambitions of France, known as the War of the Spanish Succession. In it William had no personal share. He died early in that year from the effect of a fall from his horse. Probably the feeling of England, on his death, was one of relief that the ill-dressed, sickly, reserved Dutchman was gone and that now a sovereign really English would reign. But England owes him a great debt. He was the wisest ruler of his age, and by his sagacity he created a new political system, which yielded control to Parliament, while at the same time it preserved much of the dignity and prestige of the Crown. He was, in truth, the chief creator of the modern British state, in which popular rule is steadied by the traditions of an ancient monarchy.

4. **The Victories of Marlborough.**—A woman succeeded the warrior William. Anne, the only Stuart entirely English, was a plain, good-natured, but sometimes obstinate woman, dull, and without any capacity

to rule. She had the Stuart belief in the magic of royalty and allowed sick people to come to her to be touched by the royal hand as a cure for scrofula (the king's evil). She was devoted to the Church of England and so strict in her views as to refuse to go to the theatre. She kept up high regal state and sat in person at the councils of her ministers. But she made no pretence to rule as Elizabeth, England's last reigning queen, had ruled. Parliament was now master, and Anne had to accept the party government which she, like William, disliked. Britain was passing into the modern era. She was the first great state to abandon rule by the sovereign for rule by the elected representatives of the nation, and was thus breaking a new path.

QUEEN ANNE
From "Medallic Illustrations"
By permission of the British Museum

Three quarters of the people lived in the country, and the villagers were so isolated and untravelled that they spoke of Frenchmen and of the people of neighbouring villages equally as foreigners. One quarter of the cultivated land of England was held by men who tilled their own little farms. They were well clothed and well fed; but the day was soon to come when the peasant owner would give way to the landless labourer who toiled in dire and hopeless poverty. Roads were so bad that pack-horses were used for carrying goods. Hardly one in four of the English people could read or

write. Manufactures were increasing. English wool was of superior quality, and a law now forbade the export of unmanufactured wool, in order to build up the great wool industry. There were now, too, silk, linen, and cotton fabrics of English make. The spinning and the weaving were done by hand in the cottages of the workers. The England of Anne was rougher than that of to-day, but it had only one large city, London, and

COSTUMES OF THE FIRST HALF OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

there was little of the crowding into slums and none of the unwholesome factory life of our time. Coffee, tea, and tobacco, which play so great a part in modern social customs, had come into general use. Trade was increasing, and interests other than those causing religious and political strife were growing. The old monotony of life was breaking down. London had its brilliant men of letters. The age of Anne can be called illustrious. Of

writers, Addison and Swift were in the first rank. The deep problems of religion had occupied Milton and Bunyan, but in the reign of Anne the best talent was given to political tracts and to the efforts to amuse and interest, shown by Addison in the daily paper, *The Spectator*.

Soon, however, a heavy shadow fell on the life of the nation. War, long and implacable war, against the ambitions of France broke out, and the most important person in the state was the man who could command armies. William had been both king and general. Now, to have a general was England's chief need, and he was found in John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough. It is said with truth of Marlborough that he never fought a battle which he did not win nor besieged a fortress which he did not take. When young and ambitious, he had attained the rank of Colonel in the French service in the time of Charles II, and he learned all that could be known of the art of war. It was chiefly he who had crushed Monmouth. He always showed passionate devotion to his clever, beautiful, but bad-tempered, wife, the Duchess Sarah, who was the intimate friend of Anne and who, during many years, ruled that weak woman. In the uncertain days when it had not been clear whether James or William should prevail, the Churchills betrayed each side in turn. For a time William kept Churchill in the Tower as a prisoner. He was greedy for money, but his redeeming qualities were many. His tact as a courtier was helped by his handsome person. He knew how to manage men. England was allied with Holland, Austria, Prussia, and other German states, and Churchill, like Foch in our own day, became the commander-in-chief of the allied armies. The allies were jealous of one another, and they were held together by the patience and skill of the great English general.

Blenheim, a little village on the river Danube, gives the name to one of the greatest of English victories and to one of the most princely of English mansions, the gift of the nation to the victor. When war broke out in 1702, France's ally, Philip of Spain, ruled in the land which is now Belgium, and the allies had before them the hard task of taking Liége, Namur, Lille, and other fortresses, before they could strike at the heart of France. In 1702, by a brilliant stroke, Marlborough took Liége. Later progress was, however, slow, and in 1704 France thought, by one supreme effort, to check invasion and end the war. Her plan was to make a dash through Bavaria and ruin Marlborough's chief ally, Austria, by occupying Vienna, the capital. This would break up the alliance, and then France would be free to attack England, left without allies, and to try to put young James Edward on the throne. Thus it happened that England's security depended on a struggle on the Danube Marlborough decided by a rapid march to bar the French from the Austrian capital. The two forces met at the tiny village of Blenheim. There was terrific slaughter; but in the evening of August 13th, 1704, Marlborough scribbled, on the back of an old hotel bill which he found in his pocket, a note, asking his wife to tell the queen that her army had won "a glorious victory" and that with him in his coach as prisoners were the French leader, M. Tallard, and two other generals.

DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH

For half a century a French army had not been defeated, and Blenheim was a staggering blow to the prestige of France. Marlborough was quick in preparing to menace Louis XIV in his own capital. But his timorous allies held him back, and he was reduced to the slow method of attacking in succession the fortresses which protected the French frontier. We hear names which became familiar in the late great war. Marlborough captured Namur, and Mons, and Lille. He fought bloody battles in Belgium—Ramillies (1706), Oudenarde (1708), Malplaquet (1709). In the last battle, in particular, he was sickened by the slaughter. To reward him for his greatest victory, England built for him the great Blenheim Palace, still the seat of the Dukes of Marlborough. In the very year of Blenheim, England won a footing on the Continent of Europe, which she still holds. When Spain refused to abandon her new Bourbon king, the English besieged the fortress of Gibraltar. They took it in 1704 and soon overran a great part of Spain. Gibraltar the English would never give up, and they still hold this rock, which guards the entrance to the Mediterranean Sea.

5. The Union with Scotland.—At home, meanwhile, there were momentous events. Scotland and England, though separate kingdoms, had now for a hundred years been ruled by the same king. Nature had been unkind to Scotland, for it gave her a barren soil and a bleak climate. Her government had been in the hands of a few powerful nobles, and even less than in England had the masses of the people any power in politics. But now Scotland, like England, was passing into the modern era. In 1696 the Scottish Parliament decreed that a school should be set up in every parish, something that England did not do until nearly two hundred years later. The Scots became a well-educated people, and they were eager for trade. England had an exten-

sive trade with her American colonies and with India, but the Scots were not allowed to share in this trade. An energetic man, the same William Paterson who had founded the Bank of England, told the Scots that they must strike out for themselves and that they should occupy a point of vantage for securing world trade. This, he said, the Isthmus of Panama, then known as Darien, offered, with the Atlantic on one side and the Pacific on the other. The Scots subscribed a capital of £400,000 for the Darien Company, and in 1698 some twelve hundred colonists with their families were landed on the Isthmus.

The early days of colonies are always difficult, and this colony was no exception. The climate was bad; the colonists were ignorant of what to do; the neighbouring English colonies were hostile to this rival and would furnish no supplies; and, above all, Spain claimed the territory occupied. Two years were enough to bring a complete failure. After many of the settlers had died, the colony was abandoned, and the shareholders lost their money. The Scots were angry. They were dragged, they said, into England's wars, but were denied the right to trade as the English traded. In 1703 their Parliament passed an "Act of Security," providing that, on the death of Anne, Scotland should no longer have the same sovereign as England. To this England gave a firm answer. In such a case, the cattle, sheep, coal, and other products of Scotland which found a market in England, would no longer be admitted. It was clear that the two states must face either closer friendship or bitter strife. The English said to the Scots: "Give up your Parliament, join us, and you can have every right that we have." The Scots answered: "We must preserve our own laws and customs and our Presbyterian faith." Both countries agreed to name a commission, and the result was the union completed in 1707. Eng-

land agreed to pay a large sum to relieve the Darien shareholders. The Scots were to retain their own church and laws and to be as free as the English in matters of trade. Henceforth, there was to be no king of Scotland or of England, but a king of the new United Kingdom of Great Britain. For what Scotland gained she gave up her Parliament and was henceforth to send sixteen peers, chosen by the Scottish peers from among themselves, to the British House of Lords and to elect forty-five members to the House of Commons. Edinburgh ceased to be a capital, and London became the political centre for Scotland as for England. Scots members went up to London, and for the first time Anglicans and Presbyterians divided peacefully the tasks of government. No English Presbyterian might sit in Parliament, for the Test Act still excluded him; but now the presence of the Scots of that faith helped toleration. Londoners sometimes wounded the sensitive Scots by laughing at their manners and especially their accent. There is no doubt that for many years the Scots disliked the union. But with new opportunity they prospered. Their trade grew, and the day was to come when Englishmen would complain that the Scots ruled, not only Scotland, but also England.

6. **The Rule of the Tories.**— In a period of change, there are always those who dread the new and cling to the old. This is especially true in respect to religion. When startled English Tories saw Scots Presbyterians actually taking part in making laws for England, they were alarmed anew. The Church of England, they believed, was the chief support of the throne, and on that throne was a queen who in this agreed with them. At heart Anne was Tory and High Church, holding firmly that the only valid rule in the church is by bishops. By an odd chance it was the House of Lords, with the Liberal bishops appointed by William, who tried to

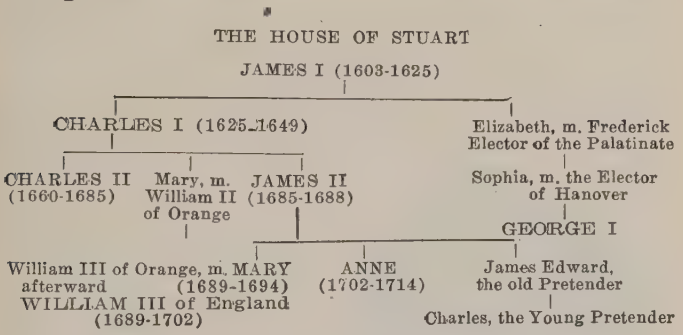
moderate High Church fears. The law forbade any one to hold public office in England who did not take the communion in the Church of England. To satisfy the law, nonconformist office-holders would take the communion once a year, but continue to attend their own services. It seems now a shocking irreverence to use a religious sacrament as a test for fitness for political office. To this, however, the Tories did not object. What they disliked was that the nonconformist could hold office and yet continue to attend his chapel. In 1709 a certain Dr. Sacheverell, in a rancorous sermon, declared that it was sin to resist the sovereign, that the Revolution was a crime, and that political leaders who tolerated Presbyterians and the adherents of religious sects were aiding atheism and putting the church, and with it the state, in deadly peril. It was foolish to take notice of this wild teaching, but Sacheverell was a Tory, and the Whigs, still in power, decided to act. They impeached him, and he was tried in the ancient Westminster Hall where Charles I had been tried. In such a scene an obscure preacher became a national figure. Anne attended the trial in person, and the London mob crowded round her coach shouting for "High Church and Sacheverell." Though he was formally condemned, he became the most popular man in England, and the Tories were exultant.

The results were serious. An election in 1710 gave the Tories a great majority on the cry of "The Church in danger," and in 1711 the Tories had the joy of passing the Occasional Conformity Act, which imposed dismissal and fine on office-holders who attended a nonconformist service. A little later, in 1714, they passed the Schism Act, which permitted only members of the Church of England to keep any kind of school. The crude intolerance of this Act caused protest even from some bishops of the church. But it illustrates the rage

of party. The Tories now had their way. Marlborough's wife had for nearly a score of years imperiously directed and controlled Anne; but that good, dull woman had slowly grown resentful at this domination, and now found a more tactful friend in the sweet-tempered Mrs. Masham, a cousin of the Duchess. The Duchess was dismissed. The Duke himself was charged with misappropriating money intended for the army, and in 1711 he, too, was driven out and actually obliged to live in exile on the Continent. Louis XIV had long desired peace, but had refused to accept the allied demand that he should send an army to drive his own grandson from Spain. "I had rather fight my enemies than my children," said the old king. The Whigs had prolonged the war, and the Tories now desired peace at almost any cost. They showed little regard for the interests of their allies when they made, in 1713, the Peace of Utrecht. It yielded to Louis what he had desired. His grandson remained king of Spain. But Louis had to expel the Stuart Pretender from France and to recognize the right of the British Parliament to fix the succession to the crown. Both Spain and France gave up territory. Spain ceded the treasured Rock of Gibraltar, and France yielded what was momentous for the history of Canada—all claim to Nova Scotia and to Hudson Bay and Newfoundland. It was the beginning of the British Canada of to-day. Marlborough's victories had not been in vain.

In the moment of triumph the Tories lost the reward of the party game which they were playing. Anne was near her end, and two Tory leaders, Robert Harley, Earl of Oxford, and Henry St. John, Viscount Bolingbroke, were rivals for the leadership. Oxford was for a moderate policy, Bolingbroke for crushing the Whigs, and, if need be, for putting on the throne, after the death of Anne, the Stuart Pretender, rather than a German prince

certain to favour the Whigs. The two leaders quarrelled in the presence of the distracted queen, and she dismissed Oxford in 1714. Bolingbroke was master, but worry killed the queen before he could carry out his plans. Thus it happened that when Anne died George I was at once proclaimed king, and Toryism had received a shattering blow.


THE HOUSE OF STUART
JAMES I (1603-1625)
CHARLES I (1625-1649)
Elizabeth, m. Frederick Elector of the Palatinate
CHARLES II (1660-1685)
Mary, m. William II of Orange
JAMES II (1685-1688)
Sophia, m. the Elector of Hanover
GEORGE I
William III of Orange, m. MARY afterward (1689-1694) WILLIAM III of England (1689-1702)
ANNE (1702-1714)
James Edward, the old Pretender
Charles, the Young Pretender

CHAPTER XIII

WALPOLE, CHATHAM, AND WESLEY

1. The Jacobite Rising of 1715.—In George I the nation had once more what it especially disliked—a sovereign who was not an Englishman. To this day it is almost a term of reproach in England to be called a foreigner, and George I was a foreigner. He knew no English and could never speak to his people in their own tongue. He was now fifty-four, a small, dull-looking man, who brought with him his own circle of German men and women—a source of bitter jealousy to courtiers who could not even understand the speech of the new-comers. George had been reared in the little German court of Hanover, where the ruler was a despot. When James I, the first Stuart, also a foreigner, had come to England, he had caused most of the troubles to himself and his successors by refusing to adopt the ideas of the English and by trying to carry out his own despotic policy. It might have been feared that now, a hundred years later, the new foreign ruler would try to do the same thing. But the times had changed. George

George I

I could see clearly enough that England was not Hanover, and he showed no desire to play the despot. Though he seemed unpromising, he proved not a bad king. He naturally preferred German to English ways, and some who flattered him to his face sneered behind his back at him and his German friends. All the men seemed adventurers and all the women ugly. George had the loose morals of his class at the time, but he was a brave soldier and an honest and discreet man of business. A stranger in England, he had to rely upon men whom he could trust. He dismissed Bolingbroke and his Tory ministers. An election gave a great Whig majority, and that party remained for fifty years the mainstay of the House of Hanover.

The Tories had no love for a sovereign who favoured the Whigs, and some of them planned to turn him out and bring back the Stuart line. James Edward the "Pretender," now a young man of twenty-six, was the undoubted heir of the Stuart dynasty, and but for two causes might well have become king. One cause was his religion. He was a sincere Roman Catholic and would not sell his faith for a crown as his ancestor Henry IV of France had done. The other cause was himself. He was a slow, silent man, rarely known to smile, and his tall, lank figure, pale face, and cold manners, repelled, instead of attracting, adherents. That an effort to put him on the throne would be made was, however, certain. Bolingbroke, the Tory leader, fled to the Continent and joined him. In many parts of England there were riots in protest against the new Whig rule, and to meet this was now passed the Riot Act, still in force, which provides that, if a crowd of a dozen people or more do not disperse when ordered to do so by a lawful authority, they incur the penalties of a felony. The Jacobites—the name comes from the Latin for James, *Jacobus*—with the credulity of exiles, thought that both England and

Scotland were ready to rise. In Scotland there was still acute discontent with the union, and there was, moreover, the historic devotion to the Stuarts, a Scottish dynasty, which that line hardly deserved. James Edward went himself to Scotland, but the Jacobite rising of 1715 failed utterly. Louis XIV had recently died, and France was no longer disposed to support the losing Stuart cause. England remained cold and indifferent. The Tories would not fight for a claimant who was not a member of the Church of England. By 1716 all was quiet again, and the House of Hanover was securely on the throne. But Scotland was still in a critical state of mind. She felt herself neglected. For more than a century no sovereign set foot in Scotland. William and Anne and the three first Georges never saw that country. There is little wonder that for a long time Scottish loyalty was slow and uncertain. In Ireland the situation was worse. Through long centuries the only rulers to visit Ireland had been the deposed James II, to arouse the Roman Catholics in his support, and William III, to attack him with Protestant aid. Thus the only sovereigns the Irish ever saw were champions in desperate religious strife. In Scotland the discontent was not deep, but in Ireland it remained a thorny problem of British politics.

2. **The South Sea Bubble.**—George I soon found it dull and profitless to sit in council with his ministers when, since he knew no English, he could not follow the discussions. So he stayed away and left the most important of the ministers to preside in his place and report to him the proceedings. Thus it is that we first find a recognized Prime Minister in British politics. Within a few years an amazing incident brought to the front the strong man who was able to dominate his colleagues. Gambling in stocks is an absorbing passion in our own day, but in the time of George I it reached a height hardly since equalled. Trade was expanding,

and with this came wild hopes of vast profits. In 1711, under Anne, the government, with a large debt owing to many creditors, had induced most of them to form themselves into a great Company, so that there should be a single large creditor. The Company was to receive interest at six per cent., a low rate for the time. In this way a debt of £19,000,000 was consolidated. The chief inducement to form the Company was a monopoly of trade with South America and the Pacific Islands, and from this it took the name of the South Sea Company. Two years later, by the Treaty of Utrecht and for the benefit of the Company, Spain agreed to grant the British a monopoly of the slave trade, a traffic really infamous but not then abhorred as it is now, and to allow one ship a year to trade with the Spanish colonies, from which otherwise all but Spanish trade was excluded. The South Sea Company prospered, and its stock rose above par.

Then came the fever of gambling, and with it ruin. To head off rivals, the Company reduced from six to five per cent. the rate of interest to be paid by the government on its debt. The one ship trading with the Spanish colonies was fraudulently reloaded at sea from other British ships, so that it landed many cargoes in the course of a single year. The Spanish colonists were eager for British goods, and the British public came to believe that in this really small trade there was vast profit. In August, 1720, South Sea shares of £100 were bringing £1,000, and the Company actually promised that the rate of dividend should never fall below £50 a share. Other speculative companies sprang up, and the public bought eagerly shares in companies that planned to turn base into precious metals, to collect and sell the beech nuts in England, and even for purposes to be kept secret for the time. Members of the Whig government were drawn into the prevailing madness, and some of them sold their influence for shares received corruptly.

One Whig never lost his head. Sir Robert Walpole was a Norfolk squire, who had already taken a leading part in politics but had quarrelled with his colleagues, and in 1720 was out of office. He called the South Sea frenzy folly, but made money by buying and selling the shares. In the autumn of 1720 the gamblers were growing uneasy, and South Sea shares fell from £1,000 to £135. Thousands were ruined. There was an angry demand for inquiry, and the investigation showed wide-spread corruption even by persons close to the king. The nation called for a man whom it could trust, and Sir Robert Walpole became Prime Minister.

3. Walpole, the First Prime Minister.—Walpole was no saint. There was in this sporting, hard living, jovial man no touch of religious feeling or delicacy of scruple. His language was coarse, his morals were loose, and he was prepared to bribe men to support him if he could secure them in no other way. But he loved and served his country with unshakable devotion, and, after a long term of office in a corrupt age, he died in debt. His was a masterful spirit, and he would have about him only those who would obey his will. He parted with colleagues who resented the discipline which he imposed upon them. Every benefit which the government could command went to his friends and to

ROBERT WALPOLE
From "Medallic Illustrations"
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them alone. Tory office-holders were dismissed; new supporters were gained by jobbery in contracts; in two cases at least members of Parliament were bought by money. It is an unlovely phase of government by party. But Walpole had a definite policy—to soften religious strife, to develop trade and put finances on a sound basis, to cultivate friendly relations with other countries and especially France, and to keep out of war.

For more than twenty years Walpole was the real ruler of Britain. Never before had a subject exercised such a sway and for a time so long. The death of George I in 1727 interrupted it for only a few days. The new king, George II, had, as Prince of Wales, quarrelled savagely with his father and had hated his Prime Minister. But Walpole had become necessary, and his tenure of office under George II endured for a period twice as long as that under George I. The new king was not easy to serve. He was middle-aged, a German who loved Hanover more than England. He had fought under Marlborough at Oudenarde and prided himself, with some justice, on being a brave soldier; but in politics he was timid, and he was glad to let Walpole manage difficult problems and take the blame if he should fail. George had a clever wife, Caroline of Anspach, and she and Walpole came quickly to understand each other and to join in managing the vain, irascible little king. He lived by rigorous rule. Woe to any one about him who was late. He saved money and loved to count his guineas one by one. Sometimes he would fly into a passion, kick his wig around the room, and denounce those about him as fools and rascals. We can imagine that Walpole and the queen, if they were present at such scenes, would exchange glances. They knew how little George's boast that no one managed him really meant, for they, indeed, managed him.

It was not the king's favour which really kept Walpole in office, but his support by a majority in the

House of Commons. In earlier times the chief leaders had sat usually in the House of Lords, but Walpole sat in the Commons, alert in watching enemies and friends alike, and quick to punish any failure of his friends when he called for their support. The Whigs had forced William III to accept a Triennial Bill, which gave a tenure of only three years to an elected Parliament. But this they had also changed, for in 1716, when a foreign king was newly on the throne, when the Jacobites were active, and an election was imminent, the Whigs had feared to go to the country, and, in defiance of Tory clamour, had forced the Septennial Act through Parliament, making its term seven instead of three years. It was high-handed for the members to add four years to their term without an appeal to the voters, but the Act probably saved bloodshed. The longer period certainly added to the power of the House of Commons. With a tenure of seven years, the members were saved the cost of frequent elections and could better resist public clamour and force their will upon the House of Lords. It was Walpole who, against his own Whig side, checked the Lords. In 1719 the Whigs, secure in the Commons, had tried to maintain permanently the existing majority in the Lords, by the Peerage Bill, providing that there should never be more than one hundred and eighty-four peers, only six more than the existing number. Walpole fought the Bill and defeated it. As it was, if the Lords were obstinate, the government could create new peers to override their opposition. But the Peerage Bill, as Walpole said, would not only make this no longer possible; it would also shut out Commoners from coveted peerages. Perhaps this selfish argument was the more effective. At any rate the Bill was defeated, and the House of Commons has been ever since the centre of power.

4. The Fall of Walpole.—In the end the House of Commons turned out Walpole. He was an extremely wary leader, who acted on the principle, so well known to the politician of our own time, of leaving troublesome questions alone. It is amusing to see how Walpole handled the question, so hotly agitated in the reign of Anne, of allowing Protestant nonconformists to hold public office. The law provided that officials attending a meeting-house should be dismissed. Walpole knew that, if he tried to change the law, there would be a great outcry about "the Church in danger." He did not change the law, and he did not disturb the nonconformists in office. He merely passed each year an Act of Indemnity, relieving from penalty those who had violated the law. Walpole's handling of finance was equally cautious. The revenue from the customs was very small, and Walpole planned to put a special tax on those who drank wine and used tobacco—a tax known as the "excise"—to be levied at the point where these things were prepared for use. From it England now secures immense sums, but when Walpole proposed it, in 1733, he was met by angry opposition. Spies, it was said, would pry into every man's house to see what wine or tobacco he might have. Many of Walpole's supporters deserted him on the Bill, and at the second reading his majority fell to sixteen. He was angry, but he showed his usual caution. He would not, he said, "levy taxes at the price of blood," and he withdrew the Bill. But he took his revenge. Dukes, earls, even officers in the army who had failed him, he dismissed from their posts. His victims joined the opposition and helped to bring about his fall.

This came on the question of war. He had long cautiously held aloof from the disputes of continental Europe, and he boasted that no English were among the thousands slain there yearly in war. Enemies of the British say that they are a warlike people. Certainly,

when the national honour is attacked, the nation becomes fierce; and now the opposition said that Spain was flouting and defying Britain. She was bound to allow one British ship to trade each year to her colonies. Without doubt this privilege had been abused, and Spain began to punish the culprits with rigour. A certain Captain Jenkins reported that, on his way home from Jamaica with sugar, his ship had been boarded by Spanish coast-guards who, with other outrages, had cut off his ear and thrown it in his face with an insulting message to his king. Jenkins, called before the House of Commons, told the members that when death seemed imminent he had commended his soul to God and his cause to his country. It was a telling phrase. Such was the clamour for war that Walpole had to yield or to resign. He chose to yield, and in 1739 declared war on Spain. But this did not save him. His enemies even said that he had been in the pay of Spain. An election in 1741, in which vast sums were spent on both sides, went against him, and in 1742 he resigned. He was made a peer as Earl of Orford. We see that power had passed to the Commons when we find Walpole, the peer, describing himself as one of the most insignificant fellows in England.

William Pitt, Earl of Chatham

With Walpole gone, no dominating figure appeared, until, to meet the danger of being overwhelmed by war,

William Pitt, later Earl of Chatham, became the saviour of his country. Walpole's fear that war is a contagion and that, once begun, it would spread, proved true. Spread it did into strange and unexpected fields. It is a striking fact that, in every great war from the days of William III to those of Napoleon, Britain and France found themselves arrayed on opposite sides. On the Continent of Europe was growing up the power of Prussia, destined to have so ominous a meaning for later days. In 1740, when Frederick II came to the throne, he seized the province of Silesia because, as he claimed, he had a better right to it than Maria Theresa, who had just come to the Austrian throne. It was because the young ruler was a woman that Frederick attacked her right. George II, nervous about Hanover, allied himself with Maria Theresa. France, jealous of Austria, joined Prussia; and out of this tangle of intrigue and rival interests came the European struggle known as the War of the Austrian Succession. George II, not as king of England, but as Elector of Hanover, went to the war in person, and the boastful, bad-tempered, bullying little man again proved that he was a good soldier, for in 1743 he defeated the French in a pitched battle at Dettingen on the banks of the river Main in Germany. The victory was to him the source of great pride and glory, but since then no ruler of England has taken a command in time of war. Even in 1743 it would have been impossible for George to command in person, except as ruler of Hanover, where he was a despot. Not until later was England at war with France.

5. **The Second Jacobite Rising in 1745.**—The fall of Walpole ended a prosaic but a very fruitful age. The twenty years which followed are full of the romance and tragedy of war, crowned by glorious victory for Britain. The glory was, however, slow in coming. When in 1744 Britain and France went openly to war, the English were

anxious, for France gathered a large army at Dunkirk to invade England. Among the Roman Catholic powers of Europe there was still the hope of putting the Stuart dynasty on the throne. The gloomy Old Pretender, James Edward, was impossible as a leader, but his son Charles, a fascinating young man, was to accompany the French army. Even Horace Walpole, son of the fallen Prime Minister, believed that there would be a general rising in favour of Charles. Once more, however, did the elements help Britain. A storm shattered France's fleet. Then she threw her strength into what is now Belgium, and there in 1745, at Fontenoy, inflicted a severe defeat on the British. Only a few thousand soldiers now guarded England. But instead of invading England the French followed up their victory in Belgium. Then it was that the young Pretender, "Bonnie Prince Charlie," decided to make one of the romantic adventures of history. He did not, he said, need French support; his loyal Scots and English would rise to put the ancient line on the throne. He made his way to the west coast of Scotland and landed with only seven followers. His coming was unwelcome. The Highland chiefs begged him to go away. But in the end they could not resist the charm, and the frank trust in their loyalty, of the handsome and graceful young man. When the influential

CHARLES EDWARD STUART
From "Medallic Illustrations"
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Cameron of Lochiel joined him, other clans quickly followed. Few realized what they were doing. They lived in a remote and primitive land, and to them war meant a raid, plunder, and a rapid retreat to their mountain homes.

For the time Charles had amazing success. He occupied Holyrood Palace in Edinburgh and proclaimed

THE MARCH OF THE HIGHLAND ARMY INTO ENGLAND IN 1745

his father king. General Cope, who met Charles at Prestonpans, was overthrown in five minutes by the wild charge of the Highlanders. Then Charles, with six thousand men, marched into England, and early in December, 1745, he was at Derby, within a few days' march of London. The city fell into a panic. But the English would not rise for a Roman Catholic Stuart king, and Charles had to turn back to Scotland. By this time

many Highlanders, disgusted, had gone home. An army under the Duke of Cumberland, younger son of George II, was now pressing Charles, and when at last he reached Inverness, a final battle was inevitable. It took place at Culloden in April, 1746. Charles was defeated, and Cumberland, ever after known as "The Butcher," gave no quarter. Charles was struck with horror at the sight of his Highlanders lying dead in layers three or four deep. He escaped to the west coast and for months was a hunted wanderer. For his capture a reward of £30,000 was offered, but no one of the poor men who knew his secret was willing to betray him. Once he was saved by wearing a woman's dress as "Betty Burke" in attendance on Miss Flora Macdonald in Skye. The incident cost that lady imprisonment in the Tower of London. At last the ragged, half-starved fugitive escaped to France. From that country, after the peace, he was expelled, and he spent his later life in Italy. There in 1788, the last of the Stuarts to fight for the throne, he died, a besotted drunkard.

6. **Pitt and the Seven Years' War.**—Now appears on the stage William Pitt, and he is soon the central figure. His chosen profession was that of a soldier, and he became a cornet of horse. He admitted that he loved honourable war. Perhaps he would not have said so had he ever witnessed the carnage of a battle-field. His family had control of a seat in the Commons, and this Pitt secured in 1735. Walpole was in power, and Pitt, too, was a Whig, but he would not fall into line with the Whig leader, and for his first speech Walpole dismissed him from the army. Pitt retorted by the bitter attacks which led to the fall of Walpole. The difference between the two men is the difference between the old and the new spirit in politics. Pitt was as eager as Walpole to hold office, but, while Walpole thought chiefly of having the support of the Commons and was ready to

buy it by rewarding his friends and punishing his enemies, Pitt looked beyond Parliament to the nation. He did not address great public meetings; not yet was this done by political leaders. It was from his place in the Commons that he spoke to the country. He had a graceful figure, a wonderful voice, a flashing eye. He could awe into dismay those who opposed him, and he was fearless. When he took office in 1746, he amazed the whole nation. As paymaster-general he was entitled to take for himself the interest allowed on the large balance at his credit and to deduct one and a half per cent. from the subsidies which Britain was accustomed to pay to foreign states in time of war. The privilege meant a great fortune. But Pitt would not touch a penny beyond his official salary, and he would have nothing to do with jobbery like that of Walpole. It was a fine note in the selfish world of politics. It created confidence in Pitt, and his strength in the hard days to come was in public opinion.

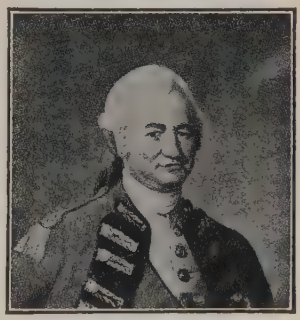
The times were, indeed, trying. With France in 1748 Britain made the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle. Each side had made gains balanced by losses. In America the English laid siege to and captured the French stronghold of Louisbourg in Cape Breton Island, but in India the French took Madras, and at the peace each side gave back its conquests. The peace was only a truce. Both France and Britain were aroused. They were rivals in Europe, in America, and in Asia, and each of them was determined to be first. When the struggle was renewed, it was certain to be world-wide in range. In 1755 Pitt, who had held office for nine years, was dismissed. He had many enemies. He had often charged that the king put the interests of Hanover before those of Britain, and this George resented. Colleagues disliked him because he was arrogant and masterful. Disappointed because he had not been made leader of the House of

Commons, he was openly assailing the policy of the ministry of which he was a minister. No wonder he was dismissed. But the country could not get on without him. In 1756 the rivalry with France broke out openly in the long and momentous Seven Years' War, and soon was apparent the evil side of the system created by Walpole. There was deep-seated corruption. Those who supported the ministry expected to receive in return fat contracts, offices, titles, every favour which a government could give and which cupidity desired.

In the war matters went badly. France and Austria, ancient enemies, now made a powerful alliance and were joined by Russia. Britain had as ally the King of Prussia, whom we know as Frederick the Great, but it looked as if he would be overwhelmed by his three mighty neighbours. A disaster stirred the British nation to frenzy. They held Minorca, an island in the Mediterranean, but in 1756 the French took it and were able to do so because a British fleet, under Admiral Byng, was defeated in trying to drive them off. England raged at the loss, and, when Byng was recalled and tried for his conduct, public opinion demanded severity, and he was shot for neglect of duty. To-day we should think it terrible for a British admiral to be tried and shot, and in 1757 the sensation was great. But it taught its lesson. The best man must be found to conduct the war, and the nation said that the best man was Pitt. Jobbery was so deep-rooted in politics that it was necessary to have a minister in charge of the granting of favours which would hold the support of the Commons. With this Pitt would have nothing to do, but he agreed that the fussy, dull, but honest Duke of Newcastle should be Prime Minister and dispense the gifts of government, while as Secretary for War he himself was left a free hand.

The age believed, and we still believe, that it was the genius of Pitt which won the Seven Years' War and put

Britain on a new pinnacle of glory. It is not safe to say that without him the war could not have been won. We do not know; some other leader might have arisen in his place; but he made the plans and directed the operations from which has come the British Empire of to-day. In Europe he backed up Frederick the Great, until, after many disasters, that man of genius triumphed. In India he supported the efforts of Robert Clive, whom he called a "heaven-born general." As yet the British had only trading-posts in India. The East India Company held ground and buildings at Calcutta, Madras, Bombay, and elsewhere; but there was no Indian Empire and little desire for one if, without it, profitable trade could be carried on. But in India, as elsewhere, the French rival was active. The peculiarity of India is that its people, varying in race and religion, do not unite to form a nation. Moslems and Hindus remain separate, and the Hindus are divided by a rigid caste system.



Robert Clive

Above all, in India the stern military discipline which makes an army an effective fighting machine, was unknown. There were many separate states, and by skilful alliances the French were in a fair way to drive out the English. They persuaded the ruler of Bengal, Surajah Dowlah, a weak young man, to try by one blow to end English influence. In 1756 he suddenly seized the English in Calcutta. One hundred and forty-six were put for the night, by some cruel underling, in a small, close house; and in the morning the room was full of corpses, with only twenty-three English remaining alive. The story of the Black Hole of Calcutta stirred a deep anger. Clive,

who had been an obscure clerk, took the field, and in 1757 with a small force he won the great Battle of Plassey, which ended the rule of Surajah Dowlah. Later, in 1760, the French were thoroughly beaten at Wandewash near Madras, and from that time Britain has dominated India.

In North America there is a similar story. One of the secrets of Pitt's greatness was that he knew how to choose men. Every general had failed in America until Pitt chose the cautious Amherst as chief, and Wolfe to lead in an attack on Quebec, the key to Canada. He himself was the guiding spirit. At the War Office he pored over maps, studied despatches, and followed every detail. Hardly a mile of road was opened, a boat built, or a soldier killed, in America, but Pitt knew all about it. With relentless persistence the British closed in on Canada. September 13th, 1759, is notable in British history, for on that day Wolfe died victorious before Quebec. Montcalm, the military genius who opposed him, also fell, and the power of France in America was shattered. On the sea Pitt's plans also succeeded. In 1759 the French were making great preparations to invade England and strike a telling blow at her heart. Their great fleet lay seemingly safe behind rocks and shallows in Quiberon Bay. But on a wild November night Admiral Hawke sailed in, and with amazing gal-

James Wolfe

lantry captured or destroyed most of the French vessels. In every part of the world there was the same story. Inspired by a great man at their head, British generals and admirals were victors in one of the most momentous wars in history. In the hour of triumph George II died, and his grandson, a youth of twenty-two, came to the throne. Resolved himself to be master, he did not like the masterful ways of Pitt, and the great minister retired in 1761. But the war had been won, and the Peace of Paris in 1763 gave Canada to Britain and left her supreme in India. France had been humbled, and Pitt had secured an empire.

7. **John Wesley and the Methodists.**—While Walpole was keeping the nation at peace and Pitt was leading it in victorious war, John Wesley was breaking a new path in social life. His father was rector of the rough parish of Epworth, and so much a Tory that he had written the speech in which Dr. Sacheverell defended himself when he was tried before the House of Lords. John Wesley went to Oxford, and the word "Methodist" was there applied to a little society which he gathered about him for prayer, study, and charitable work. The name fitted him, for method marked all that he did. His Oxford critics wondered that he should visit the poor and hold meetings for prayer; perhaps it is due to his work that modern Oxford would hardly think it strange. Religious strife had made religion itself cold and suspicious. Wesley's long life stretched from the days at the beginning of the century, when the London mob shouted for "High Church and Sacheverell," to those at its end, when the Paris mob stormed the Bastille at the beginning of the French Revolution. He became, like his father, a clergyman of the Church of England, and in early life went to America as a missionary to the Indians, at fifty pounds a year. But his real work began in the days when Walpole was forced into war.

In 1738 he had a deep religious experience. He was, as he said, "converted," and after that time, to his death in 1791, he hardly rested from ceaseless labours. His younger brother, Charles, who lived to the age of eighty, was his fellow-worker and wrote many hymns which are still sung.

No one else knew the need of England as John Wesley knew it. He had no home other than a room in London, and he spent his life in going about, chiefly on horseback, preaching, and organizing the work of the Methodist Society. It is estimated that he rode more than two hundred and fifty thousand miles, and his journeys covered all England and Ireland. He regarded the Methodists as a voluntary society within the Church of England and not as dissenters who would come under the laws relating to nonconformity. He avoided preaching at the hours of church services. For fifty years he preached at five o'clock in the morning, and our age wonders that he could gather great audiences at that hour. Many things, indeed, in the life of this amazing man astonish us. He was careful in his dress, and had refined and distinguished manners. He preached gently, without passion or appeals to fear. Yet he moved great crowds of the roughest and most illiterate class to paroxysms of religious fervour. He was a scholar who knew Hebrew, Greek, Latin, and three or four modern languages, and he wrote many books. Yet he was ceaselessly on the road, preaching about eight hundred times a year and usually five times on Sunday. On horseback he would cover eighty or ninety miles in a day. At the age of eighty-three he remarked that he could no longer write for more than fifteen hours a day without hurting his eyes; at eighty-six he preached in Cornwall to a crowd of twenty-five thousand people. The secret of his health and activity, he said, was constant exercise in the open air, sound sleep, rising at four in the morning,

and freedom from worry. He never knew what it was to have low spirits. In early life, as he said, leisure and he parted company. They never met again. "The dog enchants me with his conversation," said Dr. Johnson of Wesley, "and then breaks away to go and visit some old woman." He had no time to stay and "fold his legs, and have his talk out."

Such was the man who left perhaps a deeper mark on England than either Walpole or Pitt. Walpole used men while he believed that they were hopelessly corrupt; Pitt made England great by war; Wesley did much to change the heart of the nation. He was the great democrat. He felt no contempt and no despair for the most degraded. In many an English town and village there seemed to be no power in the church to soften the coarse brutality of the time. After 1725 gin-drinking was a terrible curse. One in six of the houses of London was said to be a gin shop, and signs were put up offering to make a man drunk for a penny and dead drunk for twopence. In the mining districts thousands were living in savagery almost as real as that of central Africa, and Sunday was devoted to fighting, drinking, dancing, and every form of low vice. There were dire poverty and starvation, and few were the schools to dispel the ignorant degradation of the masses. Good men were working in the church, but they did not reach the needy multitude, and it is the glory of Wesley that he did. George Whitefield, an orator of great gifts, set the example of preaching in the open air. He once preached to a crowd of eighty thousand at Hyde Park in London. To him the world of fashion listened for a time, and Lord Chesterfield, one of the coldest hearts of the age, tells of the excited interest which Whitefield aroused even in him. Wesley had little of Whitefield's dramatic power, but he, too, preached in the open air. If the masses would not come to the church, he would go

where he could find the masses. Staid people frowned on a striking innovation, and sometimes mobs were aroused to attack him. But by 1760 opposition had almost ceased.

No doubt Wesley's tone was severe and rigorous. The man who saw the vices of the age in their most brutal

JOHN WESLEY PREACHING
After the painting by Nathaniel Hone, R.A., in the National Portrait Gallery

forms was not likely to speak softly of gin-drinking and gambling. Wesley loved music and delighted in the beauties of nature, and he was no kill-joy. But in disciplining himself he was pitiless, and he disciplined others. When his books brought him one thousand pounds, he gave it away. "Earn all you can, save all you can, give all you can," he said. He insisted on a rigorous honesty,

which rebuked the slackness of the age. The party system had led to such wide-spread bribery that electors came to think they had the right to gain money by selling their vote, but Wesley said that no Methodist might do it. Smuggling was very common, but when Wesley found that Methodist traders in Cornwall were buying and selling smuggled goods, he rebuked this as robbery. The result was that Methodists came to be regarded as incorruptible voters, and smuggling declined in Cornwall. It was noted that, like Cromwell's devout Ironsides, Methodists made good soldiers. Wesley taught new standards of life to the masses and softened a hard age. As evidence of the power of religion, men could see and hear once degraded ruffians preaching repentance and purity. Had the Church of England shown less rigidity the Methodists might not have broken away to form a separate church; and this separation did not take place until after the death of Wesley. On the Church of England itself his influence was great. Within it grew up a strong Evangelical movement which promoted great social reforms, such as better religious education, the abolition of slavery, and the care of children.

CHAPTER XIV

GEORGE III AND THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

1. The Victory of Wilkes Over the King.—In 1760 the young king, George III, told his people that he was proud to be a Briton. For nearly half a century Germans with their hearts in Hanover had reigned, and many a taunt had Pitt hurled at those who, he said, were dragging England into German wars. Now all this was ended, and the tables were turned. George III never visited Hanover and took little interest in it. Nor did he ever see Ireland or Scotland, or travel far even in England. All his long life he spent in or near London. The days of foreign influence were indeed ended. George's tastes were those of the land-owning class of his time. He prided himself on being a farmer. He lived simply, even frugally. He was kindly, he had agreeable manners, his private life was pure, and his sense of duty strong. Yet George brought irretrievable disaster to the realm. He had little education for his great office. Frederick, Prince of Wales, George's father, no model to copy, had died when George was a child, and his widowed mother, reared in a little German court, had urged him to assert himself and be a real king when he should come to the throne. George was only too ready to follow such counsel. For him the forty years of Whig rule, which had produced ministers like Walpole and Pitt, who really governed, were a mistake. He believed that God had called him to be the director of the state, to rule, not through a Prime Minister, but in person. There were, of course, difficulties. The Parliament must

be managed and controlled, but George learned how to do it. The good, devout king became a master of political corruption. He bought support by offices, titles, direct bribes, as Walpole had done, and he did it all in the name of high Heaven calling him to perform a great task.

John Wilkes was the dissolute son of a wealthy Londoner. He had a cheery temper, great charm of manner, and extensive knowledge of classical literature. Dr. Johnson, who hated the politics of Wilkes, yet said, "Jack is a scholar and Jack has the manners of a gentleman." Wilkes was, however, steeped in the vices of the age and went so far as to publish an obscene parody of the Christian religion. By character he was quite unfitted to be a popular hero. Yet for years "Wilkes and Liberty" was a furious shout of the London mob. If we ask why, the chief answer is that George III had no tact. The young king had forced Pitt from office in 1761 and had taken as his chief adviser a Scottish peer, the Earl of Bute, an old friend who had encouraged him and his mother in their ideal of a despotic king. It was Bute who made the Peace of Paris in 1763, which Pitt denounced as giving away the fruits of victory over France, and the wits of London found added offence in Bute's Scottish origin. He owned a paper called *The Briton*, and Wilkes edited a scurrilous sheet called *The*

JOHN WILKES

North Briton. A North Briton is a Scot, and the name indicates the object of his satire. Wilkes, who was himself a member of Parliament, attacked the king's speech and declared that Bute had basely deserted Frederick. Every one knows that the king's speech at the opening of Parliament is written by his ministers. But George III chose to consider the comment of Wilkes as a personal libel, and suddenly Wilkes found himself a prisoner in the Tower. By narrow obstinacy George III had made a bad man a national figure. Wilkes was soon freed, on the ground of his privilege as a member of Parliament. He had Whig backing, and he claimed that his arrest was illegal. It had been made by order of Halifax, Secretary of State, on a general warrant, which did not name Wilkes, but ordered the arrest of those concerned in publishing the libel on the king. The courts declared general warrants illegal, and the expense to Halifax of his lawless act is said to have been £100,000.

The House of Commons now appeared in the case. Charles I had fought Parliament to make himself despotic; George III made it his servant for the same end. At his demand, the House of Commons expelled Wilkes in 1764 and ordered Number Forty-five of *The North Briton* to be burned by the common hangman. The courts, too, condemned him for one of his impious publications. Meanwhile, he had been nearly killed in a duel forced upon him by a political opponent and had withdrawn to Paris. There was a riot when Number Forty-five was burned, and "Wilkes and Liberty" was an angry cry of the crowd. While Wilkes lived abroad he was pensioned by Whig friends. In 1768 he returned to England, made a personal appeal to George III for pardon, but in vain, and was sent to jail to await sentence. By this time the Whigs had aroused the country on the issue. Wilkes was nominated for Parliament and

returned for Middlesex. When Parliament met and the mob found that Wilkes could not take his seat because he was still in jail, they attacked the prison, and some twenty persons were killed or wounded in the bloody riot. The mob placarded the houses and vehicles of London with the number 45. It was chalked on the backs of pedestrians, and the passing Austrian ambassador was dragged from his carriage to have the number put on the soles of his shoes. But the king remained obstinate and blind. By this time he had a majority in Parliament, which professed to be superior to narrow partyism and to be the bulwark of the state as "The King's Friends." They were their own friends at the same time, for they demanded rewards in titles, offices, and pensions. Some of them were directly bought for gold, and George lived sparingly to save money for this vile purpose. He forced the House of Commons to declare void the election of Wilkes, who was still in jail. Then Middlesex re-elected him unopposed. When the House declared him incapable of sitting, the resolute and now angry electors of Middlesex again returned him. Then the House ordered one more election, and the King's Friends put up a candidate, Colonel Luttrell. Wilkes was returned by about four votes to one; but the House, proving that passion will carry men to any lengths, declared that Colonel Luttrell "ought to have been elected" and gave him the seat.

The House had put itself into the absurd position of saying that it knew better than the electors of Middlesex whom they wished to represent them. Wilkes, still in prison, became a martyr, and large sums were subscribed for his support. "Junius," an anonymous writer of great skill and virulence, thundered in the newspapers; and at last the king was defeated. In 1774 London made Wilkes Lord Mayor. Middlesex again elected him, and this time he held his seat. His triumph was complete

in 1782, when, on his own motion, the House expunged from its records the disgraceful doings of the King's Friends against him. The incident proved more than a victory for Wilkes. Hitherto what took place in Parliament had been regarded as secret—to us a strange idea; but henceforth no one denied the right of the press to discuss what was said and done there. One other thing was made clear. Any previous suspicion of tyranny had been directed against the king; now Parliament itself had played the tyrant, with the result that the reform of the House of Commons, to give the people better representation, became one of the pressing demands of the nation. The gay and disreputable Wilkes, who in his later prosperous days told George III that he "had never been a Wilkesite," in fact raised a question which only found its final answer in our own days, when women secured the right to vote.

2. **The Quarrel with the English Colonies.**—The United States, English in speech, has to-day more than twice as many people as there are in the British Isles. It was largely as a result of the narrow obstinacy of George III that the English colonies in America broke away to form the United States. The people at home in England naturally regarded these new communities as a parent regards a child, who is to be protected and helped but who is, in case of dispute, to accept guidance and to obey. This was, of course, to misread the mind of the colonies, but a better understanding was difficult. America was far away, and it was hard for the English to read the thoughts of remote communities. The voyage across the Atlantic occupied about six weeks, and very few made it either way. It was chiefly soldiers who travelled from England to America, and it was chiefly merchants who travelled from America to England. In the time of George III there was a social gulf in England between these classes. The military despised the traders.

The soldier, as we know, is all for obedience to authority, and the British officer looked on the Americans as the protected children of the mother-land, without skill to defend themselves. They, in their turn, had the stiff pride of men who, in face of great difficulties, had created new states, had built cities like Philadelphia and Boston, which would compare favourably with any in England except London, and had always been accustomed to govern and tax themselves. Few of them had ever seen England.

Out of this situation came the American Revolution. Pitt's victories had resulted in a great debt. It was more costly than ever to protect the colonies; and when the government proposed taxes to Parliament, the urgent question was asked whether the colonies should not bring some relief by helping to pay for their own defence. It was a fair question. But it was hard to get thirteen separate colonies to act together, and at last the British Parliament resolved itself to take action and to levy a tax which all the colonies must pay. Stamp duties were already levied in England, and in 1765 a Stamp Act was passed to apply to the colonies. Henceforth, certain business documents, to be valid, must bear stamps to be sold by British officials in all the colonies. The burden was not great; but the colonies had never dreamed that any authority but their own legislatures would try to tax them. Their startled outburst of anger made the unwisdom of the Stamp Act clear, and it was quickly repealed. But, unhappily, again, in 1767, an English minister, Charles Townshend, badgered by angry squires at the heavy tax on land, promised to try once more to make the colonies pay. This time a new plan was adopted. It was thought that a duty, not levied like the Stamp Act, directly on individuals, but paid at American ports on a few articles, would ensure that the colonies were at any rate paying something for their

defence. Accordingly, in 1767 a new Act placed a duty on glass, painters' colours, and a few other articles, and, above all, on tea. This tax meant, that at Boston, New York, and other places, the importers must pay duties imposed by a parliament in London which had never before thought of taxing America. Again the colonies were furious. The Act was repealed, but the tax on tea was retained, in order to assert the principle that the British Parliament had the right to tax the colonies, whether it should or should not choose to exercise it.

By this time there was irritation on both sides. The English were annoyed at the failure of the colonies to play the man and take on their own shoulders a part of the cost of their defence, while the colonies were angry at being treated as children who must obey a master. Only rare skill and tact on both sides could have restored confidence, and these were lacking. In 1770 George III achieved a great victory. At last he had so divided the Whig party that it was too weak to govern, and Lord North took office as the king's nominee. North was a kindly, clever, easy-going man, with nothing in him of the iron of Walpole or of Pitt. He was not, he said, Prime Minister. He was the servant of the King, and for a dozen years George III ruled through North. The party of "The King's Friends" in the House of Commons was held together by the spoils of office, given out by the king in person to those who did not fail him. The king meant well, and to his narrow and obstinate mind every opponent was a minister of Satan. Early and late he was at his desk, eager to save the state. But he had no training and no insight for a task so great, and now, under his guidance, the British Empire headed for disaster.

3. **The American Revolution.**—It was the tax on tea which brought matters to a head. The East India Company had a large surplus of tea, which it wished to

send to America for money urgently needed. England paid a duty of a shilling a pound on tea; but it was thought that a duty of only threepence would induce the colonies to buy heavily, and in 1773 many ships were laden with tea and sailed for America. There indignation was still acute. While the tea ships were battling the winds of the Atlantic, the colonies agreed not to allow them to land their cargoes. We can imagine the anger of the captains, when at New York, Charleston, and elsewhere, they were turned back and forced to put to sea. In Boston there were complications, and when it seemed likely that the tea would be landed, some resolved sternly that this should not be. At night, disguised as Indians, scores of men took possession of the tea ships and emptied the tea-chests into Boston harbour. When the story reached England, this act of lawlessness stirred deep anger. Parliament passed a Bill forbidding any sea-going trade at Boston, until it should make due amends. This Boston refused to do. In a Congress at Philadelphia in 1774 the colonies agreed to act together. This was ominous, for hitherto they had been divided. The Quebec Act, establishing a government in newly-conquered Canada, which denied votes to the people, was passed in London in 1774. This the colonies regarded as a threat to govern them in the same way, and danger and suspicion made war certain unless some wise leader should be placed in control.

The leader with authority was George III, and he was not wise. These ungrateful colonies should, he said, do their duty. General Gage was sent to Boston with an army, which he quartered on the inhabitants, much to their annoyance. The men of Massachusetts began to arm, and when in April, 1775, a British force marched out from Boston to seize arms at Concord, the alarm was quickly raised, and there was a bitter fight at Lexington, in which the colonists first faced British regulars.

Gage was soon besieged in Boston by a colonial army. One night this army ventured to occupy Bunker Hill, overlooking Boston, but next day Gage recovered the position at considerable loss. The bloodshed made the anger on both sides intense. In 1775 the Congress at Philadelphia named a Virginian gentleman of large estate, George Washington, the commander-in-chief of the continental army, as the forces of the colonies were called. From the first, this calm, cautious man showed intense feeling against the policy of George III, and under his tactful lead the colonies held together until victory was won. Washington keenly desired to include Canada in the continental union, and he very nearly succeeded. The Americans took Montreal in November, 1775, and laid siege to Quebec. But for the tenacity of the military governor of Canada, Sir Guy Carleton, Quebec would probably have fallen. A British fleet rescued it in the spring of 1776. Meanwhile, the British found that they could not hold Boston, and their fleet carried away to Halifax, in Nova Scotia, not only the army, but also hundreds of loyalists who had refused to join the colonial side. From these loyalists, the best blood of New England, are descended many Canadian families of the present day.

When Boston fell, the British had no footing left in what is now the United States. Though many loyalists in the colonies were opposed to change, nowhere along that vast coast was the authority of the king recognized. The colonies now renounced their allegiance to George III, and on July 4th, 1776, the Congress made a formal Declaration of Independence. By this time the folly of trying to tax the colonies was apparent even to the king, and he once remarked that the man who defended it was fit only for Bedlam. A new question had arisen. The colonies now insisted that the king must recognize their independence, and he, in turn, said that he would never

consent to give up any part of the heritage he had sworn to guard as king. With this temper on each side, war was the only means of solving the issue. In war the British were formidable. They had money, equipment, a trained army, and a great navy. For a time it looked as if Washington must fail. In 1776 the British took New York, and they held it during the rest of the war. In 1777 they took the federal capital, Philadelphia. But this did not mean final success. Whenever they moved far from the sea-coast, they found the people against them. General Burgoyne, trying to march southward from Canada to the heart of the State of New York, was surrounded and obliged to surrender at Saratoga in 1777. The colonies had appealed to France. She hesitated for a long time, but in 1778 joined in the war against Britain, and later Spain and Holland did the same. The struggle was long-drawn out, but in 1781, four years after Saratoga, came the final disaster, when Lord Cornwallis, with the only formidable British army in America, was shut into the village of Yorktown in Virginia and obliged to surrender. The Whigs had long condemned the war. In 1778 Pitt, who had become Earl of Chatham, had denounced it in the House of Lords, and after his effort was carried from the chamber a dying man. The king had vowed that he would never yield. But yield he did. North retired in 1782, and a Whig ministry under Lord Shelburne made in 1783 the Peace of Paris, which recognized the independence of the United States. The first British Empire lay shattered. Certainly in the sense in which George III understood the relation of Britain to America—as that of parent and child—the old union could not have stood.

CHAPTER XV

PITT AND THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

1. The Young Prime Minister.—The American War, disastrous as it was, did not ruin Britain. If she had lost her old colonies, she still retained vast territories—British North America stretching from the Atlantic to the far west, the West Indies, and, above all, India. Spain had vowed to regain Gibraltar, but over Gibraltar still waved the British flag defiant of the declining power of Spain. There were the beginnings of a new Empire. As yet it contained hardly two hundred thousand people of British origin—a few in what is now Canada, and a small but dominant minority in the West Indies and in India. Still were to be created those new British communities overseas which should be of the type of the lost colonies. Australasia was a dark unknown not yet ruled by Britain, and Africa did not until later become the scene of the rivalry of European nations.

William Pitt

A young man, William Pitt, little more than a boy in years, now becomes the real ruler of Britain. In the background always is the king, George III, now subject to fits of insanity, stubborn, malignant if opposed, given

to cunning intrigue, and able at times to thwart even a powerful minister. Pitt had been trained by his father, the great Earl of Chatham, for political life, with the rigour of an athlete's discipline, and he proved an apt pupil. At the age of seven he remarked that he was glad he was not the eldest son, to inherit the earldom, because he wished to speak in the House of Commons "like papa." At fourteen he showed matured wit and learning and was already a tall, lanky youth of weak physique. His education was profound. He delighted in mathematics. When only twenty, he could read at sight the most difficult Greek and Latin authors and was regarded at Cambridge as a remarkable classical scholar. Of modern languages he knew only French and spoke it badly. But of correct and sonorous English he was a master. He had a clear, deep-toned voice, and his father, the greatest orator of the age, had taught him readiness by causing him to translate at sight passages from the best classical authors. No man was ever more carefully drilled for a great part in public life, and Pitt justified his discipline.

War had weakened party ties. When the Tory, North, was driven from office because of the disasters of the American War, the Whigs took office. But the king hated them with a relentless hatred, and they were divided among themselves. British politics have had few more startling incidents than that of 1783, when the former "King's Friend," North, and the Whig, Charles James Fox, hitherto strongly opposed, united to drive from office the Whig, Lord Shelburne, who had made the peace with the United States. The revengeful king watched for an opening to punish North, who now had left him, and Fox, who had long opposed him. The settlement of India after the great war was then a difficult problem. Fox tried to solve it by taking political power from the East India Com-

pany, a private corporation, and giving it to the British Government. This the Company opposed. They gained the ear of the king, eager to destroy his own ministers, and when the India Bill was passed by the Commons and sent to the Lords in 1783, the king let it be known that he should regard as his enemy any peer who voted for it. The peers knew that for twenty years the king had had gifts of titles, posts, and pensions in his hands, and that he would reward his friends and punish his enemies. His warning caused a great flutter in the selfish hearts of many noble lords, and they defeated the Bill. North and Fox were dismissed from office, and then Pitt came in. Already, mere youth as he seemed, he had, at twenty-three, been Chancellor of the Exchequer in Shelburne's ministry. He had said publicly that never again would he hold a minor office. His poise and certainty of himself led the king to take him at his own value and now to cling to the youth of twenty-five as his only hope.

War always lets loose violent forces. England had never before been so menaced by mob violence. In 1780 when Pitt, just twenty-one, had been called to the bar, and with a private income of only three hundred pounds was intent on the career of a lawyer, London was the scene of the Gordon Riots, which threatened its destruction and showed that religious passions were still furious. The riots were due to concessions made to the Roman Catholics. In 1778 Parliament had repealed the law which forbade a Roman Catholic priest to say mass and a Roman Catholic layman to buy land. The relief was meagre enough, but in 1780 a procession of a hundred thousand people, led by Lord George Gordon, filed through the streets of London to the House of Commons to demand the renewal of the disabilities. For hours the House was besieged, and the lives of members were in danger. As night fell, the destruction, directed at first against Roman Catholic places of worship, be-

came general, and during three days the evil elements of the great city remained unchecked. They secured drink from distilleries and breweries, released the prisoners from Newgate, and then burned the prison and sacked private houses. In those days there were no police, and the king's timid ministers did not dare to order the soldiers to fire on the mobs. George III had a royal fearlessness, and it was his personal act of ordering the soldiers to fire which ended the riots. Five hundred persons were killed or wounded before order was restored. The young Pitt saw in those days what a mob could do, and he was destined in later years to use strong measures to check the beginnings of disorder.

Charles James Fox

At first Pitt seemed likely to bring about great reforms. It is actually true that he was the only member of his own Cabinet who had a seat in the House of Commons, and there "The Boy," as his jeering enemies called him, faced able and older men. Most formidable of them all was Charles James Fox. He was Pitt's elder by ten years. Their two fathers had been political rivals. The elder Pitt had austerely refused to make money from an office in which the elder Fox had made a great fortune, and had reared his own son in scorn of money rewards. The elder Fox had encouraged his son in profligacy and gambling, which left him ruined at an early age. But even this did not spoil Fox. His great ability, his sweet temper, and his generosity, left him without a personal enemy, except, perhaps, the unforgiving king. Wholly without pride, he could spend a

day as happily with a farm labourer as with a peer, and his heart went out to all the oppressed. Now he led in attacking Pitt. The young minister met him without flinching, in the tone of proud contempt which sometimes, indeed, he showed to his own friends. He was not loved as was Fox, but the nation saw that he was able and incorruptible. He remained a poor man, and he died heavily in debt.

The election of 1784 gave Pitt a great majority. He planned many liberal measures. Ireland was peaceful, for in 1782 the Irish Parliament had been made completely independent of that of Great Britain. Pitt passed an India Bill, which gave the government control of the political affairs of India. When in 1787 the Whigs impeached Warren Hastings, a returned Governor-General of India, for practising cruel extortion in his great office, Pitt allowed the trial to go on before the House of Lords and the evidence to be made public. At the end of six years Hastings was acquitted, but the trial had educated public opinion, which henceforth required a high standard of duty from officials in India. Pitt supported an effort to abolish the slave trade. He tried seriously, but failed, to pass a bill to give London and other populous centres adequate representation in Parliament. Above all, he reformed Britain's finances. He was perhaps the first powerful statesman in England to accept Free Trade. By Free Trade is meant trade that

Warren Hastings

is not made liable to customs duties or other restrictions; and this doctrine was now taught by a great writer, Adam Smith. Pitt lowered the duty on tea from fifty to twelve per cent. On some things he laid burdens. He taxed wine and tobacco by the excise which Walpole had failed to carry. He showed his sympathy with the poor by a tax on each window in the big houses, while he exempted houses with six windows or less. He created a workable plan for paying off the whole national debt. But most of his hopes were unrealized, because revolution began in France, and Britain was involved in war which endured for nearly a quarter of a century.

2. The French Revolution.—The Revolution in France meant that this great nation had outgrown its system of despotic monarchy. In England there was a Parliament, corrupted no doubt, but with real power when it should choose to exert it, while in France the king could say truly "I am the State," for he even made the laws. England had ceased, in name at least, to be a land of privilege, for on all classes—nobles, clergy, and the masses of the people—taxes were imposed without exemptions. France, on the contrary, exempted nobles and clergy from heavy taxes on land, and this made the burden of the hard-working peasant all the heavier. In England, as in France, the mansions of the great landowners contrasted painfully with the poor cottages of those who tilled the soil; but in England the great man lived among his people and was often active for their well-being, while in France he was usually an absentee, living extravagantly at the king's court, and in his need eager to exact every possible penny of income from the peasants. In England, when Parliament met year by year, the burden of the taxes was discussed, and they were changed to suit changing needs. In France there was no Parliament. Taxation was imposed unevenly and unjustly, and there was a huge deficit. The National

Assembly, meeting in 1789, tried to grapple with this evil, and in doing so brought on the Revolution which convulsed Europe.

When the French Revolution began, France and England were friendly. Each had recently defeated the other, and now it seemed as if they might learn to be good neighbours. They made a commercial treaty, which resulted in a great increase of trade. When the French National Assembly began a movement destined to destroy the king and to make France a warlike republic, Pitt did not see why Britain should be uneasy, for France liberated might prove a better neighbour than France under despotic rule. Fox thought the Revolution a glorious thing, though his fellow-Whig, Burke, denounced it. We have seen in our own time Russia in revolution and the exaggerated alarms and the elusive hopes with which the movement has been regarded. It is hard, when a society breaks up, to check extremists. France not only became a republic, she declared her willingness to help all oppressed peoples to overthrow their kings, and in 1793 she tried and executed her own king, Louis XVI. England was stricken with horror. Every member of the Commons but one wore mourning. Burke grew frantic, and the London mob clamoured for war. But even this created no reason to intervene; France had not intervened when the English Parliament had executed Charles I. It was Belgium which brought decision to England in 1793, as it did again in 1914. That blood-drenched land was the first conquest of revolutionary France. England, always fearing danger from a strong military power in the Netherlands, was bound by treaty to defend Holland, and warned France against carrying out a plan to master Holland as well as Belgium. But France was not to be turned aside. On February 1st, 1793, she declared

war on both Great Britain and Holland and quickly overran Holland.

With only a brief interval, England did not again see peace during Pitt's life. The minister whose mind had been occupied with plans to help trade and to reduce debt, to end the traffic in slaves, and to reform Parliament, had now to think all his days of the unwelcome problems of war, of fleets and armies, of coalition against the designs of conquering France, of subsidies to allies. Instead of reducing the public debt, he added to it vast amounts. Reform stood still. But one thing Pitt did. He scorned the corruption so rampant in the days when his father had to allow Newcastle to carry on his jobbery, while he himself managed the war. Pitt's high-minded zeal ended this bad tradition, which had endured since Walpole's time. Corruption did not disappear, but henceforth no decent leader would countenance it. Pitt was unmarried, and, with no family to support, he might have saved from his official income; but he cared so little for money that his servants robbed him, and he was penniless. At times he would assume the tone of master even to the king. But George III still had great power for mischief, and too often Pitt refrained from opposing his ignorance and obstinacy.

The war unsettled opinion in England. Extremists talked of a British republic. The temper of war is not friendly to liberty. Nervous people feared bloody revolution. There were plots, it was said, to kill Pitt. Intent on defeating the foreign enemy, he had no mind to permit agitation at home, and he took severe measures of repression. The proud boast of Englishmen had been that the Habeas Corpus Act forbade the keeping of any one in prison without trial. But Pitt suspended the Act. He kept in prison suspected persons. Great public meetings were not permitted. It became a crime to toast the French Republic or even to speak of the

reform of Parliament which Pitt had himself favoured. To belong to a society with secret rules was a penal offence. Foreigners under suspicion were sent out of the country. So costly was the war that Britain could not meet her obligations. The Bank of England suspended payment of gold, and paper money was made legal tender. Prices rose to a great height, and by 1801 the cost of living was five times what it had been when the war broke out, while wages had barely doubled. The distress of the poor was great. At the outset Pitt had said that the war would be short, since France could not endure the financial strain. In fact, France got on well enough. She repudiated her debt, and her armies overran and plundered much of Europe.

3. The British Victories on the Sea.—For a dozen years after the war began France had some prospect of securing command of the sea. She could not do this alone, for in the first days of the war the British fleet struck her two deadly blows. In 1793 it destroyed the French Mediterranean fleet at Toulon. In 1794, when the French Atlantic fleet ventured out from Brest to escort ships from America carrying wheat to France, Lord Howe inflicted on it a severe defeat. France, however, had still a considerable navy, and she secured allies in Spain and Holland. Holland had long been formidable on the sea, and it was for Britain a serious thing to have the ally of 1793 become an enemy. Spain, too, had numerous and well-built ships. The alliance of three naval powers was formidable, especially if the fleets should be able to unite. To prevent this union was vital; and for many months at a time the British squadrons were kept at sea blockading enemy ports. The British hope was to catch each fleet alone, and this by good management and good fortune they did. In February, 1797, the old sea-dog, Sir John Jervis, who had served at Quebec with Wolfe, with fifteen ships met

twenty-seven Spanish men-of-war off Cape St. Vincent, defeated them, and drove into Cadiz the ships which he did not capture. With Jervis was an officer, Horatio Nelson, destined soon to win high fame. The British blockaded Cadiz, and not again before the short peace in 1802 did the Spanish venture out. With Spain accounted for, there remained France and Holland. The French were blockaded in Brest and the Dutch in the river Texel.

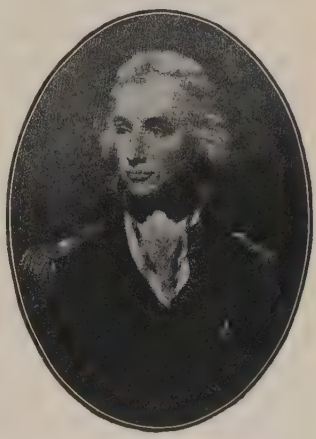
In 1797, however, came an incident which threatened to shatter British naval power. The fleet broke out in mutiny. There were real grievances. The navy was the favourite field for the corruption which still lingered in both services. Contractors supplied bad food, and, even when in harbour, the men received no fresh vegetables. Pay remained at the rate of the time of Charles II, when prices were low, and even this pay was reduced in the case of a man who had the misfortune to be wounded. The pensions were niggardly. Above all, discipline was brutal. In both army and navy the practice of flogging was severe and degrading and did much to keep out of the ranks of both services all but the dregs of the population. In the navy the officers were of a rough type, and brutal captains sometimes made the lives of their men intolerable. Just after the victory of Cape St. Vincent, the men of the Channel fleet at Spithead refused to put to sea until their grievances were met. A similar but more extreme outbreak occurred in the North Sea fleet at the Nore. Admiral Duncan was in command of this fleet. He himself lay off the Texel watching the Dutch, and he made them believe his fleet was near, by vigorous signalling to ships which were in fact far away, immovable in port because of mutiny. The mutiny was ended by reasonable concessions, though not without the tragic accompaniment of the hanging of some of the ringleaders—a fate prob-

ably better deserved by those who caused the discontent. Duncan's men were keen for a fight, and when, a little later, he found the enemy fleet off the Dutch village of Camperdown, after a very stiff fight he gained a decisive victory. The naval power of Holland never recovered from that disaster.

The turn of the French fleet was to come next. But on land Britain achieved little. She had only a small army, and instead of training soldiers for herself she paid huge subsidies to Austria and Prussia to maintain their armies. France had now found in Napoleon Bonaparte perhaps the greatest military genius in history. In 1797, when only twenty-eight, by a brilliant campaign in Italy he forced Austria to make peace. Prussia had already fallen out, and Britain was left alone to face France victorious on the land. The struggle was rather like one between a whale and an elephant, each powerful in its own element. When France took risks on the sea, she was beaten. In 1798 Bonaparte, desiring to menace British power in the east and to win glory for himself, decided to occupy Egypt. The British knew that a great fleet was gathering at Toulon to carry the French army. Nelson was watching, but a storm scattered his

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE

ships, and by amazing good fortune the great French fleet numbering five hundred sail reached Egypt and after a sharp fight took Alexandria. Unseen they had passed Nelson in the night. The French fleet was anchored across Aboukir Bay on the Nile in shallow water under the protection of batteries on shore. When Nelson came up after his long chase, he did not delay a moment. He saw that there was water enough for the French ships to swing at anchor. This meant that there was room for him to pass between them and the shore, and he decided to take a bold risk. Half his fleet sailed between the French and the shore, while the other half attacked them from the outer side. The French fleet was almost wholly destroyed. Bonaparte was left in Egypt with an army which had no means of getting back to France, and Britain had severely crippled the third of her foes on the sea.



HORATIO, VISCOUNT NELSON

4. The Irish Rebellion of 1798.—While Britain was making these glorious annals of the sea, Pitt was facing a great crisis, the crisis of Ireland. In 1782, when England was weakened by the American war, the Irish Parliament had demanded and secured complete independence, in form at least. The Parliament had glaring defects. Presbyterians and Roman Catholics were alike excluded, no Roman Catholic had the vote, and of the three hundred seats in the Irish House of Commons, quite two hundred were in the control of a small number

of Protestant land-owners, who clung greedily to the spoils of power. Ireland had other evils of a glaring kind. The state church, sister to the Church of England, collected tithes for its support from Roman Catholics and Protestants alike and yet had a membership of only about one in eight of the population. The peasantry were densely ignorant, for they would not use Protestant schools, and Roman Catholic schools were forbidden. The land system kept up a rankling sense of injustice. During past rebellions much land had been confiscated and granted to Protestant new-comers, who had little sympathy for their Irish tenantry. The ferocity of Irish faction was largely due to the need of hungry peasants for more food.

Special wisdom and patience were needed in Ireland, and in time they might have solved her problems, but the French Revolution brought new tumult. Britain was at war with France—a country for which Irish Roman Catholics had a peculiar friendship. France was of their faith; she had been a refuge for their exiles; in her schools some of them had secured the Roman Catholic education denied at home. These very things made the Irish Protestants hostile to France, and now, when she was the disturber of Europe, they looked upon sympathy with her as treason. With this new excuse the old passions were stirred afresh, especially among the rougher elements on both sides. Pitt saw the rising danger, and by his pressure the Irish Parliament in 1793 gave Roman Catholics the right to vote, though not to sit in Parliament, the right to serve on juries, though not to be magistrates, the right to become officers in the army, though not to rise above the rank of colonel. The Roman Catholics naturally resented the limitations. Dim rumours reached the Irish peasantry of a new age in France, where the landlords had been driven out, the peasants had secured land, and the tithe was abolished. This

liberated France was, moreover, winning glorious victories. During this crisis new societies sprang up. The United Irishmen, founded by a brilliant young lawyer, Wolfe Tone, stood for the rights of Ireland as a nation, and, in the end, for a republic. The Orange Society, which began in Ulster, stood for the dominance of the Protestant interest, and in its name appealed to the memory of William of Orange, who had driven out the Roman Catholic James. In 1796 Wolfe Tone was in France, urging help to liberate Ireland, and with success, for Hoche, a brilliant young French general, set sail with an army of fifteen thousand men. The sea, so often Britain's restless ally, now served her well. A storm dispersed the French fleet. The plan for invasion failed, but it left its mark on Ireland. Ulster fumed at the treason of an appeal to France. There was guerilla warfare between the factions, and Ireland fell into an anarchy of terrorism. Each side drilled thousands of recruits. In 1797 the Dutch fleet planned to join the French for a descent on Ireland, but Duncan ended this hope at Camperdown. With a French descent on England imminent, few English troops were free to go to Ireland, and, when armed rebellion came in 1798, it was chiefly Irish who fought on each side, and they fought with savage passion. The excesses were fearful. Few of the better class of Roman Catholics joined in the revolt, but the ignorant peasantry committed terrible outrages. These were amply avenged. Lord Cornwallis, the Viceroy, a merciful man, says that at his own table the talk turned always to hanging, shooting, and burning, and the loyalists, the more powerful element, outdid their opponents in severity. The rebels fought with great courage, but only in Leinster were they supported, and the rising was crushed. Wolfe Tone, captured on a French ship trying to reach Ireland, was condemned to execution as a traitor and escaped this fate only by suicide.

5. The Irish Union.—Pitt had never been in Ireland, and, like many English statesmen, he did not understand that unhappy country. But he saw three things quite clearly—that fierce religious feuds divided the Irish, that the Roman Catholics were treated unjustly, and, not least, that France might well have succeeded in occupying Ireland and using it as a base against England. It seemed hopeless to leave a divided Ireland to herself, and Pitt's remedy was to bring all the Irish into closer contact with Scotland and England by political union and to free the Roman Catholics from their disabilities. Scotland had prospered through union. Why should not Ireland so prosper? Pitt used the corrupt Irish Parliament to effect his purpose. He sent to Ireland a very able Secretary, Lord Castlereagh, and bought from the owners of nominations to Parliament their rights. He gave peerages and places to secure votes. His agents threatened dismissal to obstinate place-holders. Many Roman Catholics supported him because he promised relief; it was chiefly Protestants, led by Henry Grattan, who fought the union, for they wished to retain a supremacy easy in the Irish Parliament but impossible in London. In 1800 the Irish Parliament voted for union with Great Britain and ended its own existence. Ireland was to send one hundred members to the British House of Commons and to have thirty-two peers in the House of Lords. No election was held to test the opinion of Ireland about union, nor was there even an election for the members sent to London. One third of the members of the Irish House of Commons were named to sit in the Union Parliament. Worst of all, the Union Bill contained no guarantee for the Roman Catholics.

Then came an incident which showed that the British system still left the king so strong that he might overthrow even a powerful minister. To-day, whatever our

religious opinions, we do not deny political rights to those who differ from us. But for two hundred years in England, not only Roman Catholic but also Protestant nonconformists had been excluded by law from the public service. The Gordon Riots in 1780 had shown London in a fever over some minor concessions to Roman Catholics. Now in Ireland they had already the right to vote, and Pitt intended not only to have them in Parliament but also to make provision by the state for the payment of their priests. Here was fuel for religious passion, and it burned fiercely. Pitt brought the question of Roman Catholic relief before his colleagues, and they seemed to approve, but when he went to the king, he found the monarch excited and alarmed. In the coronation oath George III had sworn "to maintain the Protestant religion," and one of Pitt's own Cabinet had secretly urged upon the king that to grant Roman Catholic relief meant to violate this oath. Argument proved vain. "None of your Scotch metaphysics, Mr. Dundas," said the king in reply to the arguments of that minister, and he added that he should regard as his personal enemy any one supporting the bill. Pitt was deeply pledged to the Roman Catholics, and in 1801 he resigned. A later election proved that the king had the approval of the nation in his course. For thirty years still Roman Catholic relief remained a burning question. Given by Pitt, it might have reconciled Ireland to the union; delayed, it added one more to the list of Ireland's wrongs.

6. **The Menace from Napoleon.**—Pitt was perhaps not sorry to retire in 1801, for he saw that England must soon make peace with France, and peace without victory. In 1798, with Bonaparte absent in Egypt, France had lost for the time her best general, and against her Pitt had been able to form a new coalition with both Austria and Russia. It looked as if France might be overwhelmed. Bonaparte, far away in Egypt,

heard of the new danger and at once set out for France in a sailing-ship, with the hope of eluding the British fleet. Had he been captured, Europe might have been spared fifteen or more years of war. But he reached France, and at once was the man of the hour. In 1800, with the title of First Consul, he became the ruler of France. In the face of his energy, Pitt's coalition broke up. Russia withdrew because her half mad Czar Paul admired Bonaparte; and Austria withdrew because she was crushed on the field of battle. Britain, again left alone, was still powerful whenever she could make use of the sea. She was able to capture, in 1801, the French army abandoned by Bonaparte in Egypt, but she had no arm to reach Bonaparte in Europe, and in 1802 she was glad to make the Peace of Amiens. She acknowledged the French Republic and left to France her conquests in Europe. From weak Spain she had obtained the West Indian island of Trinidad and from Holland the East Indian island of Ceylon. Everybody, it was said at the time, was glad of the peace; no one was proud of it.

The military despot long foretold by Burke had appeared in France. In 1804 Bonaparte became Emperor of the French, and henceforth he assumed regal style as Napoleon. He did not wish peace. In his boundless eagerness he would be master of the world. Britain alone seemed to bar his path, and he had no thought of giving up his ambitions. No treaty could bind him, and in 1803 war again broke out. Pitt's commonplace successor, Addington, had no capacity to confront Napoleon. Pitt was needed, and in 1804 he became again Prime Minister. It is easy to blame him for what he now did. George III had gone out of his mind as a result of his break with Pitt, and from pity for the king Pitt promised that he would not raise again the question of Roman Catholic relief. He might have stood out for this and for other reforms which he had urged. It may

be that he lacked moral heroism, but the nation needed him, and it is doubtful whether the obstinate king would have yielded to anything short of revolution. Now Pitt's heavy task was to organize Europe against France. Napoleon had a powerful fleet, which lay at Toulon under Admiral Villeneuve. Bent on invading England, Napoleon gathered a great army at Boulogne. His hundreds of small boats could cross to England only if the Channel were safe. Master of the Channel for six hours would mean, he said, to be master of the world, since his trained army, if once in England, would break the power of the proud island state.

Napoleon never became master of the Channel, for Nelson was on guard. He was a year younger than Pitt, the Boy Prime Minister, and had been known as the Boy Captain. Courage and daring, sometimes rash, and ambition that from youth had talked of the honour of a peerage and a tomb in Westminster Abbey, marked this son of a Norfolk clergyman. But with his dashing qualities went penètrating judgment and expert seamanship which surpassed anything that Britain had yet seen. He had unselfish zeal and was a terror to the swindling contractors who found a rich field in the navy. His private life was unhappy and far from spotless, but he gave his country a devotion which knew no limit of sacrifice. For two years after the renewed war he kept at sea, blockading Villeneuve in Toulon. The constant battling with weather made his seamen tough and skilful. In May, 1805, Villeneuve escaped, and then followed a wild chase. The French fleet dashed across the Atlantic and back, with Nelson in hot pursuit. Villeneuve had been joined by the Spanish fleet, when he met Nelson off Cape Trafalgar on October 21st, 1805. It was the last battle in the great struggle for supremacy on the sea. Nelson was certain that he would not survive the day,

and, as his fleet sailed toward the enemy, he withdrew to his cabin and wrote a prayer which shows that, in spite of his frailties, he was a man of deep faith. He prayed that victory might be granted for the benefit of Europe and that no misconduct or cruelty might tarnish British success. One signal to all his ships was still lacking, he said, and he caused it to be made: "England expects every man to do his duty." In the battle he was killed by a "sniper," hidden in the rigging of an enemy ship. The victory was complete and final. Neither Spain nor

THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR
After the painting by Clarkson Stanfield, R.A.

Holland rebuilt the navies destroyed in the war, and never since has France challenged Britain on the sea.

Even before Trafalgar, Napoleon had despaired of invading England. In 1805, for the third time, Pitt had formed a coalition. Russia and Austria, finding the yoke of Napoleon intolerable, were preparing to strike, and Napoleon saw that his great army at Boulogne must be used elsewhere. Villeneuve had sailed out to fight Nelson, because his impatient master had called him a

feeble coward and told him he must fight, but Napoleon did not wait for the issue of the battle. Already his fine army was marching eastward, and, four days before Trafalgar, he caused a great Austrian army to surrender at Ulm. The rapid action of the great soldier was irresistible. At Austerlitz, on December 2nd, 1805, he defeated the combined armies of Austria and Russia. A few days after Trafalgar, Pitt, in what was to prove his last public speech, had said: "Let us hope that England, having saved herself by her energy, may save Europe by her example." But in spite of her victory on the sea England seemed to have failed. Pitt was already ailing, and Austerlitz was a terrible blow. Europe was at the feet of Napoleon. Pitt's last coalition had ended in disaster, and his friend Wilberforce called the misery in his face the Austerlitz look. A few weeks after the battle he died, not yet forty-seven years old.

After Pitt no great statesman came to the front. Fox quickly followed his rival to the grave, and lesser men directed Britain's energies. She was secure in her sea frontiers. Helpless to strike her a direct blow, Napoleon tried to strike an indirect one. In control now of all Europe, he thought to ruin Britain by destroying her trade. From Berlin, with Prussia at his feet, he issued, in 1806, his Berlin Decree, ordering the stoppage of all trade with Britain. Henceforth no British ship was to be received in a continental port, no ships were to go to Britain, and British goods found in French territory were to be confiscated. Napoleon had no fleet to enforce his orders. Britain, with a triumphant fleet which could sweep the seas, was not slow to retaliate. By the Orders-in-Council of 1807, she declared that she would allow no trade to a continental port, and she seized many a neutral ship, to the rage of the nations affected and especially of the United States.

In time the war on land turned against Napoleon. He could never learn moderation. He swept aside ancient dynasties and put his own relations on the thrones vacated. When, in 1808, he made his brother Joseph king of Spain and also overran Portugal, the people of these countries rose. Britain aided them, and her great soldier, Sir Arthur Wellesley, who became Duke of Wellington, made his fame in the Peninsular War. To drive the French from a mountainous country was a difficult task. At one time Napoleon had nearly three hundred thousand men in the Peninsula. His chief general there was Soult. The French took Madrid, and, when, late in 1808, Sir John Moore led an army into Spain, Soult drove him back to the sea-coast at Corunna. Here the British were able to embark their army and get away, but Moore was killed, and his burial is the theme of a well-known and touching poem. At Lisbon the British held on doggedly, and, with the secure command of the sea, Wellington could always draw support from England. Across the Peninsula on which Lisbon stands he built the impregnable lines of Torres Vedras, and here, safe from the landward side and with the sea at his back, he could hold on when he could not advance.

Duke of Wellington

There were many bloody battles. The Spanish regular troops proved almost useless owing to bad officers;

but the peasants waged irregular, or guerilla, warfare on the French and killed many stragglers. It was only after four years of fighting that, in 1812, after a great victory at Salamanca, Wellington took Madrid and drove the French from southern Spain. By February, 1814, he had driven Soult over the Pyrenees and was fighting on French soil. Meanwhile in 1812, to enforce on the Czar a more complete obedience, Napoleon invaded Russia. Rather than let him have Moscow, the Russians burned that city. The severe cold of January and February proved their best ally, and the greater part of Napoleon's army perished in a ghastly retreat. The oppressed peoples now rose against him. Austrians, Germans, and Russians invaded France, as did also the British from the side of Spain. Napoleon thought to save his line by abdicating in favour of his infant son. But the allies restored the Bourbons in France—the only possible course, as it seemed, and gave to Napoleon the sovereignty of the Italian island of Elba.

France was in an unsettled state, and the restored Bourbon king, Louis XVIII, had no skill or tact to control the surging forces of discontent—the result of prolonged war. Some of his followers talked of vengeance on those who had supported Napoleon. Many peasants had bought land, seized during the Revolution, and they began to fear that it would be handed back to the former owners. Thousands of Napoleon's officers were thrown out of employment and treated with scorn and contempt, and naturally they began to turn in thought to him. He was at least capable, and when, after ten months in Elba, he returned to France, a great part of the nation welcomed him. Once more he was Emperor, but it chilled his supporters to know that the allies would not make peace with a ruler so restless and warlike.

Napoleon fought his last battle at Waterloo. The allies were raising vast armies to crush him, and he had

to strike quickly. Russia and Austria were not yet ready. The Duke of Wellington was at Brussels with a mixed army of British, Dutch, and Belgians; Marshal Blücher was at Namur with a Prussian army. The aim of Napoleon was to get in between these armies and to defeat them in turn. On Sunday, June 18th, 1815,

British Soldiers of the Period of Waterloo

Scots Greys
Private of Infantry

Life Guards
Officer of Infantry

Wellington lay near the village of Waterloo, astride of the great highway leading from the south to Brussels, a few miles away. Napoleon had already defeated a part of Blücher's army which lay farther east, and now he hoped to crush Wellington before Blücher could rally to help him. The British thin red line stretched along

a front of about three miles, and Napoleon's plan was to attack its centre and to break the army in two. Soult, who had fought Wellington in Spain, warned Napoleon of the danger of marching up a hill to attack the British front, but Napoleon's angry reply was: "You were beaten by Wellington and so you think he is a great general. But I tell you that Wellington is a bad general and that the English are bad troops: they will merely make a breakfast for us." That night the supposed bad general and the bad troops had utterly defeated Napoleon, and his army was a flying rabble. The Prussian army arrived in time to engage in a hot pursuit. Not many days later Napoleon took refuge with, as he said, "the most generous of his foes," the British, and he spent the rest of his life in exile at St. Helena. Waterloo was one of the decisive battles of history.

In the great struggle with Napoleon, as, a century later, in the great struggle with Germany, the United States was in the end drawn into the war. The British fleet, fighting Napoleon's continental policy, would not allow American ships to trade with Europe. The American navy was, moreover, an easy refuge for British sailors running away from the dangers and the harsh discipline of a British man-of-war. The two navies had a common language, and a deserter quickly found himself at home among American sailors. To check this, Britain claimed the right of stopping American men-of-war on the high seas and of obliging the commanders to muster their crews, in order that she might detect and seize deserters. Sometimes mistakes were made, and American sailors were actually carried away from American ships. Naturally a proud young nation grew angry at such interference. Certain elements in the United States were eager to annex Canada. Out of these causes came the war which broke out in 1812. It lasted for three years. The Americans invaded Canada with

no success, and the British invasion of the United States was equally fruitless. The chief cause of strife ended just as the war broke out, for Britain then ceased to forbid American trade with Europe.

The Peace of Ghent in 1814 ended the indecisive American War without touching upon the disputes which had caused it. To settle the terms of peace in Europe, the Congress of Vienna sat for a whole year. Britain was undisputed mistress of the seas. Already she held Gibraltar at the entrance of the Mediterranean, and now she kept the island of Malta, which gave her a secure naval station in that sea. She retained Cape Colony, and thus began her troubled experiences in South Africa. The French island of Mauritius, lying between South Africa and India, had been used during the war to harass British trade with India, and Britain now annexed it, and she held Ceylon, taken from the Dutch. In India there was no longer any European power to question her supremacy. In the far southern sea she also had a footing. After the American Revolution, she had begun to use Australia as a penal colony, and that continent with its vast possibilities became a recognized part of the British Empire. Britain had lost an empire by the American Revolution, but she had already a new one when Napoleon fell.

CHAPTER XVI

FROM WATERLOO TO THE FIRST REFORM BILL

1. The Fear of Revolution.—After 1811 George III had been hopelessly insane, and his son reigned as Prince Regent until, in 1820, he became king as George IV. The mad and blind old king lived to his eighty-second year. Whatever his faults, he deserved respect for the purity of his private life and for his courage. Sturdy, disliking change, insular in thought, he had been the typical John Bull of his age, and he made the kingship strong because he spoke the mind of his people, who shared his ignorances and his prejudices. George IV lost this prestige for the crown. He was handsome and gracious in manner. When he visited Scotland, Sir Walter Scott spoke the fervent loyalty which greeted the first ruler of the House of Hanover who ever saw the home-land of the Stuarts. But those near to George IV understood and despised him. His life was openly profligate, and yet he would not let his unhappy wife, Caroline, be crowned with him, since he charged her with his own flaunted vice. He had no serious purpose in life; he was false to his friends, and so base as to delight to mimic the fits of madness of his father. He squandered vast sums in riotous living. The suffering after the close of the war never touched his cold heart. No wonder the London crowd hissed him in the streets and stoned his carriage. It was the evil character of George IV which ended that personal authority of the king for which George III had laboured. More than once George III had forced Parliament to obey his will. Had George IV attempted this, he would have excited only ridicule.

After 1815 British statesmen still feared that mob violence might bring on bloody revolution. In 1812 a

man with a grievance had assassinated Mr. Percival, the Prime Minister, in the lobby of the House of Commons, and, just after George IV succeeded to the throne in 1820, the Cato Street Conspiracy showed what some turbulent spirits would do. The plotters knew that on a certain evening the members of the Cabinet would be dining together, and they planned to murder them all, to show the severed heads of the most obnoxious ministers to the mob, and to set up a revolutionary government. It was a mad scheme, but to many it seemed to justify the government's severity. For this severity two ministers, Addington, who had become Lord Sidmouth, and Lord Castlereagh, were regarded by radicals as tyrants. In reality they were kindly men, nervous lest England should fall into the violence of France. When, in 1819, some forty thousand people marched in Manchester with flags waving to demand reform, the local authorities fell into a panic and sent soldiers to break up the meeting. Five or six persons were killed. The Radicals called the disturbance a massacre and the victims martyrs. The government, on the other hand, praised the severity of the repression and used the incident as an excuse to pass the measures known as the Six Acts. These show the fear of violent revolution. Public meetings likely to encourage disorder were banned. There was alarm about reported preparations for armed risings, and, quite properly, military drill by private persons and the keeping of arms were forbidden. The government in its panic attempted to suppress discussion in the newspapers, by requiring publishers to give security in advance for fines which might be imposed for seditious utterances. This was really intolerable, and the measure was soon repealed.

In earlier days many villages had been able to supply most of their own needs. The village blacksmith forged the implements used on the farm. The cottage had its

spinning-wheel, on which wool was made into yarn, and its hand-loom for weaving cloth. Many cottagers made their own shoes. There were few people engaged in industry who did not produce something from the land, and, if there was little ready money, there was a decent abundance of food and clothing. The increased use of machinery brought startling new conditions. In 1770 James Hargreaves patented a spinning-jenny—a machine by which one person could spin sixteen or more threads at one time. This invention fitted in exactly with the use of steam power, for by 1784 James Watt, after long experiment, had so perfected the steam-engine that it was being used extensively in mines. The spinning-jenny and the loom run by steam came gradually into use and destroyed the old hand industries. At first, steam power was secured by burning wood, but England had an abundance of coal, hitherto little used, but invaluable for generating steam power. With coal came the greater use of iron for making machinery. By 1815 England was in the midst of the resulting Industrial Revolution.

The change brought many hardships. Stolid labourers could not or would not learn the use of machinery. Many were thrown out of work and took their revenge by destroying machines. A half-witted lad, Ned Lud, chased into a house a youthful tormentor, and, when he could not catch the boy, he broke up, in anger, two knitting-frames. After this, when machines were smashed, it became a saying that Lud had done it. In 1816 there was a bad harvest. Wheat sold in Yorkshire for a guinea (five dollars) a bushel, and the suffering among the poor was very great. The angry Luddites believed that the distress was due to the machines which had lessened the labour employed. They were well organized, and, since a machine was easily ruined, they did much damage. In time this destruction ended, but machinery brought permanent changes. Great factories

were built, run by steam power. Often they were ill-ventilated and noisy, and the workers had to leave their cottages and spend long hours in crowded buildings. They could no longer combine their industry with farming, and wages were so low that many were ill-fed. Factory towns sprang up. Forethought might have made them attractive; but there was little forethought, with the result that English industrial centres are still bleak and sordid. The industrial revolution thus brought hardships. But wealth increased. Coal was carried by canals to distant places. The use of iron became extensive. Because of its coal and iron mines, the north of England, in particular, increased in population. The smoke of factory chimneys gave a great tract the unlovely name of the Black Country. England paid heavily for the change, but she became for half a century the workshop of the world.

The Prime Minister, during the first dozen years of peace, was the Earl of Liverpool. He found discordant elements in his Cabinet. There were still Tories who believed that religious toleration would bring ruin and that to extend the right to vote would mean the dissolution of society. The Duke of Wellington, with a great name as the conqueror of Napoleon, talked in this sense; but he proved ready to accept changes if the nation demanded them. The Tory party now had members who were rather Conservative than Tory in opinion. The Tory disliked change of any kind. He was all for the old fixity of class distinctions, the old religious intolerance, the old hard pressure on the poorer classes, now claiming that they, too, were God's creatures and had their rights. The Conservative, on the other hand, while urging the need to scrutinize carefully proposed changes, saw, too, that changes were necessary.

We see this temper in two leaders, Canning and Peel. Canning was Foreign Secretary in 1823, when

Spain was seeking the aid of France to reconquer her lost colonies in America and restore the old colonial relation. If this were done, not only would British trade, excluded when Spain held her colonies, suffer heavy losses; the colonies would themselves be the scene of civil war. It was on Canning's suggestion that President Monroe of the United States announced the famous Monroe Doctrine, which meant that the United States would take up arms against Spain's plan. Canning, once a Tory, thus stood for a new principle in foreign affairs.

Sir Robert Peel

In domestic affairs Peel showed the same spirit. The Tory had opposed the reform of the cruel criminal law, on the plea that the way to prevent crime was to make the offender a horrible example. The prisons themselves and the punishment of offenders had been alike barbaric. John Howard, who died in 1790, had exposed many evils. Jailers were paid, not by salary, but by fees forced from the prisoners, and Howard saw still in prison innocent men, acquitted of crime, but held because they could not pay the arrears for their keep while detained. Since there was no adequate care of prisoners, one easy way to get rid of them was to send them to the colonies. The American Revolution had stopped transportation to America. Then Australia was long used for this purpose. By 1815 reform in the prisons was well under

way, but the severe criminal laws remained. Some two hundred offences were punishable with death, and there were more executions in England than in the whole of the rest of Europe. The way to stop thieving, said men of property, is to hang the thief, and even children went to the gallows for petty thefts. Rather than see men die, jurors would acquit those obviously guilty. It was only after a long agitation, carried on chiefly by Sir Samuel Romilly, that, beginning in 1823, Sir Robert Peel passed many Acts enlarging personal liberty and making the criminal law just and merciful. To-day practically only the offences of murder and treason are punishable with death.

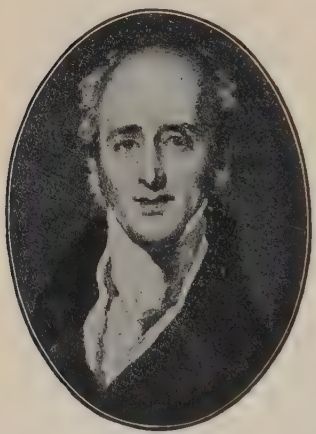
In view of the dissolute character of George IV it is almost amusing to find that, like his father, he proclaimed himself the defender of the Protestant faith. The time had come for freeing Protestant nonconformists from disabilities which had stood ever since the restoration of Charles II, and for yielding to Roman Catholics full political rights. Both proposals were strongly opposed. The repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts in 1828 gave relief, but Roman Catholics were still barred from sitting in Parliament. The acute demand for change came from Roman Catholic Ireland. In 1828 Daniel O'Connell, a Roman Catholic barrister, offered himself in the Irish County of Clare as a candidate for the House of Commons. Roman Catholics might vote, and O'Connell was the first leader to appeal in great political meetings for support for a man of their own faith. It is said that at one vast meeting his powerful voice reached two hundred and fifty thousand people. Behind him now was Roman Catholic Ireland, declaring that it would elect sixty more Roman Catholics to claim the right to sit in the House of Commons. Civil war in Ireland might have followed the denial to O'Connell of the right to take his seat. The Duke of Wellington was Prime Minister. He was against Catholic Emancipation,

but, as he said, a soldier knows when to retreat. George IV was bitterly hostile, but the Duke brushed aside his objections with something like contempt, and in 1829 the Catholic Emancipation Bill was passed. O'Connell took his seat, and henceforth all but three or four offices were open to Roman Catholics. But a measure due in 1800 came only in 1829—too late to soften greatly Ireland's hostility to her neighbour. Though no law now kept Roman Catholics from holding office, the old custom of exclusion long endured, and they still had little share in public life.

2. **William IV and the First Reform Bill.**—George IV died in 1830, and his brother, William IV, became king. He was a friend of Nelson, he had served in the fleet as an "able-bodied seaman," and his bluff and hearty manners won for him popularity. He showed at times good political judgment, but he lacked dignity and talked foolishly. A king whom his subjects called "Silly Billy" was not likely to restore the authority which George IV had lost. The reform of Parliament was now a burning question. Eighty-four men controlled the choice of one hundred and fifty-seven members of the House of Commons. In Tudor days the king had named the places which should send members to Parliament. He did it without system, to suit his own purposes. Parliament itself had never decided on the membership of the Commons any more than upon that of the Lords, and no change had been made since the time of Charles II. Old Sarum and Gatton, sites once peopled but long deserted, each sent two members to Parliament. The right to nominate the members had usually remained with the land-owners and was so much regarded as private property that to take it away seemed robbery. There is this to be said for the system; it enabled men of influence to bring young men of promise into Parliament, and it was in this way that the two Pitts, Fox,

Canning, and, later, Gladstone, began their careers. But if Gatton had two members, populous cities like Manchester and Birmingham had none, and the injustice stirred the nation to bitter protest.

Two men, scions of old Whig houses, now stood out as the leaders who carried reform. One was Earl Grey, a stately aristocrat, with no belief in democracy, but with a fine integrity and love of justice. For twenty years he had been the friend of Fox and so bitter against Pitt that he had moved to impeach him. In 1830 Grey, an elderly man of sixty-six, was suddenly called to power as Prime Minister, because Wellington, who had yielded Catholic Emancipation, would not listen to the demand for reform and had foolishly declared that nothing better than the existing system could be devised. With Grey was Lord John Russell, son of the Duke of Bedford, of the great Whig house which had given Lord William Russell as a martyr to liberty in the time of Charles II. Lord John was a member of the House of Commons, fully pledged to press for "the Bill, the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill." King William IV was hostile. So also was the House of Lords; and, when it proved obstinate, Grey insisted that the king must agree to create peers enough to override the Tory majority. The people were in a temper to appeal to force, and, with mobs already rioting in London and burning and pillaging in Bristol, the king, in fear of revolution, agreed to the demands of his min-



Earl Grey

isters, and the peers yielded. Thus it was that the Reform Bill became law in 1832. Its passing did two things —it showed that the Lords must yield to the Commons, and it gave Britain real representative government. No longer was the land-owner supreme. The industrial centres sent to Parliament their due proportion of members. The Reform Bill did not make Britain democratic. Of householders who were tenants and not owners—and the vast majority of Englishmen were tenants—only those who paid a rental of at least ten pounds in the towns and fifty pounds in the counties might vote. This meant that only about one man in six had the vote. Mechanics and labourers were still without it. Lord John Russell declared, however, that the Bill was final, and was soon being denounced by the Radicals as "Finality Jack."

Lord John Russell

3. Social Reforms.—With the right to vote extended, enthusiasts believed that a golden age was near. But no magic of wisdom was found in the new voters. Reform struck, indeed, a death blow to privilege. It was growing clear that all classes must have their share of power. Though, for many years still, most of the Cabinet belonged to the great land-owning families, the masses of the people steadily gained political power. The first Reformed Parliament, elected in 1832, showed an earnest desire to end some of the hoary evils which blighted the lives of the poor and the helpless. This

spirit is really the finest thing in the progress of democracy. Far-reaching change was inevitable. Manners were still rough. In army and navy discipline was maintained by the brutal floggings which had astonished a soldier so stern as Napoleon. The sanitary condition of the towns was shocking. The poor were crowded into courts and alleys where there was a scant supply of water and almost no drainage. No scavenger removed garbage, which lay a mass of corruption. Few of the cities had parks. There were no public libraries, and many of the amusements of the masses were of a brutal kind—bull-baiting, bear-baiting, fighting, with the accompaniment of excessive drinking. When the doctor was called in to treat a fever, his sovereign remedy was to draw off blood from his patient. When the surgeon operated, the patient lay in agony, for chloroform and ether were as yet unknown. The workingman rarely went more than a few miles from his home unless he served as sailor or soldier. Class distinctions were sharp. No one engaged in trade or manufacture could gain admission to the best society of London. In army and navy, commissions were given by purchase. An officer had to buy promotion. Very rarely did any one who served in the ranks become an officer.

Down to 1833 British opinion still tolerated slavery. One reform had indeed been effected in 1807, at the very height of the struggle with Napoleon. Pitt and Fox had both attacked the slave trade, and it was abolished just after both had died. It was shown that each year some seventy-five thousand negroes had been seized in Africa and carried to America, and most of them in British ships. Though one half of the total number perished before they became effective workers on the plantations, the profits of the sale of these pitiable human cargoes were enormous. More than two million victims had been carried to the English colonies since the

days of Elizabeth, and out of this brutal traffic has come the terrible problem of the negro in the United States. One man, the intimate friend of Pitt, William Wilberforce, had made the ending of the slave trade the chief object of his life. In Parliament his influence was effective, while the public was reached by Thomas Clarkson. He visited the seaports and talked to the sailors, and he could picture the disease, the stench, the suffocation, and death on the ships carrying the slaves to America. The Bristol and Liverpool merchants in human flesh kept up a long fight for the trade. Even after it was abolished by law in 1807, there was illicit trading in slaves, ended only when the penalty of death was for a time visited on those engaging in it. The children of slaves were themselves slaves, and the ranks of slavery were thus being always recruited. To own slaves was still legal, and both in the British West Indies and in parts of the United States it was believed that to end slavery meant ruin. But the conscience of the British people was aroused, and in 1833 the first Reformed Parliament abolished slavery in all British dominions and voted twenty million pounds of British taxes to compensate the slave-owners. Thirty years later the same question brought a terrible civil war in the United States.

WILLIAM WILBERFORCE

Reform had made a good beginning. For years men of insight had been demanding education for the masses. To-day even the tiny village has its school. But in 1832

schools were kept up by private effort, and many of the children had never crossed the threshold of a school. Yet in education was then, as now, the key to national well-being. Without the training of the mind, men are certain to be degraded and brutal. The churches had been doing something for education. The unhappy children of the working classes of the time were in many cases employed in factories during the week. Since Sunday was their only free day, by 1800 there were a good many Sunday Schools. The teachers were paid, and the children assembled usually at eight in the morning. Two hours were given to reading and spelling. This was followed in the afternoon by religious teaching. For the whole day the children were under control, and parents were glad to have them out of mischief. By 1833, when quite one third of the children of England were in some kind of elementary schools, the Reformed Parliament took the first step to state aid by voting for the building of schools twenty thousand pounds to be divided among various societies. The sum was small, but it was a beginning of state aid to education, and clearly the people valued it. Though Scotland had long had a school in each parish, it was not until 1870 that a really national system of schools was set up in England, with tuition free. At the present time the British Parliament votes more than fifty million pounds a year for education. Extension of the right to vote has always carried with it the demand for more and better schools. In this, at least, the many have proved wise.

To train the minds of children, if their suffering bodies were left untended, would benefit little. It is hard for us now to believe that formerly children under eight were employed for more than ten hours a day in factories. A law of 1819 provided, indeed, that in cotton mills the lowest age should be nine, but the same law permitted child labour for twelve hours a day, and this

was thought merciful. Lord Ashley, who became later Earl of Shaftesbury, made himself the protector of women and children working in factories. He was supported by the unions of workingmen whose interests were injured by such labour. The Factory Act of 1833 was the first great step in reform. Children from nine to thirteen might not work more than forty-eight hours a week, and provisions were made for sending children to school and for inspecting factories. Not until 1844 did Lord Ashley carry a measure restricting the work of children under thirteen to six and a half hours a day. Many factory owners, among them Richard Cobden, the champion of Free Trade, opposed this legislation, and it was carried largely by the aid of Tory land-owners who resented the attacks of the manufacturers on the duty on wheat. Safeguards have since been increased, and the labour in factories of young children has ceased. Even for adults the work in mines has been reduced to seven hours a day.

Another abuse which many employers supported was found in the Poor Laws. During the long war, food was so dear that cash allowances were made to the needy. If a man's wages were low, he might get as much as fifteen shillings a week to supplement them. Naturally employers kept wages low, since the parish would make up what was needed. The chief sufferer was the self-respecting man who would not take the parish aid and thus in the eyes of the law become a pauper. He was worse off than the idler who lacked this self-respect. About eight million pounds a year was being paid by the parishes for this kind of relief. Reform was urgent, and the Poor Law of 1834 forbade relief to able-bodied persons who did not go to live in the workhouses. The loafer then had either to earn his own living or to come under the strict discipline of the workhouse with very rough fare.

CHAPTER XVII

THE VICTORIAN ERA

1. The Reign of Victoria.—William IV died in 1837. With but a short interval the Whigs had remained in office during his reign. Lord Grey, old and weary of office, had dropped out in 1834, and Lord Melbourne was Prime Minister when Victoria, a young princess of eighteen, came to the throne. Masterful and obstinate George III, vicious George IV who had degraded the position of the crown, dull and tactless William IV, had now been succeeded by an inexperienced girl. She was destined to have the longest reign in British history and to become herself the most experienced of European rulers. To the girl queen who had to take up a task so heavy Melbourne behaved with rare tact. For a time he lived in the royal castle at Windsor and spent every evening in her company. The queen, thus guided by a veteran, came quickly to realize the duties and the rights of her great position. She soon married her German cousin, Prince Albert. The union, one of tender affection, was broken by his early death in 1861. Melbourne, kindly and easy-going, with no deep conviction of the need of change, was not the man to lead in the great reforms which the surging discontent of the times demanded. The Whigs did not wish to go beyond the Reform Bill of 1832, and were attacked on one flank by the Tories who had opposed it, and on the other by the Radicals who demanded much more. A general election in 1841 drove Melbourne from office, and the Tories came in under their great leader, Sir Robert Peel.

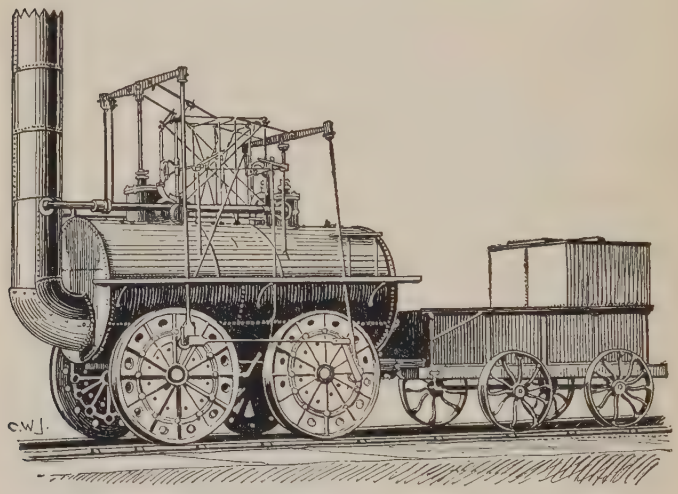
Peel was the son of a rich manufacturer. He had been trained at Eton and Oxford for a political career,

and at twenty-four had been the Tory Chief Secretary for Ireland. There he ruled with vigour and created the police force known vulgarly as "peelers." Peel was receptive. If he lacked creative genius and was cold and reserved in manner, he had a clear mind and mastered his work by steady industry. The House of Commons came to have a profound respect for the man who was assiduous in attendance and restrained and cautious in manner. "Of all the men I ever knew," said the Duke of Wellington, "he had the greatest regard for truth." Peel was a Tory, and in those days party was almost a religion. He came, however, to see that the Toryism which opposed religious equality and the extension of the right to vote could not endure. He had opposed Catholic Emancipation, but in the end had supported it, for he realized the injustice of denying equality of civil rights. He fought the first Reform Bill, but accepted the results, and then began to build up, after the wreck of the old Toryism, the Conservative party.

GEORGE STEPHENSON

In truth, startling changes were quickly taking place. The era of the railway and the telegraph had come. In the days when Napoleon was struggling to master the world, a young English engineer, George Stephenson, was doing something of greater moment to mankind than all the schemes of the great soldier. By 1814 Stephenson had found the secret of the steam locomotive. He first tried it in a coal mine, and there men could see, what had

been thought impossible, a puffing engine not only itself moving, but also dragging a great weight. Already, indeed, steam power had been used on ships. As early as 1802 there was a steam tug in use on the river Clyde, and five years later Robert Fulton had a steamer running on the Hudson River. When in 1825 a railway from Stockton to Darlington was opened, a new age had begun. By 1840 England had caught the railway fever.



George Stephenson's First Railway Engine—1825
No. 1 Engine, "Locomotion," of the Stockton and Darlington Railway

At first the Tory squire did not like to see this noisy thing cutting across his property. But the trading interests saw what profit the use of steam power offered. Soon after Victoria came to the throne, steamers were on every ocean, and railways were being built in Europe and America with astonishing energy. Just at the same time came, too, the invention of the electric telegraph. It was soon found that a cable could be laid across the

broadest ocean, and the message flashed across continents united in thought the whole world. In 1839 Britain adopted penny postage. Previously, to send a letter from London to Aberdeen or Belfast had cost more than a shilling, and, in consequence, only the well-to-do classes could correspond freely. The penny post, combined with the reduction in 1836 of the heavy tax on newspapers, made the communication of thought easy.

2. The Adoption of Free Trade.—It was Peel who effected a change which gave Britain a new lead in the world of commerce. She turned to Free Trade. The question involved a sharp conflict between the land-owners and the manufacturers. The manufacturers desired cheap food, which meant cheap labour. The farmers wished to be sure of a good price for wheat. English agriculture had greatly changed during the previous hundred years. The land-owners had become more powerful. For centuries many English villagers had tilled their own acres. They did not own separate holdings inclosed by a fence. The land lay in great open fields, with plots of about an acre separated by unploughed strips of turf. A villager might cultivate half a dozen acres scattered in as many places. There was a great common where he had the right to pasture his animals. As soon as the crop was harvested, animals were allowed to range freely over all the fields. The system involved poor agriculture. Ploughing was difficult; weeds gathered in the unploughed strips; the common was wild and neglected; and the cattle all roamed together, so that special breeding was impossible. The path to improvement lay through the buying up of the rights of the villagers, the fencing of the land, and cultivation on a large scale. From about 1760 to 1840 this process went on. The rights of the villagers could be cancelled only by a special Act of Parliament for each case of inclosure. The villagers were paid for what they

gave up, but were often the victims of sharp bargaining; and the final result usually was that they became farm labourers, owning no land and dependent entirely on the wages paid by the farmer. The land itself benefited by the change and was made fivefold more productive. Vast commons, havens for gypsies, robbers, and every lawless element, were turned into fertile fields. But the villager had no longer rights in the land, and millions of acres passed to the sole ownership of the landlord class.

JOHN BRIGHT

This class had long ruled and was tenacious of its privileges. When Peel took office in 1841, there was a duty on wheat. During the war with Napoleon, wheat had reached the high price of about five dollars a bushel. At such a price the farmer could make money by growing wheat on poor land which needed much fertilizing. During a period of war this heavy production, even at great cost, was desirable. But England, with its many populous towns now busy with manufactures, could not really grow the wheat it needed, and the importation of foreign wheat was inevitable. But the farmers declared that, if low prices came, ruin would follow. After 1815 wheat fell in price. The poorer land was not cultivated, and hundreds of farm labourers were out of work. The cry arose: "Keep the land in cultivation and the labourer employed." This policy would also enable the landlord to get his rent, and Parliament, still largely a club of land-owners, forbade the importation

of foreign wheat, until the price at home was about two and a half dollars a bushel (eighty shillings a quarter). Soon the manufacturers were clamouring that they had to pay high wages because food was dearer in England than elsewhere. The Anti-Corn Law League was formed, with two remarkable men, Richard Cobden and John Bright, as its foremost leaders. They were the more angry because they were manufacturers, and the landlords had helped to end their use of cheap child labour. Neither side showed zeal wholly unselfish.

Richard Cobden

Peel, whose conservative feeling was with the landlords, tried to ease the discontent by adopting a sliding scale of duty on wheat. If the price in England was low, the duty was high; if the price was high, the duty was low, until, at a price of about two dollars a bushel (seventy-three shillings a quarter), it practically came in free. At heart Peel, like his former great leader, Pitt, was a Free Trader, a disciple of Adam Smith. In 1842 he lowered many duties and made up for the lost revenue by an income tax. Cobden and Bright still agitated for free food and held great public meetings, which aroused the country. In the end a terrible disaster forced Peel to make up his mind. There was a bad harvest in 1845. In Ireland, in particular, continuous rains ruined the potato crop, on which most of the people depended. In face of this misery Peel's mind revolted at a tax on

food. The rigid Tories, already angry with him because, in the language of Disraeli, he had by his liberal measures "caught the Whigs bathing and stolen their clothes," protested in vain. With the aid of the Whigs, Peel repealed the Corn Laws in 1846 and broke up the Tory party. They had a quick revenge, for they joined the Whigs, on an Irish question, to drive him from office. But Free Trade had come. There was little excuse for duties on manufactures when England was already leading the world, and they were abolished with the tax on food. Peel never again held office, and he died in 1850. His is a great record. He turned a brutal criminal law into a mild one, he completed religious toleration, and he brought about Free Trade. Nothing that he achieved has since been undone. "It may be," he once said, "that I shall leave a name sometimes remembered with expressions of goodwill in the abode of those whose lot it is to labour and to earn their daily bread with the sweat of their brow, when they shall recruit their exhausted strength with abundant and untaxed food, the sweeter because it is no longer leavened with a sense of injustice."

The supremacy of the landed interest had now received two telling blows—the Reform Bill and Free Trade. For the next twenty years, with but slight intervals, the exultant Whig party was in power. But, in truth, like the Tory party, the Whig party was dying, and in its place was forming the Liberal party with a Radical wing bent on going far. Its pressure was destroying the old Whig aloofness from the masses. The European continent had been restless ever since the fall of Napoleon, for nowhere had the people any real control of government. Britain was unique in having extended the power of the people. The crisis came in 1848. In nearly every capital revolution broke out, and even in London the situation was critical. The Radicals had formed their demands into what they called the

People's Charter. To both Tory and Whig it seemed revolutionary, and when the Chartists planned a monster procession in London, violent revolution was feared, and no fewer than 170,000 special constables were sworn in to preserve order. There were six demands. Every grown-up man should have a vote; voting should be by ballot, to save the voters from intimidation by employers; members of Parliament should be paid, so that a poor man might sit there; a man without property should yet have the right to sit in Parliament; and all the electoral districts should have about the same number of people. We do not now go into a panic at these demands. They have all been adopted. The sixth—annual elections—no one now desires. As it is, elections, costly and disturbing, are frequent enough.

3. The Crimean War and the Indian Mutiny.—It was a Whig government which drifted into Britain's only great war in Europe during a hundred years; and the Whigs had been regarded as the party of peace. In 1851, the queen's husband, the Prince Consort, led in holding the Great Exhibition in London, when for the first time all nations were invited to exhibit their products in friendly rivalry. This, it was thought by many, would take the place of the old lust for war and bloodshed. In fact, however, a terrible era of war was near. By this time Britain had come to think that Russia was her chief rival. That despotic empire extended across northern Asia to the Pacific and was menacing India. At the same time, Russia was anxious to occupy Constantinople and thus become one of the great powers on the Mediterranean. British statesmen have since admitted that this was a reasonable ambition, since the Mediterranean is the natural outlet for much of Russia's trade. To oppose Russia's designs meant to become the supporter of Turkey, a power so weak and corrupt as to be without hope of reform. Opinion in England was

acutely divided. The Prime Minister in 1853 was the Earl of Aberdeen, and the government was kept in power by a coalition between Whigs and Peelites. Disraeli once said that England does not love coalitions. Their

Soldiers of the Crimean Period

danger is that the diverse elements may not agree on a policy, and this was the case in regard to Russia. The Czar called the Turk "a very sick man" and claimed the right to interfere in the affairs of Turkey as the protector of its Christian population. To support the claim, he occupied, in 1853, Turkish territory on the Danube. The Czar's course aroused France. Since the days of the Crusades she had been the chief protector of Eastern Christians. A recent revolution in France had resulted in a Bonaparte ruler, the Emperor

Napoleon III, and, anxious to win prestige for his house, he resisted the Czar's claims. The divided British Cabinet drifted into war. Aberdeen and Gladstone were friendly to Russia, Palmerston said that the time had now come, with France, and, as was hoped, Austria, as allies to end the menace to British power from Russia. "You are going to war," said Disraeli, "with an opponent who does not want to fight and whom you are unwilling to encounter." It was true, and war broke out in 1854.

It proved to be inglorious. Britain was ill-prepared for war. The last great British battle had been Waterloo, forty years earlier, and now an old general, Lord Raglan, who had fought in that battle, was put in command of the British army sent to attack Russia in the Crimea, a province on the Black Sea. Raglan was a good general but he lacked force. The War Office had forgotten how to organize a campaign, and he was not the man to inspire new energy. The French sent thirty-five thousand men, the British twenty-five thousand, and the combined armies lay before the strong fortress of Sebastopol during a severe Russian winter. The roads were bad. Hundreds of horses died for lack of hay, and transport broke down. Some cases of boots were found to be all for the left foot. The men were served with uncooked food and were without utensils or fuel to cook it. From neglect half the sick in hospital died. It was at this time that Miss Florence Nightingale made her

Florence Nightingale

fame by going to the Crimea as a nurse. She was "The Lady with the Lamp." She saw with her own eyes the misery of the soldiers, and her urgency effected reforms. But the war is, in the main, a terrible record of inefficiency. Yet the allies won victories—the Alma; Balaclava, in which, by mistaking an order, the Light Brigade rode to certain death in charging enemy guns; and Inkermann. In the end, after a siege lasting nearly a year, Sebastopol surrendered. Only fourteen buildings in the town remained uninjured, and the defence had cost Russia a quarter of a million men. Peace was signed at Paris in 1856. Turkey was left with power unimpaired. Palmerston had called the idea that Turkey was a sick man "pure, unadulterated nonsense." She would, he thought, reform herself, but she soon showed that she had learned nothing. Russia's ambition was for the time checked, but within twenty years she was as determined as ever to become a Mediterranean power. The war, in spite of its sacrifices, achieved nothing, and in backing Turkey, Britain, as Lord Salisbury said in sporting phrase, put her money on the wrong horse.

For the ten years from 1855 to 1865, with only a slight break, Britain was ruled by Lord Palmerston. He was already past seventy when he became Prime Minister, and he died in 1865 in office at the age of eighty-one, but there was nothing senile in his policy. He was a jaunty aristocrat, neither Tory nor Whig but something of both, and his tendency, as he phrased it, to do things "off his own bat," once led the queen to rebuke him sharply. He appealed to the national pride, when he said that to be a British citizen should be as proud a boast as to be a Roman citizen had been in the ancient world. Palmerston was Prime Minister during an era of war. There was war in Italy between France and Austria, war on Denmark by Austria and Prussia, civil war in the United States. Britain herself, after the Crimean War, had to meet the terrible Indian Mutiny.

The Crimean War had unsettled Britain's position in the East. Rumours ran through India of military weakness and defeat, and they fed a fire always smouldering. A few British troops were holding the vast Empire of India. This was possible only because India was composed of many peoples with no unity among themselves. Some of the states had been terribly misgoverned by the native rulers, and it was a guarantee of order and justice when the British stepped in and took control. But unusual wisdom and tact were needed to keep up such a system. In 1857 the army in the great province of Bengal consisted almost wholly of native troops under British officers. There was suspicion of British aims. The railway and the telegraph were disturbing the Oriental calm. The British were annexing state after state. Missionaries were zealously proclaiming Christianity as the only true religion. A new and trifling thing brought suspicion to a head. The Russian war had shown that the smooth-bore musket was out of date, and the new rifle, so called because of its "rifled," or twisted, bore, came into general use, together with the cartridge greased so that it would slip readily into the barrel. It was whispered among the native troops that cow's grease and pig's grease were used on the cartridges as a studied insult to the two great religions of India; to that of the Hindu because he reverences the cow as sacred, and to the Moslem because he considers the pig an unclean animal not to be touched.

From a temper in the army already resentful came, in the end, mutiny. It broke out in 1857 near Delhi, the ancient capital. At once the rebels seized that place. It had great stores of munitions, which the British defenders blew up, and they perished in the explosion rather than let this aid go to the rebels. At Lucknow and Cawnpore the British were soon surrounded by rebel forces. At Lucknow they held out,

but at Cawnpore there was a different story. Here more than a thousand British were hard pressed, under a tropical sun blazing like a furnace, in a narrow, open space swept by a continuous cannonade. When furthur resistance seemed impossible and a safe passage to Allahabad was promised by the rebels to all who would lay down their arms, the offer was accepted. The women and children as well as the men were taken to boats to be carried down the Ganges. When these unarmed and helpless people had been placed in the boats, the treacherous rebels opened cannon-fire on them. Horsemen even rode in to kill the English struggling in the water. Many perished, but some two hundred women and children were taken out of the boats, only a little later to be brutally butchered in prison. The barbarity of these massacres is hardly equalled in history, and there is little wonder that the British punished it with rigour. After a long siege they retook Delhi, and it was a year before the Mutiny was well in hand. Naná Sahib, the chief rebel leader, escaped, and his fate remains obscure. In 1858, as a result of the Mutiny, the British government took into its own hands the task of ruling India, which had hitherto been left to the East India Company.

VISCOUNT PALMERSTON

Palmerston had on his hands, not only war in India, but also war in China (due to a supposed insult by the Chinese to the British flag), and in Persia. The most dangerous incident related to the United States. There

civil war broke out in 1861. The South was determined to maintain negro slavery, and when Abraham Lincoln, a firm opponent of slavery, was elected President, the Southern States were convinced that he would try to free the slaves. In consequence, they withdrew from the Union and formed a separate republic called the Confederate States of America. The new republic was recognized by Britain and France, and it proceeded to send envoys to these two countries. They sailed on the British steamer *Trent,* and this ship was stopped on the high seas by an American man-of-war, which took off the two envoys, Mr. Mason and Mr. Slidell, as prisoners. Palmerston was furious. In a high tone he demanded the release of the envoys and a suitable apology for the outrage, and proceeded to send an army to defend Canada. Fortunately wise counsels led to the peaceful surrender of the envoys. The United States had not to wait long to see the tables turned. In spite of warnings from the American ambassador, Palmerston's government permitted the cruiser *Alabama* to fit out in a British port and put to sea. Under international law Britain would be responsible for losses which she might inflict on American shipping. Her ravages were very great, and in the end Britain had to pay fifteen million dollars in compensation.

4. Disraeli and Gladstone.—Palmerston died in 1865, the last surviving leader of an age which was passing away. Earlier party struggles had been chiefly about religious toleration, the king's authority, and foreign wars, especially with France. Now toleration was nearly complete, the House of Commons was supreme without question, and France had just been a close ally and was to remain a firm friend. The issues in politics began to affect the very structure of the state. Whig and Tory had agreed in supporting a state church, the rights of property, and the denial of self-government

to Ireland. Yet in respect to all these things far-reaching changes were now being urged. The Whig, no less than the Tory, disliked democracy. Many Whigs who could not see their way to act with Radical democrats drew away from their party and found refuge with the Conservatives. This party could itself at times seem radical and accept sweeping changes. Parties had in reality become societies debating political questions before the audience of the nation, and it was well understood that the nation's decision must be carried out. It is amusing to see the change between the years 1832 and 1867. In 1832 the Tories had fought, almost to the point of civil war, the extension of the vote even to that class which paid as high a rental as fifty pounds (two hundred and fifty dollars) a year for a farm. In 1867 the small farmers in the country and the workingmen in the towns were clamouring for the right to vote. "Are not they our own flesh and blood?" cried Mr. Gladstone in a speech supporting this demand. This phrase ran through the country, and the Conservatives, pressed by Mr. Disraeli, decided, as he said, to "dish the Whigs." The astonishing result was that in 1867 the Conservatives carried the Second Reform Bill, which gave the vote to every householder in the towns and to those in the counties who paid as much as twelve pounds, or sixty dollars, a year for rent. The two elements still left without the vote were the labourers on the farms and the women; and in due time both were to secure it.

Benjamin Disraeli

In the leaders, Benjamin Disraeli and William Ewart Gladstone, was now focussed the rivalry of the two great parties. Benjamin Disraeli, who became Earl of Beaconsfield, was by birth a Jew and always showed oriental tastes. In his foppish youth it is on record that he appeared at dinner in green velvet trousers, with lace at his wrists, silver buckles on his shoes, and highly perfumed. To the last he wore corsets, and he had a ringlet on his forehead artificially curled. No wonder that many doubted whether such a man could be a serious statesman. He first attracted attention by clever novels depicting high and luxurious society. The Tory party did not readily accept him as leader. He had, however, unbounded self-confidence and persistent industry; and after a long struggle he became, in 1868, Prime Minister at the age of sixty-three. He was soon defeated, and in the same year his great rival also became Prime Minister for the first time. William Ewart Gladstone, the son of a rich merchant, had every advantage of education at Eton and Oxford. He sat first as a Tory for a "rotten borough" before 1832, but followed Peel in his break with the Tories and grew slowly into an advanced Liberal. He was intensely religious, vehement, and sometimes intolerant. Between him and Disraeli there was a fundamental antipathy. Disraeli was a man of the world, a courtier eager for society, a flatterer of persons of rank, a scoffer at Gladstone's earnestness. Gladstone had a deep sense of the claims of the poor. Disraeli, indeed, was not indifferent to their needs. He once said that "the rights of labour are as sacred as the rights of property," and that "the palace is not safe when the cottage is not happy." Some of his keenest satire is directed against the idle rich. But his life centred in the world of fashion, while Gladstone's was devoted to the work of the church and to kindred interests.

Gladstone, unlike Disraeli, was willing to make great constitutional changes. In 1869 he removed an old grievance in Ireland, by passing, in spite of keen Conservative opposition, a Bill disestablishing the Church of Ireland, which, with a membership of less than one in eight of the population, had yet enjoyed a privileged position. He was, indeed, the steady enemy of privilege. In the army the practice of buying commissions and promotion had long endured, with the result that poor but deserving men rose with difficulty; and in 1871 Gladstone abolished the purchase system. Oxford and Cambridge, homes of the old Tory tradition, had not yet admitted nonconformists, but Gladstone ended this by the University Tests Bill of 1871. Landlords and employers exercised wide political influence by pressure on those working for them, but this Gladstone made difficult by passing in 1872 the Ballot Act, making the vote secret.

The progress of liberal change seemed rapid, but it was checked in 1874, when Gladstone was defeated in a general election. Disraeli became Prime Minister for the six years until 1880. Gladstone was sixty-five and Disraeli seventy when, in 1875, the younger man resigned as Liberal leader, in order to spend the evening of his life in calm. Yet Gladstone's most stormy days lay before him. Disraeli, by flattery which seems to us extravagant, became a special favourite with Queen Victoria, and he showed his gifts as a courtier by a Bill in 1876 which gave the queen the high title of Empress of India. The step excited ridicule, as showing Disraeli's taste for magnificence, but it has proved useful in a great oriental state. In the same year, owing to the strain of life in the House of Commons, Disraeli went to the House of Lords as Earl of Beaconsfield.

His chief work is associated with the position of the Turk in Europe. He made a great stroke for British influence when, in 1875, just after the Suez Canal, con-

necting the Mediterranean and the Red Seas, had been built with French capital, he purchased for four million pounds the shares of the bankrupt Khedive of Egypt and secured what has proved to be the permanent control of the Canal, the great highway to India. Turkey was proving her old incapacity. When misrule stirred her subject peoples to revolt in 1875, she coerced them with barbarous massacre. To enforce reforms, Russia declared war on Turkey. This stirred two types of opinion in England. Some feared Russia as a menace to the liberty of Europe and to British power in the East; others hated Turkish misrule, and to end it would have been willing to see Russia in Constantinople. We know now that Queen Victoria declared vehemently to her ministers that she would abdicate if they did not check Russian designs even at the cost of war. Pressed by her, Beaconsfield, not without warnings of danger from his Conservative colleagues, became the spokesman of the antagonism to Russia. On the other hand, the old Liberal leader, Gladstone, came from his retreat to denounce in fiery speeches, during an election in Midlothian, the atrocities of the Turk in Bulgaria and the crime of supporting his power. Russia was at the gates of Constantinople when Beaconsfield sent the fleet to the Dardanelles and an army to Malta, and menaced her with war if she would not refer the terms of peace to a European Conference. The Conference met at Berlin in

WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE

1878. Turkey was spared, though she lost her European territory north of the Balkans. Britain occupied the island of Cyprus, and, in return for this possession of Turkey, guaranteed Turkish territory in Asia. Once more was Russia defeated in her plan to reach the Mediterranean. But in spite of Beaconsfield's boasted "Peace with Honour," the renewed support of Turkey was a mistake. She would not be reformed. The nation showed its disapproval when, in 1880, Beaconsfield was defeated in a general election. He died in 1881—one of the most mysterious and elusive characters in English history.

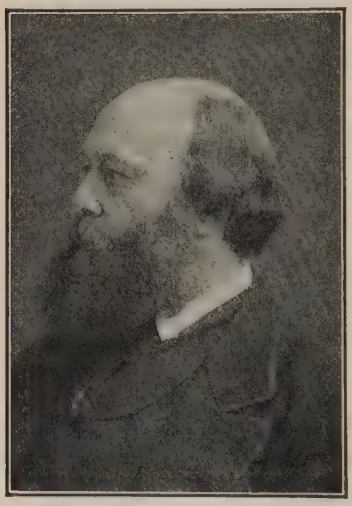
5. The Problem of Ireland.—Gladstone was again Prime Minister, and for many years political interest centred in Ireland. The two chief problems of Ireland were to get rid of the landlords and to secure self-government, and Gladstone tried to solve both. O'Connell had fought for Repeal, the undoing of Pitt's Union, and the return to a separate Irish Parliament. He had failed. England would not listen to a plan by which an independent Ireland might act with an enemy in time of war. Gradually Repeal was softened into Home Rule, which meant limited self-government for Ireland and continued union with England. It was a remarkable man, Charles Stewart Parnell, who made Home Rule an urgent question. A member of the Irish landed class, English by origin and educated in England, he yet wished to destroy the Irish landlords, and by armed rebellion, if necessary, to free Ireland from control by England. He had a resentful pride. "These English," he said, "despise us because we are Irish, but we must stand up to them." Parnell, cold and aloof in manner, had a masterful will which bent men to his purposes. He worked with the moderate party, but he drew to himself also the extremists. The Fenians, who took their name from an ancient Irish military force, had carried out a

policy of armed violence, and, under the new name of the Clan-na-Gael, they supported Parnell with large sums of money raised in the United States. "Five for bread and twenty for lead," said a donor of twenty-five dollars, nominally to relieve Irish famine, and Parnell accepted the money. He saw, however, clearly enough, that the way to get Home Rule was to force the British Parliament to admit the urgency of the demand.

Action centred on the land question. In England the owner let to his tenant land with buildings, fences, and other improvements. In most of Ireland, on the contrary, the tenant received the bare land and made his own improvements, which, if he was forced to give up, remained the property of the landlord. Many holdings were small, and, since the potato was a fruitful crop, the Irish peasantry had lived chiefly on the potato, with the result of dreadful famine in 1846 when the potato failed. In 1870 Gladstone had helped the tenant by a Bill which forced the landlord who disturbed a tenant in his holding to pay for the improvements. But this did not go far enough. When in 1879 there was again distress, owing to the partial failure of the potato, Michael Davitt formed the Land League for the reduction of rent. Sixty Irish members at London, led by Parnell, aimed, by violent obstruction, to force attention to Irish discontent. Once they kept the House of Commons in continuous session for more than forty hours; and, until new rules for closing debates were adopted, they were able to provoke stormy scenes. At the same time a violent policy was carried out in Ireland. When Captain Boycott, a land agent in Mayo, insisted on the payment of rent, the Land League warned the people to have no dealings with him, and from this we have the word "to boycott." The boycotted person was treated as a social leper. No one would work for him, or sell to, or buy from him. In church he was shunned; at school his children were

hooted. Even the doctor might not visit him in illness. The method was carried so far that tenants of boycotted owners were required to leave their holdings. When the landlord of the town of Tipperary insisted on his rent, the people were ordered to abandon the town and create at some distance New Tipperary, and the deserted town received a blow from which it has hardly yet recovered.

To conciliate Ireland, Gladstone planned in 1881 a Land Bill, yielding what was known as the three F's—Fixity of Tenure, so that a tenant might not be turned out lightly; Free Sale of improvements, so that the tenant might be paid for such outlay; and Fair rent, to be fixed, not by the landowner, but by a Land Court. The Bill went far, but failed to satisfy Parnell, for it did not yield Home Rule. When outrages continued, Gladstone sent Parnell and other leaders for a time to Kilmainham Gaol, and thus made of them admired martyrs. In retaliation the Home Rulers forbade the payment of rent. In 1882 the world was shocked by the murder in Dublin of Gladstone's Chief Secretary for Ireland, Lord Frederick Cavendish. It showed that the extreme element in Ireland was impatient at the delay in securing self-government.



MARQUESS OF SALISBURY

Such was the troubled problem of Ireland when, in 1884, Mr. Gladstone, carrying out an old promise, passed

the Third Reform Bill. This gave to the householder in the country the right to vote conceded in 1867 to the householder in the town. It meant that the farm labourers, hitherto mute and powerless, but a class very numerous, now had an important place in politics. This was especially true in Ireland, a land chiefly of farms. In 1885, even before an election had shown the power of the new voters, the Irish members, resentful at coercion by Mr. Gladstone, had joined the Conservatives to drive him from office; and in the ensuing election in Ireland, of one hundred and three members sent to London, eighty-six were Home Rulers. The Irish members could thus turn out Tories or Liberals as they liked. In the end Gladstone, on pledging himself to Home Rule, was returned to office by the Irish vote. In 1886 he brought in a Bill setting up an Irish Parliament and removing the Irish members from London. Mr. Joseph Chamberlain and other Liberal leaders broke away from the Liberal party and defeated the government, and for six years the Liberal Unionists kept the Conservatives in power.

Meanwhile the struggle for Home Rule continued. When in 1893 Gladstone was again in power, he brought in a new Home Rule Bill, creating an Irish legislature and keeping eighty Irish members at London, but the House of Lords rejected the Bill. Parnell's end was tragic. He died in 1891, with his party divided owing to scandal in his own private life. Gladstone retired in 1894 and died in 1898, with Home Rule unachieved. But though the Conservatives would not accept Home Rule, they had to face the land question. The solution was to help the tenant to buy out the landlord; and at last landlords and tenants agreed on a Bill which became law in 1903 in the reign of Victoria's successor. The government lent the tenant the needed money at a low rate of interest and spread the repayment over so long a time—sixty-eight and a half years—that the

annual sum for purchase was usually less than the tenant had been paying in rent. The landlord was induced to sell, by a bonus of thirteen per cent. on the price the tenant would pay. By this Bill many believed the Irish problem was solved, for it had seemed to centre chiefly in the tenant's desire to own his holding. But time was to bring an even more intense struggle between the rival elements in Ireland.

CHAPTER XVIII

OUR OWN TIMES

1. **The South African War.**—Beaconsfield's "Peace with Honour" after the Berlin Conference of 1878 proved elusive. It was based on backing Turkey, and Turkey showed no capacity for decent government. Even her Moslem provinces were breaking away. Egypt had become practically independent under its own ruler, called the Khedive, who proved, however, no more competent than the Turk. When Egypt failed to pay interest on its debt, its finances were put under the joint control of France and Britain, the chief creditors. This control by Europeans was resented by native elements, and in 1882 Arabi Pasha led an armed rising against the Khedive and his European advisers. About the same time, in the vast region bordering the upper Nile, known as the Egyptian Sudan, revolt had broken out, under a fanatic, the Mahdi—the meaning of the title being the "guide." France refused to take part in armed intervention in Egypt, and it was a British force under Sir Garnet Wolseley which overthrew Arabi Pasha. This gave Britain the control of Egypt, which still endures.

It was another matter to restore order in the vast Sudan desert. Gladstone, who was Prime Minister, disliked the whole Egyptian adventure, and in 1884 he decided to abandon the Sudan. To bring out the British and Egyptian residents, including the garrisons, he sent to the Sudan a remarkable man, General Charles George Gordon. In 1884 Gordon made his way to Khartum, the most important town on the Upper Nile, and began the task of sending out the women, the children, and the sick. Before this was completed, the fanatical Mahdi

closed in on Khartum. In England public opinion was seething at Gordon's danger and an expedition under Lord Wolseley was sent to relieve him. The religious faith, the zeal to help suffering, the capacity and courage of Gordon appealed to the whole world. But relief came too late. When Wolseley arrived before Khartum in 1885, he found that the rebels had just taken the city and that Gordon had been killed. Almost his last words, with death near, were, "I am quite happy, thank God, and I have tried to do my duty." For the failure to save Gordon, Gladstone was savagely attacked, and his defeat followed. In the end the Sudan was not abandoned to its old barbarism. General, afterwards Lord, Kitchener retook Khartum in 1898. It is now a thriving capital, the centre of civilizing influences in the Sudan. Just when in Egypt, in North Africa, an inglorious story had ended in final success, in South Africa a stern trial came to British arms. The British had taken Cape Colony in the time of Napoleon. The Dutch, by whom the colony had been founded, disliked the rule of the British and especially the suppression of negro slavery, regarded by the Dutch farmers, or "Boers," as necessary in working their farms. To get away from control

EARL KITCHENER
FIELD-MARSHAL, 1909

they pressed inland. In arid South Africa rivers are the valued natural features, and the Dutch who went to the Orange River called their republic the Orange Free State, while those who crossed the Vaal River called theirs the Transvaal. They were republics, for in 1881 Britain recognized their standing as such, but, as suzerain, she retained control of their foreign affairs. The Orange Free State was contented and prosperous. It was the remoter Transvaal which proved unmanageable. The Boer farmer had been accustomed to almost continuous war with the natives, who resented the methods of the land-grabbing and slave-holding intruders. The Boer was a warrior, a hunter, a master. He resented any control by government, he chafed at paying taxes, he wished to be left alone to do as he liked. Many Boers could not read; those who could, read little but the Bible, with the conviction that they were a people specially favoured of God.

When the Transvaal was found to have the richest gold and diamond mines in the world, a crisis came in its history. But, though new people might come in, the old Boers were determined to remain in control. They were, above all, jealous of any authority exercised by Great Britain as suzerain. Populous mining centres sprang up. By 1896 Johannesburg, ten years earlier a village, had a hundred thousand people, and the Transvaal government, previously bankrupt, was raising a revenue vastly greater than its real needs. Many, but not all, of the new-comers were British. They had grievances. The government granted monopolies, which enriched a few of its friends and made prices high. One man might have a monopoly in glass, another in paper, another in bricks. The most oppressive monopoly was that in dynamite. All miners needed it, and yet this huge trade was confined to a few, who made fortunes. When outsiders asked for redress and the right to

become citizens, they were met, not only by refusal, but by the stiffening of the restrictions which kept all power in Boer hands. The President, Paul Kruger, a strong, determined, but ignorant man, was obsessed by the idea that the British were weak and that, as he said, he could drive them "into the sea" and build up a great Dutch nation in South Africa. The ignorant Boers believed that Kruger had had a special revelation from God and was inspired. His power was formidable. He had agents in Europe, and he believed that Germany and France would support an attack on Britain. Secretly he imported great quantities of arms. If war came, the upheaval, he threatened, would stagger the world. In 1895 Dr. Starr Jameson led an armed raid into the Transvaal in the hope of overthrowing Kruger. Cecil Rhodes, an Englishman who had made vast wealth in the diamond mines, was at the time Prime Minister of Cape Colony and was a party to the raid. The lawless plan miscarried and Kruger was the more incensed. He had a thorough contempt for the British, and when in 1899 he issued an insolent demand, which would involve their giving up South Africa, war quickly followed.

Cecil Rhodes

It lasted for nearly three years and proved to be Britain's greatest struggle since the days of Napoleon. The Conservatives, led by Lord Salisbury, were in

power. Mr. Joseph Chamberlain was Colonial Secretary, and it was he who had dealt with President Kruger. The Boers, brave, resourceful, well equipped, were fighting in a difficult country, which they knew thoroughly. It was ominous that the Orange Free State joined the Transvaal, and the cry was "Africa for the Africanders." The sieges by the Boers of Ladysmith, Kimberley, and Mafeking were most determined, but none of these places fell. Never before had Britain carried overseas such vast hosts. Canada and Australia helped, and in all some four hundred thousand soldiers were sent to South Africa. There were barely as many Dutch of all ages in the two colonies. Probably the Boers never had under arms at one time more than forty thousand men. Some British generals utterly failed, and it was Lord Roberts, with General Kitchener succeeding him, who brought the war to a successful end in 1902. The resolve of the British was to annex the conquered republics, and the Boers had fought with grim tenacity for their independence. Their most striking generals were Botha and Smuts. Only when their country was completely exhausted did they agree to the Peace of Pretoria. Britain promised the conquered people self-government and kept her word. Soon after the war ended, the South African colonies united in 1910 to form a union, and of this great British state General Botha and General Smuts became in turn Prime Ministers. Never before had the

EARL ROBERTS
FIELD-MARSHAL, 1895

results of war taken a turn so amazing and so full of promise.

2. **Germany and the Great War.**—As a result of successful war against France, the German peoples had united in 1871 to form the German Empire. This new Germany saw with envy that both Britain and France had great territories overseas, and she decided to carry out a similar policy and to create a colonial empire. In America she could do little, since under the Monroe Doctrine the United States would resist attempts by a European state to acquire new territory in America. But Africa, Asia, and Australasia lay open, and in these three continents Germany was active.

The rivalry for African territory was keen, and in 1884 a Conference was held at Berlin, which resulted in the partition of Africa. Only one eighth of the whole continent remained free of European control. France had one third of its area, Britain about one quarter, and next to them came Germany with nearly one tenth, part on the west coast and part on the east. In Australasia, also, Germany occupied islands. The very name of Bismarck Archipelago was a reminder to the world that the arm of Germany reached to the South Seas. In Asia, too, she gained a footing. In 1897, under the plea of exacting reparation for the murder of two missionaries in China, Germany seized land on the Shantung Peninsula and proceeded to develop there a great seaport. In every continent but America she had made a beginning, and in South America her influence was so increasing that she dreamed of flouting some day the Monroe Doctrine and having American colonies. To carry out such designs, Germany must first become the master power in Europe. She formed a Triple Alliance with Austria and Italy, intended, as was said, to check any aggressive designs of France or Russia. To meet this, France and Russia came to an

agreement, and, at last, Britain joined them in what was called the Triple Entente—an understanding to resist aggression by Germany.

Germany had come to look upon Britain as a decaying power. In the two great wars of the previous sixty years, in the Crimea and in South Africa, Britain had at first made tragic blunders. Even in Ireland she seemed unable to preserve order, and faction had grown until it drew near to civil war. Germany preserved in her territory a rigid order, while Britain, in possession of one quarter of the earth's surface, had no great army and no real control over such vast states as Canada and Australia. To the despotic German temper this lack of central authority, which really only meant liberty within one Empire, showed that the imposing British Empire was really a sham. On the sea alone did Britain seem strong, and Germany prepared to challenge her on that element. William II, the German Emperor, declared that the future of Germany was on the water; her emperor was to be "Admiral of the Atlantic." "The time will come," Bismarck had once declared, "when the German Empire will dominate Europe." William II went further. To him it was a decree of God that

EDWARD VII

Germany should have a World Empire. Nothing, he said, must henceforth be settled anywhere without consulting Germany. She built a great navy, and when Britain urged an agreement which should still leave the British fleet the strongest in the world, the Germans were convinced that she was really appealing for mercy and that if they pressed on they could outstrip her. At the same time they spent vast sums in equipping the greatest army in the world. To try to restrain Germany was, as the Germans said, "to bite granite."

Before the South African war ended, Queen Victoria had died in 1901, and her successor, Edward VII, who realized the German danger, deserved his name of "The Peacemaker," for he urged on and supported his ministry in a policy of peace. The Liberals came into power in 1906, and never since has there been a Conservative government. Edward VII, after a short reign, died in 1910, and his son, George V, came to the throne in troubled times. The South African War had left a heavy burden of debt. Further sources of revenue were needed, and when, in 1910, the House of Lords resisted the putting of new burdens on land by Mr. Lloyd George, the Liberal Chancellor of the Exchequer, an election followed. The result was that the Lords were checked, and a new Parliament Bill was enacted, not only forbidding the Lords to alter money bills, but providing,

GEORGE V

also, that if a Bill passed the House of Commons three times within a period of not less than two years, it might become law without the consent of the Lords.

In the past the Lords had blocked Home Rule for Ireland, but now it seemed as if it might be secured over their heads. In 1912 and 1913, with Mr. Asquith as Prime Minister, the House of Commons passed a Home Rule Bill, but the House of Lords threw it out. In 1914 the same Bill was passed for the third time. Then only the king's assent was necessary, without any further reference to the House of Lords. This assent was given, and the Bill became law. It looked as if Ireland's long struggle for self-government was near success. But two things stood in the way. Men of Ulster, led by Sir Edward Carson, formed a volunteer army and declared they would resist by force the bringing into operation of Home Rule. The other and decisive obstacle was the German menace. The German Ambassador in London reported to his government that civil war in Ireland was near. This, Germany concluded, would tie Britain's hands so that she could take no part in war on the Continent. France and Russia would be without Britain's aid, and Germany was sure that with her allies she could win a war for the mastery of Europe. Britain's turn would come later, and then Germany would rule the world without a serious rival. With a gigantic war on hand on the Continent, the Home Rule Bill was suspended, and it never came into force.

War began on the Continent at the end of July, and on August 4th, after the Germans had invaded Belgium, whose neutrality Britain was bound by treaty to defend, she declared war and stood with her allies, France and Russia. Those days were perhaps the most momentous in the history of the world. Facility of trade and communication had done their work in so linking together the nations that all the continents were involved in the

war. The world was amazed at the unity of the British Empire in the great crisis. Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa showed from the first day that they saw the danger and were ready to face it. Every important division of the British Empire raised an army. Every great state in the world entered the war. In time, Great Britain, France, Russia, Italy, Japan, the United States, China, all declared war on Germany and her allies, and it is a tribute to Germany's strength and efficiency that it required such an array of force to defeat her and her weak allies, Austria, Bulgaria, and Turkey. She had, however, at first, great advantages in her position and equipment. The lawless violation of Belgian territory took France unprepared, and with guns of unprecedented size Germany was able quickly to reduce fortresses which had been deemed impregnable. Even so, the first German attack in the West failed. Britain sent within a fortnight an army of one hundred thousand men to the Continent under Sir John French. It reached Mons, in Belgium, but was forced into a difficult retreat to the river Marne. Here the French, aided by this army, checked the Germans and saved Paris, which the German Emperor had boastfully said would fall within a fortnight after the outbreak of war. Then each side settled down to hold a line three hundred and fifty miles long, from the sea to Switzerland, and meanwhile to equip itself for victorious attack.

The war is too recent for the story yet to be told. In the South African War Britain had raised some four hundred thousand men, and in all had less than six thousand killed and some thirty thousand wounded. In the Great War she adopted compulsory military service and equipped an army of more than five million, most of them by voluntary enlistment, and she lost in dead alone nearly a million men. Canada raised, in addition, more than half a million men, and her losses

in killed were ten times those of the whole British army in the South African war. Australia and New Zealand fought on a similar scale. In South Africa General Botha, in spite of a pro-German rebellion, entirely destroyed German power, while in East Africa General Smuts began a similar achievement. The advance of science made modern war more terrible than anything hitherto imagined. Machine-guns mowed down whole battalions. Powerful artillery destroyed in Belgium and France dozens of notable cities and towns, such as Ypres, Lens, Cambrai, and Arras, and for the most part they lie still in ruins. Outside of France and Belgium, the chief scene of British effort on land was in the far-flung Turkish Empire. When Turkey joined Germany, the British tried to seize the Dardanelles, the strait leading to Constantinople, but failed disastrously, with terrible losses. The Turks, aided by their German allies, tried in their turn to seize the Suez Canal, Britain's chief route to the East, but they failed, and the British advanced across the desert into Palestine. Farther east, the British, advancing up the Tigris to Bagdad, were checked, and the army under Sir Charles Townshend was forced to surrender at Kut-el-Amara.

The Germans knew that Britain, with the command of the sea, was their most dangerous foe, and their great aim was to destroy British sea-power. From the first day of the war German commerce was driven from the sea. A German fleet in the Pacific inflicted heavy losses, until it was caught at the Falkland Islands in November, 1914, and destroyed. Two hopes remained to the Germans. One was that their powerful fleet in the North Sea might win a great victory. In 1916 it came out and met the British fleet under Lord Jellicoe, with Sir David Beatty as his second in command, off the Danish coast of Jutland. The Germans foolishly claimed a victory. It is true that the British losses were heavy, but

it is also true that those of the Germans were heavier, and that their fleet fled back to port and never again ventured out. The other German hope was in the submarine, and they used it without restriction against passenger and even hospital ships, and thus caused the death of thousands of non-combatants. A thrill of horror ran through the world when the Germans sank the *Lusitania* on her way from New York to Liverpool and killed more than a thousand people. The losses inflicted by the submarine on British ships were enormous, but the danger was met with an unconquerable spirit. The British fleet was able to carry out a blockade of Germany, which so cut off supplies that the consequent danger of famine was one of the chief causes of her collapse.

Earl Haig
Field-Marshal, 1917

This collapse seemed long in coming. In 1917, by revolution in Russia, the Allies lost her powerful aid, but in the same year the United States joined them. Lord Kitchener, who, as Secretary for War had organized Britain's campaign, perished in 1916 in a ship probably sunk by a German submarine. The British army had already a new leader in Sir Douglas Haig, and France soon had one in General Foch. The two Allies held together with grim tenacity, and when in 1918 the United States began to send a great army to Europe, final success was certain. In 1917, as we can now see, the tide had already turned. Under

Sir Stanley Maude the British took Bagdad; General Allenby captured Jerusalem; and the fall of these ancient capitals spelled the doom of Turkey. In the spring and summer of 1918 Germany made a stupendous effort to win victory in France, but, in spite of some startling successes, she failed. Her allies—Bulgaria, Austria, Turkey—in turn collapsed. In the end, on November 11th, 1918, one of the momentous dates in human history, Germany signed an armistice, which involved the admission of complete defeat. In 1919 Peace was signed at Versailles.

3. The Outlook of To-day.—To-day civilization stands shaken and weakened. The war cost perhaps forty million lives, more than the total population of France, and the loss in property is beyond estimate. Every nation is staggering under a vast load of debt. The war brought to a head startling movements. In Britain women had long been demanding the vote. Their services during the war made the nation grateful, and in 1918 they secured the franchise. Now women have not only the vote but also the right to sit in the House of Commons. Before the first Reform Bill there were perhaps two hundred and fifty thousand voters. There are now some sixteen million. Power has passed to the masses. The workers have long been free to organize the Trade Unions, which now play a vital part in British industrial life. The Labour Party takes its place in politics, and Labour leaders may in due course be called upon to form a government. The workers are now better educated. Newspapers and books have multiplied. The humble cottager reads literature hardly different from that read by the owner of the lordly park and is conscious of a new dignity and of new aspirations for well-being. Religious liberty is complete. Though England and Scotland both have state churches, no restrictions are any longer imposed on dissenters. Marriage in dissenting chapels has long been legal, and dissenting ministers can

now conduct funerals in the churchyards of the Established Church. Roman Catholics have their own dioceses and bishops in England. The strain of a dreadful war tested the nation's fibre in respect to religion and morals, and now, after costly victory, she faces a new discipline to fit herself for the tasks of peace.

4. The British Empire.—The British Empire of to-day contains about one quarter of the surface of the earth and of its people. A traveller sailing southward from England to see the Empire would find at the entrance of the Mediterranean Sea the imposing Rock of Gibraltar, taken from Spain and now a mighty British fortress. Britain, an island state, dependent on her trade by sea, has found the need of having in all parts of the world stations to supply coal and other needs of her ships. In the Mediterranean we come to the island of Malta, famous in history, with imposing fortifications, taken in the time of Napoleon and now for more than a hundred years held by Britain. Farther east is the large island of Cyprus taken from Turkey. Reaching Egypt, we find that ancient land under British protection. The Suez Canal, which permits ships to pass from the Mediterranean to the Red Sea and the far East, is controlled by Britain. So also is Palestine, with its sacred Biblical associations. At the point where the Red Sea joins the Indian Ocean is the British port of Aden, in appearance a desolate and barren rock, but a strong fortress and a great trading centre. Aden is an outlying station of India. A part of the adjoining peninsula of Arabia is under British influence. Before the Great War the vast region of Mesopotamia through which the Tigris and the Euphrates flow into the Persian Gulf was a part of Turkey. Now Turkish power has fallen, and the British hold the ancient capital, Bagdad, and control Mesopotamia. Thus the ancient land of the

Pharaohs, and also Nineveh and Tyre, Bagdad and Jerusalem, are all to-day under British protection.

If instead of entering the Mediterranean we continue southward from England to round Africa by the Cape of Good Hope, we pass Nigeria and other regions held by Britain on the west coast of Africa, where she is ruling millions of black people. Farther south we pass the desolate stretches of German Southwest Africa, conquered from Germany in the recent war and now governed by the British Union of South Africa, which stretches from the Cape of Good Hope northward to the far interior. Beyond this is the great region of Rhodesia. Sailing up the east coast of Africa, we find the former German East Africa now under British rule, and north of it, British East Africa, stretching inland and northward until it reaches the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan. Thus a great part, and, in the main, the best part of Africa is British.

If we strike across the Indian Ocean from Cape Colony to India, we can stop not far beyond Madagascar at the beautiful island of Mauritius, where we shall hear the French language, for the island was taken from France in the time of Napoleon. India is a continent by itself. Ceylon, an important island, lying off the south coast, the British took from Holland in the days when Napoleon was master of that country. India itself, ruled by Britain, contains more than twice as many people as are to be found in the whole of North America. If we sail into the Southern Sea from India, we come to the vast island of Australia, all British, and beyond it New Zealand. The islands occupied by Germany in the Southern Sea are now under British rule. On the east coast of Asia, Hong Kong, a small island but a vital point for eastern trade, is British. Crossing the Pacific, we come to Canada, stretching from the Pacific to the

Atlantic. Sailing southward from Canada and passing Newfoundland, we come to the British West Indies, including the important island of Jamaica. In Central America the British have a small state, British Honduras, adjoining Mexico. In South America they have British Guiana, adjoining Venezuela, and in the far south, not far from the entrance to the Strait of Magellan, are the Falkland Islands, where a powerful German fleet was destroyed during the recent War.

The traveller who returns to England has had a wonderful journey. He has found British territory in every continent, British ships in every port. He has found under British rule backward peoples, such as those of the Andaman Islands in the Bay of Bengal, who are still primitive savages. He has found a highly civilized India, with its ancient oriental culture. He has also found Canada and Australia, settled by races from Europe and grown into modern democracies, governing themselves. He has found all these peoples acknowledging the sovereignty of King George V and sharing the benefit of the free institutions given to the world by the island state lying off the north-west coast of Europe. No central government exists for the whole Empire. Canada, Australia, and other great states govern themselves completely. India is beginning to govern itself. There is nearly every type of rule, as there is every type of people within the Empire. Only sixty million of its four hundred and fifty million people belong to the European races. The British Empire contains the largest Moslem population in the world, for there are, indeed, within its borders twice as many Mohammedans as Christians. Never before has the world seen a state so widespread and varied as is the British Empire of to-day.

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